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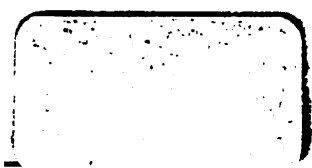
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ANECDOTES
OF
DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

VOL. IV.

11. 10. 1911

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Sharp sc.

DECORO INTER VERBA SILENTIO.

Published Feb. 1. 1796, by Cadell & Davies, Strand.

ANECDOTES
OF
DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,

CHIEFLY OF THE
LAST AND TWO PRECEDING
CENTURIES.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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ANECDOTES
OF
DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

FOREIGN.

CHARLES THE NINTH,
KING OF FRANCE.

[1560—1574.]

THIS Prince was only eleven years of age when he was crowned. His mother, Catherine of Medicis, expressing her apprehensions, that the fatigue of the ceremony might be too much for him; he replied, "Madam, I will very willingly undergo as much fatigue, as often as you have another Crown to bestow upon me."

When the Constable de Montmorenci died, the young Prince did not immediately name

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another

another person to that place of power and consequence: "I will," said he, "carry my own sword in future."

Charles spoke very much like a person fit to govern, when he said of himself one day to his Mother, who wished to keep him under her direction, "that he would no longer be kept in "a box like the old jewels of the Crown."

In his reign the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew was perpetrated. The old and excellent Chancellor de l'Hôpital, who was at his country-house when it happened, exclaimed, "How execrable a measure! I do not know "who advised the King to consent to it; but "I fear that he will suffer for it, as well as all "his kingdom."

On the fatal day of St. Bartholomew, Charles fired with an arquebuse from the windows of the Louvre upon his Huguenot subjects, (who were crossing the Seine in hopes to avoid the general carnage and massacre) crying out at the same time to the soldiers that were near him, "Fire, "fire!"

One of the great amusements of this Prince was, to cut off the heads of the different animals which he met with, after having paid the owners of them for their loss. He was one night about to exercise the same cruelty upon the mule of M. de Lansac, who stopped his Majesty

Majesty in his noble amusement by exclaiming,
*" Quid tibi cum Mulo meo dissidium intercessit,
 " Rex Cbristianissime?"*

Charles was extremely fond of the exercises of the field, and wrote a treatise upon them, which was published by Villeroi in 1625 with this title: *"Chasse Royale par Charles IX."* He was indeed a Prince of great activity of body, and hated to stay in the house. Houses he used to call the tombs of the living.

Charles built a forge near his palace at Fontainebleau; "where," says Brantôme, "I have seen him hammer out guns, horse-shoes, and other things in iron, as well as the strongest and most expert smith."

He was fond of coining money. Having one day shewed some coin of his making to the Cardinal of Lorrain, "Sire," said the latter, "how happy it is for you that you always carry your own pardon about you!" In bad weather Charles used to send for the Poets that were about his Court into his closet, and amuse himself with them. He made good verses himself; many of them are to be found amongst the Works of Ronsard.

The following lines were addressed by him to that writer; in which, in a very elegant manner, the empire of the poet over the

minds of men, is preferred to that of the monarch over their bodies:

*L'art de faire des vers (dût on s'en indigner)
Doit être à plus haute prix que celui de roger.
Tous deux également nous portons des couronnes,
Mais Roy je les reçois, poëte tu les donnes.
Ton esprit enflammé d'une céleste ardeur
Eclate par soi-même, & moi par ma grandeur.
Si du côté des Dieux je cherche l'avantage,
Ronsard est leur mignon, & je suis leur image.
Ta lyre, qui ravit par de si doux accords,
T'aservoit les esprits dont je n'ai que les corps.
Elle t'en rend le maître, & sçait t'introduire
Où le plus fier tyran ne peut avoir l'empire.*

Charles was generous, particularly to men of letters. He pensioned and gave rich benefices to Amyot, the celebrated translator of Plutarch, who had been his tutor. One of his maxims was, that a King should be continually giving; and that as all the money in the kingdom came to Kings, in like manner as small rivers fall into the Ocean, they should again distribute it in different channels.

When Charles was at Bourdeaux, he pardoned a Nobleman whom the Parliament of that city had condemned to death for having killed a man. The King sent for the widow of the deceased person; and said to her, "Madam, I trust that you will likewise pardon the murderer."

"derer of your husband, and accept of his
"estate to indemnify you for his loss."—"Sire,"
replied the high-spirited lady, "I cannot ac-
"cept of so mean and so scandalous an indem-
"nification. But since you are more powerful
"than the laws and justice, I intreat you to
"grant before-hand to my son the same pardon,
"that you have granted to the murderer of his
"father, and I shall, in consequence of that
"pardon granted to him, bring him up with
"the hope that he will revenge, in your place,
"the death of his father, without having any
"reason to fear for his own life."

After the accursed day of St. Bartholomew, Charles became wretched and melancholy: he continually imagined that he heard groans and shrieks; he lost all relish for his usual amusements; and, after a disease of a few days, died in the most horrid manner, his blood exuding through the pores of his skin. Not long before his death, his mother (Catherine de Medicis) approached his bed, to tell him some news which she thought would have roused him from his state of languor and despondency. "Alas! "Madam," replied he, coolly, "all sublunary
"things are now become quite indifferent to me."

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.

WHEN this execrable Princess landed at Marbilles, the galley which carried her bore the device of the Sun, with these words in Greek, "I bring light and fine weather." The events of her Government answered very ill to her device: civil wars, plots, conspiracies, rapine, massacres, and murders, filled up the period of it.

Catherine is represented as a Princess of a most majestic presence, and with great powers of pleasing in conversation, when she chose to exert them. Brantôme represents her as being fond of buffoons, and always ready to laugh at their jokes; "for," adds he, "*de son naturel elle étoit joviale, et aimant à dire le mot.*" Her "afternoons (according to the same Writer) were always passed in embroidering and in working on silk, in which she greatly excelled."

Many satires were published against her: her usual method of treating their authors was to say, "If these blockheads now did but know half as much of me as I could tell them!" When desired to punish them, she replied, "I hope I have a soul above revenge."

At the siege of Havre, she mounted on horseback at the head of her army, exposed

herself to the fire of the cannon like the most veteran soldier, "and shewed not the least symptoms of fear," says Brantôme, "when the bullets flew about her. Her maids of honour," adds he, "were not so well pleased with this amusement." When desired by the Duke of Guise and the Constable de Montmorency not to expose her person so much, "Have I not," replied Catherine, "more to lose than you, and do you think I have not as much courage?"

A medal was struck of her with the same inscription as that on some of the coins of the Roman Empresses: "*Catharina de Medicis Mater Castrorum.*"

When one day she overheard some of the soldiers abusing her extremely, the Cardinal of Lorraine said he would order them immediately to be hung. "By no means," exclaimed the Princess: "I wish posterity to know, that a woman, a queen, and an Italian, has once in her life got the better of her anger."

Catherine was extremely liberal, and a very generous Protectress of the Arts. How mortifying it is to human nature, that perfidy, cruelty, and impiety, should stain such a character!

The Deputies of the Reformed Religion in France treated with this Queen and her Council, soon after the horrid massacre of the persons

sons of their persuasion on the day of St. Bartholomew. The parties had agreed upon the articles of the treaty, and it only remained to give security on the side of the Court for the performance of them. Many methods were proposed, and as often rejected by the Deputies: at last the Queen angrily said, "Why sure! the word of a King is a sufficient security, is it not?" One of the Deputies answered, "No, by Saint Bartholomew! Madam."

A Comet appearing in France during the time of the League, seemed to affect the spirits and the cheerfulness of Catherine. This occasioned the following Lines:

*Spargeret horrendas cum tristis in aethere crines
Venturique daret signa Cometa mali,
Ecce sua Regina timens male conscia vitæ
Credidit invisum poscere fata caput.
Quid Regina times? Namque hæc mala si qua minantur,
Longa timenda tua est; non tua vita brevis.*

Whilst thro' the wide expanse of liquid air
Yon Comet trails its horrid fell of hair,
The impious Catherine with remorse and dread
Sees the dire Fates demand her hated head.
If to portend some ill the star appear,
Be calm, great Princess, and disdain to fear;
Heaven in its utmost vengeance cannot give
A curse so baleful as to let thee live.

"I have

“ I have often,” says Dupleffis Mornay, in his Notes upon the History of Thuanus, “ heard
“ Henry the Fourth say, that at the time the
“ Cardinal of Lorraine died, he was with the
“ Queen his Mother-in-law, Catherine of Medicis, in her Cabinet, with whom he was
“ reading the office of Vespers, verse by verse,
“ and that she, lifting up her head, suddenly
“ cried out that she saw the Cardinal of Lorraine, who made a sign with his finger to her,
“ in the gesture of a person threatening her,
“ very pale and very frightful; whilst himself
“ (Henry) never dared to lift up his head,
“ in spite of all the Queen said to him. Madame de Sauve (afterwards Marquise de Moirmoûtier) who was sitting in the next
“ apartment, came into the room on hearing
“ the Queen cry out, and the phantom immediately disappeared. The Queen on the instant sent to enquire after the Cardinal, and
“ was told that he died about the time that
“ he appeared to her. M. de Foix told me,
“ that the Cardinal of Lorraine was poisoned
“ by the Cardinal d’Armagnac, with whom
“ he had some quarrel; which agrees,” adds Dupleffis, “ with what is here mentioned.”

FRANCIS,

DUC DE GUISE.

Of the two Princes of this illustrious House (the Duke, and his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine), Marshal de Retz used to say, "These Princes of Lorraine are of so majestic a presence, that all the other Princes appear like mere peasants by the side of them."

After the celebrated battle of St. Quentin, a Spanish Officer of rank wrote to the Duke of Guise, to request him to deliver up to him one of his slaves that had fled to the French camp with one of his finest war-horses. The Duke immediately sent back the horse, after having paid the slave the value of it, and wrote word to the Spanish officer, that he would never be the occasion of putting chains again upon a slave, that had become a free man by setting his foot into the kingdom of France. "It would, indeed," added he, "be a violation of the privileges of that great kingdom, which consist in restoring freedom to any one who comes into it to seek there that precious gift."

The Baron de Lunebourg, Commander of one of the mercenary German regiments that served

served under the Duke, was much displeased at the Duke's examining into the state of his soldiers; and so far lost the respect due to his illustrious General, as to draw out one of his pistols, and present it at the Duke; who immediately, with the greatest *sang froid*, drew his sword, and knocked the pistol out of the German's hand. Guise's aid-du-camp, M. de Montpezat, was going to kill the Officer, but was interrupted by the Duke, who said, "Stop, Sir! Do you suppose I cannot kill a man as well as yourself, when I think fit?" Then turning toward the German, he said, "Sir, I forgive you the insult you have put upon me; but as for that which you have done to the service of my Sovereign, of whose person I am the representative, his Majesty will settle that as he pleases." Then turning to some of his soldiers, he said, "Here, some of you conduct this insolent fellow to prison!" The Duke proceeded with his visit to the rest of the German troops, and never afterwards suffered any molestation.

The Duke was informed, that a Protestant Gentleman had come into his camp with an intention to assassinate him. He sent for him (who immediately avowed his intention), and the Duke asked him, whether his design arose from any offence he had ever given him. "Your
" Excellence

"Excellence never gave me any, I assure you," replied the Gentleman; "my motive for desiring your life is, because you are the greatest enemy our Religion ever knew."—"Well then, my friend," said the Duke to him, "if your Religion incites you to assassinate me, my Religion tells me to forgive you;" and he sent him immediately out of his camp. Another person was once brought to the Duke, who had boasted that he would kill him. The Duke, looking at him very attentively, and observing his extremely embarrassed and sneaking countenance, said to his Officers, shrugging up his shoulders, "That blockhead will never have the heart to kill me; let him go; it is not worth while to arrest him."

The Duke of Guise was victorious over his rival the Prince of Condé, the head of the Protestant party, at the famous battle of Dreux in 1562. The Prince of Condé was taken prisoner, and brought to the Duke, whom (after having entertained at his table) he made take half of his bed with him at night; and (as his Biographer says) the Duke slept as perfectly sound by the side of his rival, as if he had been in bed with one of his own sons.

Puttenham says, "that a French Captain was sitting at the lower end of the Duke of Guise's table, amongst many, the day after
"there

"there had been a great bataille foughten.
 "The Duke, finding that this Captain was not
 "seene to doe any thing that day in the field,
 "taxed him thus in all their hearings: Where
 "were you, Sir, the day of the bataille? for I
 "sawe ye not. The Captaine answered prompt-
 "ly, Where ye durst not have beene. And the
 "Duke began to kindle with the worde; which
 "the Gentleman perceiving, said speedily, I was
 "that day amongst the carriages, where your
 "Excellence would not for a thousand crowns
 "have been scene."

The Duke of Guise having sold most of his
 estates to make himself popular, it was said that
 he was the greatest usurer in France, as he had
 nearly laid out all that he was worth upon
 obligations.

DUC DE GUISE,

CALLED LE BALAFRE, FROM A SCAR THAT HE HAD
 ON HIS CHERK,

Was the son of the preceding Duke, and from
 his earliest years distinguished himself by his
 courage and his generosity.

"Ambition,"

"Ambition," says the Abbé de Cholsy,
 "corrupted all his virtues. Having one day
 "won a considerable sum of money of M. d'O,
 "the Superintendant of the Finances of France,
 "M. d'O sent one of his Clerks with the sum
 "in two bags, one containing the gold, and
 "the other the silver. The Duke by mistake
 "presented the Clerk with the bag in which
 "was the gold, and on his coming the next day
 "to tell him what a mistake he had made, the
 "Duke said to him, Well then, my friend, as
 "Fortune has been so very kind to you, you
 "must look out for some other person than the
 "Duke of Guise to envy your good luck ; so go
 "your way and keep the money."

The Parliament of Paris gave this distinguished Prince the noble title of "The Preserver
 "of his Country;" a title which his eminent
 qualities of mind and of body well deserved,
 had they not been tarnished with insolence and
 ambition.

At the battle of Renti, M. de St. Fal, one of
 his Lieutenants, advancing too hastily toward
 the enemy, he gave him a stroke with his sword
 upon his helmet, and stopped him. After the
 battle, the Duke being told that St. Fal was
 much hurt at the affront he supposed himself
 to have received, sent for him to the King's
 tent, in which were the Sovereign and the
 principal

principal General Officers, and told him, "M.
 "de St. Fal, you are offended, I find, at the
 "blow which I gave you for advancing too
 "hastily; but it is surely much better that I
 "should have given it to you to make you
 "stop, than to make you advance. The blow
 "is surely more honourable than disgraceful
 "to you. I ask the opinion of these Gentle-
 "men." They one and all declaring, that a
 blow given to repress an excess of ardour and of
 courage conferred more honour than disgrace.
 St. Fal was satisfied.

The Duke took Calais from the English,
 who had been in possession of it upwards of two
 hundred years, in eight days time, and in the
 midst of winter.

The Chancellor of France, Le Tellier, used to
 relate this anecdote of M. de Guise:—The
 Duke was married to a Princess of Cleves, a
 woman of great beauty; and from living in a
 very gallant court, that of Catherine de Medicis,
 she was supposed not to be insensible to the passion
 which a handsome young man of the name of
 St. Maigrin entertained for her. Catherine de
 Medicis having on some particular day invited
 the principal ladies at the court to a ball and
 supper, at which each of them was to be served
 by the young Noblemen of the court, who were
 to be dressed in the liveries of their mistresses,
 the

the Duke very anxiously intreated the Duchess not to be present, telling her that he did not in the least mistrust her virtue, but that as the Public had talked pretty freely about her and St. Maigrin, it was much better that she should not go, as it might afford fresh matter for scandal. The Duchess pleaded in excuse, that as the Queen had invited her to go, she could not possibly refuse her. The Duchess went to the entertainment, which lasted till six o'clock in the morning. At that very late hour she returned home and went to bed. She had, however, scarcely laid herself down in it, when she saw the door open very slowly, and the Duke of Guise enter the room, followed by an aged servant, who carried a bason of broth in his hand. The Duke immediately locked the door, and coming up to the bed in a very deliberate manner, thus accosted her in a firm and determined tone of voice: "Madam, although you would not do last night what I desired you, you shall do it now. Your dancing of last night has most probably heated you a little; you must drink immediately this bason of broth." The Duchess, suspecting it to be poison, burst into a flood of tears, and begged hard that the Duke would permit her to send for her Confessor before she drank it. The Duke told her again that she must

must drink it; and the Duchess, finding all resistance to no purpose, swallowed the broth. As soon as she had done this, he went out of the room, having locked the door after him. In three or four hours afterwards the Duke again paid her a visit, and, with an affected smile upon his countenance, said, "Madam, I am afraid that you have spent your time very unpleasantly since I left you; I fear too that I have been the cause of this: judge then, Madam, of all the time that you have made me pass as unpleasantly as this. Take comfort, however; you have, I assure you, nothing to fear. I am willing to believe, in my turn, that I have nothing to be apprehensive of. But however, in future, if you please, we will avoid playing these tricks with one another."

The Duke was assassinated in 1588 by Poltrôt de Maré, a Huguenot, and an enthusiast, who thought that by this horrid action he did service to religion, in violating one of her most sacred laws.

On the day before that on which he was assassinated by order of his Sovereign, Henry the Third, some one put a note under his plate at dinner, to inform him of the King's intention. He read the note with great coolness; wrote under, with his pencil, "*Il n'oseroit*, He dare not do it;" finished his dinner very quietly;

and the next morning attended his Sovereign as usual, when he found too late the truth of the intelligence conveyed to him. The generous King of Navarre, afterwards Henry the Fourth of France, said upon the occasion, "If Guise had fallen into my hands, I would have treated him in another manner. Alas!" said he, "why did he not unite himself to me, and then we would have gone together and conquered that fine country of Italy?"

The Duke of Guise, however, well deserved the fate he met with. He was in arms against his Sovereign; and at the detestable day of St. Bartholomew caused the brave and virtuous Coligni to be murdered, and afterwards trampled upon his dead body, when it was thrown out of the window by his savage orders. Guise was brave, magnificent, and generous; three qualities which but too often fascinate the minds of the mass of mankind so much, that they do not sufficiently consider whether they are directed by justice and discretion.

The last Duke of Guise gave the Abbé Arnaud the following instance of his uncle's extreme readiness in taking a resolution, and his firmness in executing it:

"The Duke of Guise was one evening at a ball given by Catherine de Medicis at Paris, and was dancing with a beautiful lady
"of

“ of rank, with whom he was upon very good
“ terms, when, taking him aside, she whispered
“ in his ear, ‘ Upon my word, it is a fine thing
“ to see you amuse yourself here, while your
“ enemies are getting possession of the town of
“ Meaux from you !’ He got out of her
“ in as few words as possible the secret of the
“ enterprise that was carrying on against him,
“ and without appearing to take any notice
“ of what was told him, ordered one of his
“ gentlemen to go directly to the Hotel de
“ Guise, and to wait for him there with an
“ Arabian horse that could make great expe-
“ dition. The Duke staid out the ball as if
“ nothing had happened, returned home, un-
“ dressed himself, went to bed, and dismissed
“ all his attendants. Soon afterwards he got
“ up, dressed himself, and by a back stair-case
“ reached the private door of his hotel, where
“ his groom was waiting for him with his horse,
“ as he had ordered. He immediately mount-
“ ed him, and without a single attendant
“ reached Meaux, thirty miles distant from
“ Paris, just as the gates were opening. He
“ pushed on directly to the guard-house, and
“ in a firm tone of voice asked where such and
“ such Officers were, whom he named, and or-
“ dered them to be brought before him. A sud-
“ den murmur immediately rises among the
“ soldiers.

"soldiers. The inhabitants hearing that M. de
 "Guise was arrived, follow him immediately to
 "the market-place, where he stops to harangue
 "them. He then makes all those persons lay
 "down their arms who had taken them up
 "against him. He delivers from the prisons
 "those of his own party, which the contrary one
 "had thrown into them. In short, he spoke and
 "he menaced with so much *fierté* and dignity,
 "that he made the people do just as he pleased;
 "and after having put every thing upon its an-
 "cient footing in his own favour, he returns to
 "Paris with the same speed with which he left it,
 "and appeared the same day at the Louvre, the
 "Court of his Sovereign in that city, as if he
 "had never quitted it."

On Princes so powerful, and so excelling in
 courage and in resource, Charles the IXth might
 well make this Quatrain:

*Le Roi François ne faillit point
 Quand il prédit que ceux de Guise
 Mettroient ses enfans en pourpoint,
 Et tous ses sujets en chemise.*

King Francis in a prophet's strain
 Thus paints the race of proud Lorrain;

"These Princes of the House of Guise
 "Such wond'rous power exert,
 "The doublet of my sons they'll seize,
 "My subjects very shirt."

The

The bodies of the Duke and his brother the Cardinal were refused to their mother, by the Monarch who had caused them to be murdered: they were consumed by quick-lime immediately after the assassination, and were buried in the church of the Dominican Convent at Eu in Normandy; where they are deposited under two monuments without any inscription.

The Duke of Guise's person was so majestic, that when his sovereign, Henry the Third, caused him to be massacred in his presence, he could not help exclaiming, as he saw him lying on the ground, "*Mon Dieu, comme il est grand, étant mort !*"

The Duke of Guise, on setting out upon some very dangerous expedition, was desired by his brother, the Duke of Mayenne, to deliberate maturely before he engaged in it. "Brother," replied he, "be assured, that what I was not able to resolve on in a quarter of an hour, I should never resolve on, if I were to spend my whole life in thinking upon it."

ANNE, DUC DE MONTMORENCI,

GREAT CONSTABLE OF THE KINGDOM OF FRANCE,

Who was Prime Minister of France in the reigns of Francis the First and Henry the Second, as well as in those of Francis the Second and Charles the Ninth, preserved that degree of consideration which must ever be paid to a man of his abilities, and the first Christian Baron* of Europe. This great man was very unwilling to take up arms against the Prince of Condé and the Colignys, to whom he was endeared by the ties of friendship as well as those of consanguinity. He was, however, induced to give way to this measure, so inimical

* The Genealogists pretend that this illustrious family is descended from Lisibius, the most noble and the most powerful of the Gauls who inhabited that part of France called L'Isle de France, and that he was converted to Christianity by St. Denis about the year 245.

Under the reign of Philippe le Bel, about the year 1268, the head of the family of Montmorenci is thus entitled, "*Montmorenci premier Baron Chrestien de France, premier Seigneur de Montmorenci que Roi en France.*" This made the celebrated Pere de la Rue say in his funeral oration upon the Marechal de Luxembourg, in speaking of his ancestors, "*La couronne n'est plus ancienne sur la tête des nos Rois, que la Noblesse dans le sang de ces heros.*"—The crown is not more "ancient on the head of our Monarchs, than the Nobility "in the blood of these heroes."

mical to his disposition, by the following animated and forcible speech of his wife (Magdalaine de Savoie), of whom he was very fond :

“ It is then in vain, Sir, that you have taken
 “ as a motto to your escutcheon, the word of
 “ command that your ancestors always gave at
 “ the onset of every battle in which they were
 “ engaged (*Dieu aide au premier Chrestien*), if
 “ you do not fight with all your energy in de-
 “ fence of that religion which is now attempted
 “ to be destroyed. Who then is to give an ex-
 “ ample of respect and of veneration for the Holy
 “ See, if not he who takes his very name, his
 “ arms, his nobility, from the first Baron of
 “ France who professed the holy Religion of
 “ Christ ?”

At the age of seventy, Montmorenci took the command of the army which Charles the Ninth sent against the Huguenots in the plain of St. Denis. In spite of the suspicions of his fidelity which Charles and Catherine de Medicis, without any reason, had entertained of him; the Huguenots were defeated. The Constable, after having performed prodigies of valour, after having received several wounds in his hands and his face, broke his sword in the body of one of the enemy's dragoons; and as if indignation and despair had added to his courage, he still fought with the exertions and vigour of a young man.

In

In this situation Robert Stuart came up to him, and putting his loaded pistol to his throat, called out to him to surrender. "What, tell me "to surrender!" replied the Constable, "surely "you do not know me."—"It is then because I know you," said Stuart, "that I "give you this." On the instant he fired his pistol, the charge of which the venerable Warrior received in his side; then recovering himself, though mortally wounded, he gave Stuart so violent a blow with the pommel of his sword in his face, that he broke three of his teeth: each of them at the same instant fell from his horse, the Constable in a swoon, and dying. Montmorenci, soon recovering from his fainting fit, asked those who surrounded him, how the engagement was going on; and on being told that the King's army was master of the field, and that the engagement had been (as one might say) fatal only to himself, he returned his thanks to the God of Battles, and begged them to quit him, and not, on his account, leave the victory imperfect. Then addressing himself to M. de Sanzai, a relation of his, and a man of rank, he said, "I am a dead "man; but I bless Heaven for permitting me "to die for my Religion, my King, and my "Country. Tell his Majesty how happy I am "in finding that death, which I have so often
" fought

"fought in vain in the service of his father
 "and of his ancestors." By this time his children and his friends came up to him, and flattered him with the hopes of recovery; but finding himself struck with death, he intreated them to let him die on the field of battle. For a long time he resisted their intreaties to be carried to Paris; at last, not being able any longer to withstand them, he said, "I consent then to be
 "taken to Paris, though under no hopes of
 "being cured of my wounds, for I am a dead
 "man; but to see once more the King and the
 "Queen; and to carry to them in my own
 "person, and by means of my wounds, the
 "strongest assurances of the fidelity that I have
 "ever preserved in their service."

In his last moments, while he was suffering the most excruciating torture from his wounds, a Cordelier exhorted him to patience, and resignation to the will of Heaven. "Ah! my
 "good Father," replied the venerable hero,
 "can you suppose that a man who has been able
 "to pass a life of near eighty years with honour,
 "cannot tell how to terminate properly the last
 "quarter of an hour of it?"

MARSHAL SEPIER.

"IN the time of Charles the Ninth, French
 " King," says Master Puttenham, "I being at
 " the Spaw Waters, there lay a Marshal of France,
 " called Monsieur de Sepier, to use those waters
 " for his health; but when the Physitians had all
 " given him up, and that there was no hope of
 " life in him, came from the King to him a let-
 " ters patents of six thousand crowns yearly pen-
 " sion, with many comfortable wordes. The
 " man was not so much past remembrance but he
 " could say to the messenger, *Trop tard! trop*
 " *tard!*—Too late! too late! it should have come
 " before. For indeede it had been promised
 " long, and came not till now that he could not
 " fare the better for it."

BARON D'ADRETS

Was, during the celebrated League of France,
 Governor for the Huguenot Party in the city of
 Maçon in that kingdom. By way of amusing
 some French ladies that he had with him at sup-
 per,

per, he threw headlong from the walls of his castle, into the river Saone, the Catholic prisoners that were brought in, tied two together.

D'Aubigné calls him, "*inventeur de tous cruantez, qui bouffonnoit en les exécutant*—an inventor of all kinds of cruelties, who used to play the buffoon while he was executing them."

He would sometimes make his prisoners throw themselves headlong from the battlements of a high tower upon the pikes of his soldiers. One of these unfortunate persons having approached the battlements twice, without venturing to take the dreadful leap, the Baron reproached him with his want of courage in a very insulting manner. "Why now, Sir," replied the Prisoner, "bold as you are, I would give you three times before you took the leap." This pleasantry saved the life of the poor fellow.

This minister of cruelty being one day asked by D'Aubigné, why he made his soldiers exercise such horrid acts of barbarity, in a manner by no means consonant to his very great courage, replied, "that when soldiers make war in a respectful manner, they carry both their heads and their hearts too low;—that it was impossible to teach them to put properly at the same time their hands to their swords and to their hats;—and that, in taking from them all hopes of mercy, they were under the necessity of looking for
" no

"no asylum but under the shadow of their standards, and of not expecting to live unless they were victorious."

ADMIRAL DE COLIGNY.

THE manner of life of this illustrious personage is thus described by his ancient Biographer:

"As soon as the Admiral had quitted his bed, which, in general, was very early in the morning, and had wrapped his night-gown round him, he knelt down, as well as his attendants, and made a prayer, after the custom of the French Huguenot churches; after which, while he was waiting for the time of the sermon (which was preached every other day, accompanied with the singing of psalms), he gave audience to the Deputies of the Churches that were sent to him, and was employed in public affairs. Occasionally, he did business after the sermon till dinner-time.

"When dinner was ready, his household servants, except those who were immediately employed in preparing the necessaries of the table, all waited in the great hall, where, the table being laid, the Admiral, with his wife by the side

“ side of him, stood at the top of it: if there had
“ been no sermon that morning a psalm was sung,
“ and then the usual benediction; which cere-
“ mony a great number as well of German Colo-
“ nels and Captains as of French Officers, who
“ were asked to dine with him, can bear testimony
“ he observed, without ever intermitting a single
“ day, not only in his own house, and when he
“ was quiet, but even while he was with the ar-
“ my. The cloth taken away, he rose, as well as
“ his wife and all his attendants, and either re-
“ turned thanks himself, or caused his chaplain to
“ do it. And observing that some of his hous-
“ hold could not regularly attend the prayers in
“ the evening, on account of their occupations
“ and amusements, he ordered that every one of
“ them should present themselves in the great
“ hall after supper, and then, after singing a
“ psalm, a prayer was said.

“ The number of the nobility of France, who
“ in imitation of the Admiral began to make this
“ religious establishment in their household, was
“ wonderful. He indeed in person very often
“ exhorted them to be religious; not thinking it
“ enough that a master should live himself piously
“ and holily, if by his own example he did not
“ take care that his servants did the same. It is
“ certain, that the virtue and piety of the Admi-
“ ral made him so extremely respected even by
“ those

“those of the Catholic party, that without the
“fear and dread of torments and of massacre, the
“greatest part of France would have been con-
“verted to the same religious opinion and dis-
“cipline.

“When the time for the celebration of the
“Lord’s Supper approached, he called together
“all his household, and represented to them that
“they must not only give an account to God of
“their past life, but of their passions; and he re-
“conciled those persons who had been quarrel-
“ling. And if any one of his servants did not
“appear to him to be sufficiently prepared to un-
“derstand, and to have a proper veneration for
“the Holy Mystery, he himself took the pains to
“instruct him; and if he saw any of them who
“persisted in their evil courses, he used to declare
“openly and before them, that he had rather re-
“main alone in his house, and wait upon himself,
“than keep a set of wicked servants. The Ad-
“miral, besides, had so high a regard for the dis-
“cipline of the Colleges, and the instruction of
“children, that he looked upon them as particu-
“lar favours from Heaven, and used to call them
“seminaries of the Church, and schools of piety.
“He used to say, that it was ignorance of letters
“that had thrown thick darkness not only around
“the State, but around the Church (in which the
“Papal power has taken its rise and progress,
“and

“and which has so complete an authority over
“the minds of the blind and of the bigoted, that
“it did to them, according to the ancient Poets,
“what the God of Wealth and of Hell, whom
“they called *Dis*, did to night and to darkness).
“This induced him to build, at a great expence,
“the College of Chatillon, in a fine air and situ-
“ation, where he supported many eminent Pro-
“fessors of the Hebrew, the Greek, and Latin
“languages, as well as many young students.”

The most striking proof of M. de Coligny's high integrity and disinterestedness is, that though, from the great offices and dignities which he filled, he was able to benefit himself, and to gain great wealth (as most persons in his situation would have done), he never added to his paternal estate a single acre of land; and though he was a rigid economist, yet, on account of the number of persons of all ranks who came to him upon public business, and whom he treated in the most hospitable manner, so as to expend upon them what his own frugal disposition would have laid by, he died greatly in debt, and left a considerable mortgage upon his estate.

One circumstance should not be passed over in our account of this very excellent man, namely, that incredible union of mind, of affection, and of benevolence, which was ever preserved between the Admiral and his two brothers, so that they
really

really appeared to have but one soul amongst them.

The Admiral was murdered at the age of fifty-five years and a half. He was of a middling stature, of a ruddy complexion, well proportioned in his limbs, and of a calm and serene countenance. His tone of voice was mild and agreeable, but he spoke with some difficulty. His whole air and his walk were extremely decorous, and exhibited a pleasing gravity. He drank very little wine, ate very little, and never slept more than seven hours; and since the last peace, he never suffered a day to pass over without putting down in writing, in his paper journal, before he went to bed, what things worthy of remembrance had happened during the time of the last troubles. His journal being found after his death, and brought to his sovereign Charles the Ninth, his most inveterate enemies could not withhold their admiration of the moderation and of the tranquillity of his mind. After the peace, when he retired to La Rochelle, he used to read every day, morning and night, a sermon of Calvin upon the Book of Job; telling his friends, that the history of that patient sufferer was his consolation and general remedy in all his calamities.

“*La Vie de Messire GASPARD DE COLIGNY, &c.*

“*Amsterdam, MDCXXXIII, 4to.*”

The Admiral, like all wise and good men, was extremely unwilling to seek that redress by arms,

“which

which the goodness of his cause demanded.
 " With great difficulty," says D'Aubigné in his History, " could he be prevailed upon to mount his horse, and join his brothers, who were waiting for him. This experienced Captain," adds D'Aubigné, " had combated the reasons that had been given for having recourse to the dreadful expedient of taking arms against the Sovereign, and there remained no hopes of overcoming his scruples, when a circumstance happened, which I will give to posterity, not as an episode well suited to Poets only, but as a truth which I have learned from those who were concerned in it. In the evening after the last conversation that the Admiral had upon the subject, he went as usual to bed with his wife, a Princess of the House of Savoy, a zealous Protestant, but was soon awakened by her sobs and lamentations, when she thus addressed him:

" It is, Sir, with extreme regret that I disturb your rest by my uneasiness; but the members of Christ being torn as we now see them, and we belonging to that his sacred body, which of us can remain insensible to this calamity? You, Sir, do not feel them less than I do; but you can, by your superior strength of mind, conceal them better. Can you be angry with the dear and faithful partner of your joys and of
 VOL. IV. D " your

“ your cares? Act with as much openness as
“ respect. She sheds her tears and eases her
“ mind upon your breast. We here are remain-
“ ing at our ease, while the bodies of our brethren,
“ flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, are
“ some of them detained in dungeons, many of
“ them strewn about the fields, at the mercy of
“ the dogs and of the ravens. My breast has
“ become a tomb to me since they have no
“ sepulture. These sheets reproach me, because
“ they have no shroud. Can we sleep so sound
“ then, as not to hear the dying groans of our
“ brethren? Should I here bring to your remem-
“ brance the prudential reasons with which you
“ stopped the mouths of your brothers? Would
“ you with equal success take out their hearts,
“ and let them remain equally without courage
“ as without a power of answering your objec-
“ tions? I am afraid that this wisdom of yours
“ is the wisdom of the children of this world,
“ and that to be so wise toward man is to be
“ foolish before God, who has given you the
“ science of a great warrior. Can you then, in
“ conscience, refuse to make use of those great
“ military qualities with which he has endowed
“ you, in favour of his own children? You have
“ occasionally confessed to me, that this gift of
“ Heaven has sometimes aroused your mind. It
“ is the interpreter of the will of God. Are you
“ afraid,

" afraid, then, that God should impute a crime to
" you, if you obey it? The sword of a Knight
" which you wear, was it given to you to oppress
" still more the oppressed, or to reduce the power
" of the tyrants? You have often owned the jus-
" tice of going to war with them. Can then your
" stout heart quit your desire of doing what is
" right, from fear of failing in the attempt? It
" is God himself alone that hebetates and dispirits
" those persons who resist his commands under
" pretence of sparing blood. He knows well that
" soul which is willing to destroy itself, and that
" which is anxious to save itself. I, Sir, have at
" my heart the great quantity of blood that our
" friends have lost. This blood, and your own,
" will cry out in this very bed to Heaven toward
" God against you, and you will be deemed the
" murderer of all those whose murders you do not
" prevent.

" Coligny replied: Since I find to my sorrow,
" my dear wife, that I have availed nothing by
" all my arguments of this night upon the
" vanity of popular insurrections; upon the un-
" certain beginnings of a party not yet formed;
" the difficulty of an attempt not only against
" Monarchs, but against the possessors of a king-
" dom whose roots lie deep in the ground of
" ages; so many persons interested in its pre-
" servation; no prospect of an attack from with-

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" out;

“ out; but a general peace just concluded, and
“ in its very first bloom, and, what is worse,
“ made with our neighbours, who are joined
“ together to ruin us; add then, the defection
“ of the King of Navarre and the Constable from
“ our party, so much power on the side of our
“ enemies, and so much weakness on ours; and if
“ all these circumstances taken together will make
“ no impression upon your mind, put your hand
“ upon your heart, sound the inmost recesses of
“ your conscience, and then tell me, if you think
“ you can support numberless defeats; the cal-
“umnies of your own party, as well as those
“ of your enemies; the reproaches that mankind
“ are but too often apt to make, who judge of
“ every event by the success of it; the treachery
“ of your own friends: flight, banishment; the
“ fury of the English, the violence of the Ger-
“ mans; disgrace, shame, nakedness, hunger,
“ difficult enough to bear when happening to
“ yourself, but when happening to your children
“ rendered insupportable. Feel, then, within
“ yourself, how you can bear to die by the
“ hands of the executioner, after having first
“ beheld your husband dragged along the streets,
“ and exposed to the insults of the multitude; and,
“ to close all, to see your children made the def-
“ picable slaves of your enemies, who have risen
“ into consequence by your defeats and calamities.

“ I give

"I give you three weeks to consider all this, my
"dear wife, and when you have steadily made
"up your mind to it, I will go and perish
"with you and with your friends.

"Madame de Coligny instantly replied: These
"three weeks are already passed with me. Your
"courage will never be conquered by that of
"your enemies. Exert it then, immediately,
"and do not oblige me to lay upon your head
"the lives of all those that shall die in these three
"weeks. I summon you, then, in the name
"of the Most High, to deprive us no longer of
"your efforts. If you delay any longer, I shall
"be a witness against you in the dreadful day of
"judgment."

Coligny immediately joined his brothers; and
the wars between the Catholics and the Protestants
of France commenced, which ended in the treacherous
pacification of 1571. Coligny, with the rest of the
heads of his party, came to Paris, where they were
treated with such extreme kindness by Charles the
Ninth and the Catholic party, that one of the
Admiral's Officers begged leave to be permitted to
retire from Paris. Coligny, whose own honesty and
openness of character ever rendered him unsuspecting,
asked the Officer if he had lost his wits, to desire
to go away at such a time. "Alas, Sir," replied
he, "I had rather save my life with
"simpletons

“fimpletons like myself, than lose it with wife
“men like you! Our new friends here are too
“civil by half to us. I fear some mischief, and
“wish I could prevail upon you to have the
“same apprehension.” Coligny, however, re-
mained, and, a few days before the detestable
massacre of St. Bartholomew, was wounded in
the hand and in the arm by a shot from a musquet,
as he was on his way to visit the King at the
Louvre. The wound was not dangerous, and
Charles and his Mother, Catherine de Medicis,
behaved on the occasion with so much appear-
ance of kindness and affection (the King occasion-
ally calling the Admiral by the endearing name
of Father), that no suspicion continued in his
mind. Early, however, in the morning of the
day of St. Bartholomew, the Admiral and his
attendants were awakened by a great noise at
the door of the apartments in which they were
lodged. He immediately, suspecting mischief,
rose out of bed, put on his night-gown, and or-
dered his chaplain to pray, himself following the
prayers with loud sighs, and recommending his
life to God, which he had merely lent him for
his honour. Some one who had seen Besme and
his soldiers at the door, came running into the
room to tell the Admiral what was the matter; ad-
ding, “It is God that calls us to him; the house is
“forced, and there is no possibility of resistance.”

—“I have

—" I have been expecting death a long time
" since." replied the Admiral. " The rest of
" you will endeavour to get away, if you can:
" every effort that you can make to save my life
" is in vain. I commend it into the hands of
" Him who gave it to me ; do you make what
" haste you can, and get away." The Admiral
then, with a countenance of the most placid
serenity, and in an attitude of the greatest dignity,
seated himself in an arm-chair, expecting the en-
trance of the assassins. Besme came in first, and
not knowing the Admiral, whom he saw seated,
asked him if he was the Admiral. In a firm tone,
of voice Coligny answered, " I am he: but,
" young man, respect my gray hairs, and my
" advanced age." Besme, making no reply,
struck him upon the head with his sword, and
his soldiers dispatched him with many wounds
in different parts of his body. They then threw
the body out of the window into the court-yard.
The Duke of Guise, coming soon afterwards,
wiped off the blood from the face, to see whether
it was that of the Admiral, and then gave the
body a violent kick with his foot. The mob of
Paris next rushed in, took the body of the Ad-
miral, tied it to the heels of an ass, and after-
wards hung it up for three days on the common
gallows of Paris: from whence it was taken
down by some of his friends, mangled and covered
with

with every mark of indignity, and conveyed to his daughter the Princess of Orange, who with filial piety collected every relick of so valuable a deposit, and placed them in a small sarcophagus of black marble, on which she caused to be engraven the following inscription, written by the learned Joseph Scaliger :

D. O. M.

SACRVM

ET

MEMORIÆ GASPARIS A COLIGNIACO, COMITIS COLIGNIACI, DOMINI CASTILIONI, EQVITIS TORQVATI REGIS, TVRMÆ CENTVM EQVITVM CATAPHRACTOR, PRÆFECTI, MAGNI FRANCIÆ AMIRALI, CIVIS MEMORIA, PER VIM OPPRESSI, IN INTEGRVM SECVNDVM AMPLISSIMI ORDINIS CONSVLTVM RESTITVTA EST, OPTIMI FORTISS. PROVIDENTISQ. DUCIS, PVRÆ RELIGIONIS VINDICIS, AC PROPAGATORIS, QVI INSTINCTV PIETATIS ATQVE ANIMI MAGNITVDINE, ARMIS PRO ASSERENDA RELIGIONE AC LIBERTATE PATRIÆ SVMPVIS ADVERSVS EOS QVI REMPVBFATIONIBVS SVIS OPPRIMEBANT, BORBONITOR. REGII SANGVINIS PRINCIPVM CHRISTIANISS. FRANCOR. REGIS MAIESTATEM DEFENDENTIVM AVSPICIIS, EXIGVA MANV, VIRTVTE INCOMPARABILI NVMEROSOS HOSTIVM CVNEOS SÆPE FVDIT, FVGAVIT, PROFLIGAVIT. AC POST TOT FOEDERATOR. HOMINVM INVSITATE PERFIDIÆ EXEMPLA, TOTIESQ. BELLVM

BELLVM OBSTINATISS. EORVM FEROCIA REPARATVM, TANDEM ILLOS IN PACIS CONDITIONES DESCENDERE COMPVLT, VNDE AMPLIFICATO TOTA GALLIA VERÆ RELIGIONIS CVLTV, POST RES BENS ARMIS EIVS AC CONSILIIS GESTAS, ET REPV. PACATA; QVI VIM FACTIOSOR. TOTIES APERTO MARTI FRERAT, EORVM INSIDIAS, AC CLANDESTINAS INOPINATÆ PERFIDIE MOLITIONES, HOMO SALVTIS PATRIÆ QYAM SVÆ AMANTIOR DECLINARE NON POTVIT. CVIVS ANIMA APVD EVM PRO QVO CONSTANTISS. PVGNAVIT, RECEPITA EST; OSSA AVTÈM IN SPÈM RESURRECTIONIS HIC SITA SUNT.

A.

Ω.

LVDOVICA WILLELMI ARAVSIONENSIVM

PRINCIPIS VIDVA,

PATRIS PIENTISS. TITVLVM

MEMORIÆ

P. C.

The Duke of Alençon, brother of Charles IX. was much attached to the Admiral. After the murder of Coligny, his will was carried to the King, who, on reading it, and finding it contain an article of advice to him, in which he recommended to him not to suffer his brother to be either too powerful or too rich, turned to the Duke of Alençon, and said, "So this, then, is "your good friend! See how kind he is to you,"—"I do not know, Sire," replied the Duke nobly,

bly, "how much he was my friend, but his advice shews how much he was yours." So observed the Ambassador of England, to whom the King said, that Coligny had advised him never to trust England. "He might, Sire, have been a bad Englishman, perhaps, but I am sure that he was a good Frenchman."

In some engagement Coligny was dangerously wounded. His friends coming about him, and lamenting the state in which they found him, he said, "Alas! my friends, should not the profession which we follow make us as careless of death as of life?"

The Admiral advised his daughter to marry Teligny, one of the most accomplished men of the Court of France at that time, for the good and excellent qualities that he had observed in him. "I give him to you," says he, "to secure for you contentment and happiness in marriage, which you will find of more importance in that situation than either riches or power, I assure you."

Four days before the murder of Coligny, he thus wrote to his wife:

"My dear and beloved Wife,

"THE nuptials of the King's sister and the King of Navarre have been celebrated to-day, and the three or four days afterwards will be spent

“ spent in balls, entertainments, masquerades,
“ and tournaments. After this, the King has
“ promised to give me a day, on which he is to
“ hear what I have to tell him respecting the
“ violation of the late edict of pacification; upon
“ which I am now very busy. For although I
“ have a very great desire to see you, yet I think
“ we should both be extremely sorry if there was
“ any defect of activity and diligence on my part.
“ This delay, I hope, will not keep me here
“ above ten days longer. If I attended only to
“ my own satisfaction, it would be much more
“ agreeable to me to be with you than to stay at
“ Court, for reasons which I will tell you when
“ I see you. But it is one’s duty to pay more
“ regard to public considerations than to those of
“ pleasure or of interest. I have many other
“ things to tell you, as soon as I see you; which,
“ I assure you, I wish continually, both night and
“ day, to be able to do. At present all that I
“ can tell you is, that at four o’clock in the after-
“ noon of this day the mass for the nuptials was
“ said, during which time the King of Navarre,
“ with some Gentlemen of our religion, who had
“ followed that Prince, walked’ about in the
“ court-yard near the church. There are many
“ other circumstances, besides, which I reserve to
“ tell you at our next meeting: in the mean time,
“ my

" my dear and beloved wife, I pray God to have
 " you in his keeping.

" PARIS, 18th August 1572

" These three days past, I have been tormented
 " with a flatulent and nephritic colic, which,
 " God be thanked, lasted only eight or ten hours,
 " and from which I am at present by the same
 " goodness delivered; and I assure you, that in
 " this croud of banquets and of shows I shall be
 " troublesome to no person. Farewell, then,
 " once more!

" Your affectionate husband,

" CHASTILLON."

MORVILLIERS,

KEEPER OF THE SEALS.

THIS high-minded Magistrate was ordered by his Sovereign (Charles the Ninth) to put the seals to the pardon of a Nobleman who had committed a murder. He refused. The King took the seals out of his hands, and having put them himself to the instrument of remission, returned them immediately to Morvilliers, who refused to take them again; adding, " The seals have twice put
 " me

“me in a situation of great honour; once, when I received them; and again, when I resigned them.”

After the execrable day of St. Bartholomew; Charles the Ninth was inclined to throw all the odium of that detestable transaction upon the House of Guise; but was prevented by the suggestions of Morvilliers, who told him, that by acting thus he would conciliate the affections of the Catholics to the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, instead of preserving them entirely to himself. Charles took the advice, and immediately ordered a *procès* to be instituted against the dead body of the venerable Admiral de Coligny, as against that of a heretic and a rebel.

HENNUYER,

BISHOP OF LISIEUX.

THE Massacre of St. Bartholomew was not confined to the Capital of France; orders were sent to the most distant Provinces to destroy all the Protestants in them. When the Governor of the Province brought Hennuyer the order, he opposed it with all his power, and caused a formal

mal act of his opposition to be entered on the Registers of the Province. Charles IX. when remorse had taken place in his mind, was so far from disapproving of what this excellent Prelate had done, that he gave him the greatest praises for his clemency; and the Protestants flocked together in numbers to abjure their religion at the feet of this good and kind Shepherd, whose gentleness affected them more than the commands of the Sovereign and the violence of the soldiers.

VICONTE D'ORTE

Was Governor of Bayonne in the reign of Charles the Ninth, and received the same infamous orders from his Sovereign respecting the Huguenots, which were sent to the Bishop of Lisieux, and behaved in the same noble and generous manner. He wrote to the King in these terms:

“ Sire,

“ I have communicated your Majesty's letter
“ to the garrison and to the Inhabitants of this
“ Town. I have been able to find among them
“ only brave Soldiers and good Citizens; not a
“ single Executioner.”

DUC DE MONTPENSIER.

BRANTÔME, who seems to have been a good-humoured fellow, like a true Frenchman, mentions *en plaisantant* this horrid account of the barbarities of Montpensier, who was General of an army sent against the Huguenots or Protestants:

“ Whenever a male Huguenot prisoner was brought to him, he said with a smiling countenance, You are a Huguenot, my friend? I recommend you to M. Babelot. This Monsieur Babelot,” adds Brantôme, “ was a Cordelier, a learned man, who took good care of his master’s conscience, and was always near him. To this personage then the poor prisoner was brought, and after a few questions put to him, was condemned to death, and executed immediately. When the prisoner chanced to be a woman, a maiden, young and handsome, the Duke said merely to her, I recommend you to my standard-bearer; take her to him. This standard-bearer was a certain M. de Montoiron, of the ancient house of Archbishop Turpin, who bore the same name; a very fine Gentleman, stout and tall.” The indecencies that the female prisoners afterwards suffered from this M. Montoiron, were very horrible, and

Brantôme

Brantôme discusses them with a very disgusting levity. Some shameful and disgraceful instances of the same cool and deliberate cruelty, cruelty unprovoked by any ebullition of passion or suddenness of resentment, but the effect of wanton malignity and fiend-like barbarity, are to be met with in the first book of Sully's Memoirs, still (if possible) more forcibly proving Voltaire's assertion respecting his countrymen, "*Je vois des Singes qui agacent les Tigres.*"

NOSTRADAMUS.

OF the great ease with which any pretended prophecy may be applied to an event, the following instances of the applications that have been made from the prophecies of Nostradamus evince. In one of his Quatrains (for in that form his oracles are given) he says, "*Les Oliviers croîtront en Angleterre.*" That, say his interpreters, alludes to the seizure of the supreme power in England by Oliver Cromwell.

When the French took the city of Arras* from the Spaniards, under Louis XIII. after a very long

* Arras was anciently spelt *Aras*.

long and most desperate siege, it was remembered that Nostradamus had said,

Les anciens crapauds prendront Sara.

The ancient toads shall Sara take.

This line was then applied to that event in this very round-about manner: *Sara* is *Aras* backward. By the ancient toads were meant the French, as that Nation formerly had for its armorial bearings three of these odious reptiles, instead of the three flowers de luce which it now bears.

Nostradamus was more lucky than usual in one of his *Quatrains*, which was applied to the death of Henry the Second of France, killed at a tournament by Montgomery; the lance piercing his eye through his golden vizor*.

Le Lion jeune le vieux surmantera

En champ bellique par singulier duel,

Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera.

Deux plaies une, puis mourir: mort cruelle.

* "When I was in France," says Lord Bacon, "I heard from one Dr. Pena, that the Queen-Mother (Catherine de Medici, who was given to curious arts) caused the King her husband's nativity to be calculated under a false name, and the Astrologer gave a judgment, that he should be killed in a duel. At which the Queen laughed, thinking her husband to be above challenges and duelling; but he was slain upon a course at tilt, the splinters of the staff of Montgomery going in at his beaver." *Of Prophecies, Essay 35.*

The elder lion shall the young engage,
 And him in stout and single combat slay;
 Shall put his eyes out in a golden cage,
 One wound in two. How sad to die in such a way!

This supposed prediction gained him great credit, and many persons of consequence visited him in his retreat at Salons en Provence, to consult him respecting their fortunes: amongst other persons who were guilty of that folly and of that wickedness, were Emanuel Duke of Savoy and his Dukes, and his own Sovereign Charles the Ninth. Charles made him a very considerable present in money, settled a pension upon him, and made him his physician in ordinary, Nostradamus having been originally bred to the profession of medicine.

The family of Nostradamus had been a Jewish family. He pretended to be of the tribe of Issachar; because it is said in the Chronicles, "that there shall come learned men from the sons of Issachar, who know all times."*

Nostra-

* "My judgment is, that they (modern prophecies) ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but as winter-talk by the fire-side. Though, when I say despised, I mean it as for belief; for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised, for they have done much mischief. And I see many severe laws made to suppress them." *Bacon, Essay 35.*

Nostradamus died at Salons in 1566: Jodelle the Poet made this distich upon the Prophet:

*Nostra damus cūm falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est;
Et cūm falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus.*

The following Quatrain of Nostradamus was applied to James the Second, on the arrival of the Prince of Orange at the Revolution.

*Celui qui la principaute
Tiendra par grande cruauté,
A la fin verra grande phalange
Porter coup de feu tres dangereux.
Par accord pourra faire mieux
Autrement, boira suc d'Orange.*

He who the British empire's reins
By force and cruelty maintains,
Shall in his turn each horror feel,
The blasting fire, th' avenging steel.
Then let him with his foe agree,
And save the land from misery.
Or to his lips the Orange juice
Shall poison's fatal ills produce.

Nostradamus drew horoscopes and calculated nativities. Gassendi (who had in early life believed in Astrology), when he passed through Salons in Provence, the place where Nostradamus lived, had the curiosity as he tells us in his Letters) to examine the nativity which this pretended Prophet had calculated of the father of the principal

cipal Magistrate of the place, when he found that all the principal events of his life had taken place in the exact contrary manner to that in which they had been predicted. He was to have an increase of fortune from a stranger to his family, and he never had any fortune but that which his father had left him; he was to be a great traveller, and he had never quitted his native province; he was to fight a duel, and he never had a serious quarrel with any person in his life.

CHANCELIER DE L'HOPITAL.

Who could have imagined that this rugged and inflexible magistrate would have amused his leisure with writing Latin verses to satirize the ladies of his time who did not suckle their own children? His poem on this singular subject is addressed to the celebrated Jean Morel. Some of the lines may be thus translated:

Can Nature, like a step-mother, deny
The lacteal balm, the tender babe's supply?
Indulgent parent! from her copious stores
The food of helpless infant life she pours:
To those vain females niggardly alone,
Whose pride and luxury her powers disown.

Observe

Observe the savage tyrants of the field,
 They to th' unnatural mother lessons yield.
 Does the fierce lioness, of horrid glare,
 Neglect her savage charge, her rising care;
 And her young offspring, with obdurate heart,
 To her fell neighbour's purchas'd care impart?

The poem is a long one, and contains many as fine and as strong sentiments as those just quoted. The late excellent Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh has, in his very ingenious and entertaining "Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World," shewn it to be no less the interest than the duty of the mother (unless her state of health prevent it) to suckle her own child. She procures greater health and spirits, as well as greater beauty, by the operation; and, adds he, "another great inconvenience attending the neglect is, the depriving women of that interval of respite and of ease which nature intended for them between child-bearings. A woman who does not nurse, has naturally a child every year: this greatly exhausts the constitution, and brings on the infirmities of old age before their time. A woman who nurses her child, has an interval of a year and a half or two years betwixt her children, in which the constitution has time to recover its vigour."

The

The Chancellor de l'Hôpital's Latin Poems are in one vol. folio, 1585, and in one vol. octavo, 1732. Of this great magistrate's simple manner of living Brantôme gives this account:

" Il me dépêcha bientôt & nous fit dîner très
 " bien du bouilli seulement (car c'étoit son usage).
 " Devant le dîner ce n'étoit que beaux discours &
 " belles sentences & quelquefois aussi de gentils
 " mots pour rire."

L'Hôpital used to say of those persons who piqued themselves upon never refusing any thing, "that they had one quality at least in common with a young prodigal, and with a woman of loose conduct."

LE PRESIDENT DE THOU.

THE illustrious Thuanus said, that on his mentioning one day to his Father, Christopher de Thou, First President of the Parliament of Paris, something relating to the infamous and cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew, he stopped him shortly, exclaiming from Statius,

" *Excidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant*

" *Sacula; nos certè taceamus, et obruta munda*

" *Nocte tegi propria patiamur crimina gentes.*"

" O may

" O may that day, the scandal of the age,
 " Be ever blotted from the historic page!
 " May the kind Fates in Night's obscurest veil
 " Cover each record of the horrid tale;
 " And hide, in mercy, from all future times
 " Our nation's cruelty, our nation's crimes!"

MONTAGNE.

WHEN Montagne's Travels were found in MS.
 a few years ago, in a chest at his chateau in the
 province of Perigord, much was expected from
 them. They have been lately published, and
 contain nothing but the history of his disorders,
 and of the effects of the several mineral waters he
 tried upon them. One passage in them however,
 when he comes to speak of Rome, is very sublime.
 His observations, in general, he dictated to his
 Secretary, who makes his master speak in the
 third person. They were together at Rome in
 the year 1580: " On ne voit rien de Rome que le
 " Ciel, sans lequel elle avoit été assise, & la plant
 " de son gîte; que cette science qu'on en avoit
 " étoit une science abstraite & de contemplation,
 " de laquelle il n'avoit rien qui tombât sous les
 " sens. Ceux qui disoient qu'on y voyoit les
 " ruines de Rome en disoient trop, car les ruines
 " d'une

" d'une si épouvantable machine rapporteroient
 " plus d'honneur & de reverence à sa memoire;
 " ce n'étoit rien que son sepulture. Le monde
 " ennemi de sa longue domination avoit premiere-
 " ment brisé & fracassé toutes les pieces de ce
 " corps admirable; & parcequ'encore tout mort,
 " renversé & defiguré, il lui faisoit horreur, il en
 " avoit enseveli la ruine même."

Montagne has been falsely accused of want of religion. On finding himself in the agonies of death, he sent to some of his neighbours to pray with him, and to attend the ceremony of mass in his chamber. At the instant of the elevation of the host, he with a transport of devotion raised himself out of his bed upon his knees, and died in the act of adoring that sacred mystery of the Catholic church.

Montagne appears to have possessed a mind highly susceptible of the power of friendship. His letter giving an account of the death of his learned friend Etienne de la Boetie, is a very pathetic narrative. Montagne, at the desire of his father, translated from the Latin Sebonde's Natural Theology. He dedicates his translation to his father, and, with a filial respect not very common, calls him every where in the dedication *Monseigneur*.

Cardinal de Perron used to call Montagne's Essays "*Le Breviaire des Honnêtes Gens*." The severer

severer Huet entitles them "*Le Breviaire des Pareffeux*." The peevish Scaliger cries out, "What is it to the world in general, whether Montagne loves red or white wine best?" Yet in spite of this sarcasm of that great scholar, whatever Montagne relates about himself comes home to the business and bosom of every lover of nature and observer of the human character. To his *Essays* may be applied from Horace,

"*Ille vult fidis arcana fœdaliâs olim*

"*Credebat libris : neque, si malè cesserat usquam*

"*Decurrens aliâ, neque, si bene, quo sit ut omnis*

"*Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ*

"*Vita senis———*"

Montagne, whom no one can suspect of prejudice, or bigotry, or of attachment to any thing merely because it is established, speaking of Kings, says, with his usual good humour and good sense, "We owe duty and obedience to Kings; for that regards their office. Esteem and affection we owe to them when they are persons of virtue. Let us make the sacrifice for the sake of political order, to bear with them with patience, even when they are unworthy of their high office. For the same reason let us conceal their failings, and make the most we can even of their indifferent actions, as long as we shall have occasion for their support."

Though

Though always talking and thinking about his health, Montagne affected universally to ridicule the professors of medicine. He used to say of them, "that they know more of Galen than of their patients. Yet," added he, "let them live by our follies; they are not the only persons who do so." To some hypochondriacal friend of his he said, "Get your physician to order you a medicine for your head; it will do you more service there than when applied to the stomach."

"Cowardice," says Montagne very well, in one of his Essays, "is the mother of cruelty. Courage," adds he, "that I mean which opposes itself only to resistance,

nec nisi bellantis gaudet cervice juveni.

"stops when it sees the enemy at its mercy. But "cowardice," continues the acute Gascon, "to shew that it can also do its part, not having been able to figure in the first rank, takes its part in the second, which is blood and slaughter. The murders attendant upon victories are generally committed by the lowest class of the army, and by those that have the care of the baggage. And what causes such unheard of cruelties in all civil wars is, that the populace, to shew its bravery and its military skill, steepes itself in blood up to the elbows, and tears to pieces even the body that lies prostrate at its feet."

"I, in

" I, in conjunction with the Baron of Caupene," says this entertaining Writer, " had the patronage of a benefice at the foot of one of our Gascon mountains, in a country of considerable extent. The inhabitants of this spot, like those of the Valley Angrougne, lived after a manner of their own, and were governed by certain laws and regulations which had been received from father to son, and to which they consented to pay obedience, from the reverence they had to established custom. This little district was, from time immemorial, in so happy a situation, that none of the neighbouring Judges had ever taken the trouble to decide any of their causes. No lawyer had ever been employed to consult with them; no stranger had ever been called in to settle their disputes; nor was any inhabitant ever known to be reduced to ask alms. They avoided very scrupulously all connections with the other parts of France, to keep their minds in the utmost state of purity; until some time since, in the memory of the fathers of the present generation, it unluckily happened that one of the natives took it into his head to breed up his son as a lawyer, having had him taught to write in a neighbouring village. This youth being now become a person of consequence in his own eyes, began to disdain the old customs of the district, and to put into the
" heads

“ heads of its inhabitants high notions of the
“ magnificence that took place around them.
“ One of the inhabitants having had a goat pur-
“ loined from him, he advised him to apply for
“ justice to the Royal Judges that were nearest to
“ him; and thus he went on till he had destroyed
“ all the antient simplicity of his countrymen.
“ At the tail of this innovation, the inhabitants
“ say, there happened one of much more fatal
“ consequence, by means of a physician, who un-
“ luckily for them took it into his head to marry
“ a young woman of their village, and live
“ amongst them. He began with teaching them
“ that there were such things as fevers, rheums,
“ and imposthumes, and in what part of the hu-
“ man body the heart, the liver, and the intestines
“ were placed, of which till then they had re-
“ mained in perfect ignorance; and instead of gar-
“ lick, with which they had been accustomed to
“ cure all their diseases, however violent and
“ dangerous, he ordered them for a cough or an
“ indigestion some strange foreign mixtures, and
“ began to make a trade not only of their healths
“ but of their lives. They swear, that until his
“ time they never observed that being out at
“ night in the dew gave them head-achs, that it
“ was unwholesome to drink any thing warm, or
“ that the winds of autumn were more unwhole-
“ some than those of the spring; that since their
“ making

"making use of the medicines introduced by
"him, they have been beset with a whole legion
"of diseases, to which they had never been ac-
"customed; and that they perceive a general
"falling-off of their antient vigour of constitution,
"as well as that their lives are shortened by one
"half at least."

"There is no nation," adds Montagne, "which
"has not existed for several ages without the
"knowledge of the art of medicine. Physicians
"were not known in the first ages, that is to say,
"in the best, the most happy times, and even the
"tenth part of the world does not make use of
"them. The Romans were six hundred years
"without them; and, after having tried them for
"some time, dismissed them from their city at
"the instigation of Cato the Censor, who shewed
"at least how well he could do without them,
"having lived himself eighty-five years, and hav-
"ing enabled his wife to attain to an extreme
"old age without a physician, though not indeed
"without physic, for I give that name to every
"thing which can contribute to the salubrity of
"our lives."

The lively old Gascon mentions in his Essays,
that he saw three American savages at Rouen
in France, who visited that country from curi-
osity; that they were presented to Charles the
Ninth, who happened to be at Rouen at the time,
and

and were shewn every thing curious that the capital of Normandy possessed, as the Cathedral, the Bridge of Boats, &c. The King spoke to them for some time by his interpreter; and after they had observed the splendor of the Court, its manner of living, and the new sight to them of a fine city, they were asked what had most struck them. "They mentioned three things," says Montagne, "I have forgotten one of them. They said, they were much astonished that so many men of large stature (meaning the King's Swiss Guards), with large beards, strong, and bearing arms, should submit to obey a child*, and that they did not rather chuse one from themselves to command them. They were next astonished (as they have a term in their language for men, which is, *counterparts one of another*) that they had observed amongst us men full and gorged (*gorgez*) with all kinds of conveniencies, and that their counterparts were begging at their doors dying of hunger and poverty; and thought it strange that

* A cotemporary Writer observes, that another of the things which struck them was the market-place of Rouen, where provisions and all kinds of conveniencies were immediately to be had on a man's taking a piece of metal out of a bag. Here they stopped, and failed to observe this as the effect of a regular established government, whilst they, living free and independent, are reduced to all the miseries of extemporaneous life, and often die of hunger.

“ that these counterparts to each other could suffer
 “ such an injustice, and that they did not either
 “ take them by the throat, or burn their houses.”

“ I asked one of them,” adds Montagne “ (who
 “ appeared to be the chief, and whom the sailors
 “ who brought them over called a King) what
 “ advantage he received from his superiority of
 “ rank to the rest of his brethren. He replied,
 “ that he marched at their head when they went
 “ to war. I asked him how many men followed
 “ him on that occasion. He replied, pointing to
 “ a certain inclosure, that there might be as many
 “ persons as that could contain (about four or five
 “ thousand perhaps). I then asked him if his
 “ authority ceased after the war. He replied, that
 “ this mark of it only remained, that when he
 “ visited the villages dependent upon his go-
 “ vernment, they made a road through the
 “ hedges of their inclosures, that he might
 “ pass at his ease.”

Montagne, in one of his Essays, with great truth
 calls the imagination “ *la Folle du Logis*,” that
 power of the mind which without proper direc-
 tion serves merely to embarrass and distract the
 understanding.

“ Plutarch,” says this excellent Writer, says
 “ somewhere in his Chapter upon Inequality,
 “ there is not so great a difference between one
 “ beast and another, as between one man and
 “ another.

"another. He is speaking of the powers of the
 "mind and the internal qualities of man. In
 "truth, I find such a distance in point of intel-
 "lect, as I think, between Epaminondas and a
 "person who shall be nameless, that I would
 "readily go beyond Plutarch, and say that there
 "is more difference between those two persons
 "than there is between a particular man and a
 "particular beast.

" *Hem, Vir Viro quid prastat!*

"And there are as many different degrees of
 "understanding in men as there are feet from
 "earth to Heaven: nearly without number.

* * * *

"In truth, except the mere name of King,
 "our Kings in France put us very little out of
 "our way.

* * * *

"Indeed, our laws are free enough," adds the
 honest old Gafon; "and the weight of sovereignty
 "scarcely affects a French Gentleman twice in
 "the whole course of his life. The essential and
 "effectual subjection governs those only who
 "wish to have it affect them, and who like to
 "do themselves honour and to enrich themselves
 "by such subjection. For the man who likes to
 "keep snug by his own fire-side, and to conduct
 "his affairs without quarrelling and without law.
 "suits, is as independent a being as the Doge of
 "Venice.

" Venice. *Paucos servitus, plures servitutem sent*:—Slavery comes but to few persons, but
 " many persons come to slavery."

PIERRE CHARRON.

CHARRON'S celebrated Treatise on Wisdom is a kind of Commentary on the Essays of Montagne. The old Gaston was so pleased with his book and his conversation, that he permitted him to take his name and to bear his arms. The times in which he wrote could so ill bear the truths advanced in the "Treatise upon Wisdom," that he was denounced by the University of Paris as a man of irreligious principles. His friend the President Jeannin, so well known by his negotiations * in Holland, saved his book from being condemned, by permitting the sale of it as a book of politics. The frontispiece to the Elzevir edition of Charron's Treatise represents the Goddess of Folly leading mankind by their passions.

Charron wrote another Treatise, not so much read as his Treatise upon Wisdom. It is on the Three Great Truths. In the first part he attacks

* Cardinal Richelieu used to call Jeannin's Memoirs of the Negotiations in Holland, the Breviary of Statesmen.

the Atheists; in the second he attacks the Pagans and the Mahometan religion; and in the third he defends the doctrines of the Romish Church.

Charron begins one of his Chapters upon Wisdom thus: *Nil est æqualitate inæqualius*:* "There is nothing so unequal as equality." There is no hatred so great as that which takes place among persons who are equal to one another. The envy and jealousy with which equals are possessed, are the causes of troubles, seditions, and civil wars. In all Governments there must be inequality of rank, but it should be moderate. Harmony itself consists not in a complete equality of tones, but in a difference of tones, that still accord one with another.

CARDAN

Wrote over the door of his Library these words: "*Tempus ager meus*—Time is my estate;" that only estate which many literary persons have possessed,

* La Motte begins one of his Odes thus:

Equality, so oft address'd,
Canst thou o'er wretched mortals reign?
Alas, thou ne'er hast stood the test,
Chimera boasted but in vain.

feſſed, and which they ſhould be permitted to cultivate without interruption. Cardan's idea was thus dilated by the learned Sculter, and inſcribed over the door of his ſtudy:

*Amice quiſquis huc venit,
Aut agita paucis, aut abi,
Aut me laborantem adjuva:*

One of three things I here requeſt
Of thoſe my ſtudies who moleſt:
Or to be brief in what they ſay,
Or ſtrait to take themſelves away;
Or in my toil a part to bear,
And aid me with their friendly care.

HENRY THE THIRD,

[1574—1589.]

Exhibited great courage at the attack made by the Duke de Mayenne upon the City of Tours, Henry the Fourth, then King of Navarre, who ſtood near him, ſaid, “Sire, I am not aſtoniſhed
“now, that our people loſt the battles of Jarnac
“and Moncontour, ſo fatal to the Huguenot
“party.”—“My brother,” replied the King of France, “we ought all to do our duty. Kings
“are not more expoſed to danger than other per-
“ſons;

“sons: balls do not look out for them more readily than for a common soldier; and I have never heard yet that a King of France has been killed by a musquet ball: it will most probably not begin with me.”

On his quitting the Kingdom of Poland to take possession of that of France, a Polish Nobleman said to him, “Sire, if to have in possession the affections of a whole Nation be really to reign, where can you reign more absolutely than in Poland? You cannot expect to find in France, in the present situation of that kingdom, that which you leave behind you with us.” This speech was but too prophetic of what afterwards happened: he had not long been King of France, before he was assassinated by a Dominican Friar. The wound was not at first thought fatal; and on the day on which he died, during the celebration of Mass in his chamber, the Prince exclaimed, with great devotion, “My Lord and my God, if my life will be useful to my people, preserve it! if not, take my soul and body, and place them in thy Paradise! Thy will be done!”

“Henry’s character of understanding,” says Thuanus, “appears incomprehensible; in some respects above his dignity, in others below childishness. The Order of the Holy Ghost was instituted by Henry; that of St. Michael having

having been so disgraced by the unworthy persons who had been decorated with it, that this Sovereign called it, "*Le Collier à toutes Bêtes.*"

DUC D'ALENÇON.

WHEN this Prince, brother to Henry the Third of France, was Lieutenant-General of the Low Countries for a small part of the years 1582 and 1583, the army of his countrymen, as if they intended to finish the Feast of the Huguenots, as they savagely called it, began in the year 1572 by the celebrated Massacre of Paris, attacked the town of Antwerp, on the 17th of January 1583, by surprize and against the faith of agreement, which they pillaged, and put to the sword many of the Protestants of that city. One French Nobleman however, the Duc de Montpensier, brother-in-law to William Prince of Orange, who was present at it, told the Duc d'Alençon, that he ought to tear out the hearts of all those persons who had advised him to be guilty of so perfidious an action, which, added he, will so completely decry you and your army, that it will render the French nation in general detested and execrated by all the other nations of Europe.

The

The French, indeed, so late as that inhuman tyrant Louis the Fourteenth's unprovoked attack upon Holland, perpetrated such horrid cruelties in that country, that in the year 1673 a quarto volume was published with this title: "*Avis fi-
dele aux veritables Hollandois touchant ce qui c'est
passé dans les Villages de Bodegrave & Swammer-
dam, & les Cruautés énormes que les François y on
exercées**."—"Good Advice to all true Dutch-
men respecting what took place in the Villages
of Bodegrave and Swammerdam, and the un-
heard-of Cruelties that the French exercised
upon them; with an Account of the last March
of the Army of the King of France through
Brabant and Flanders." The book begins
thus :

"What the French have done in this country
in one year, exceeds in cruelty and in horror
what any Historian has said of any Nation what-
soever, and whatever the tragic Poets have re-
presented in any of their Tragedies. There
are no pen or pencil to be found that can de-
scribe it; and this (says the Author) was not
perpetrated in towns that were conquered, but
merely in those that were occupied by the
troops of France."

The book is elegantly printed, and enriched
with several very beautiful etchings by the cele-
brated

* This curious Book is in the British Museum.

brated Roman de Hooguc. It would surely be well worth while to reprint this work for the sake of those who can read French, or to translate it into the different languages of Europe for those who do not understand that language, that they may be taught what they are to expect if they should admit amongst them a people *, who, under every form of Government, as well that of a Monarchy as that of a Republic, have shewn themselves false, ferocious, and sanguinary, the Blasphemers of their God, and the Enemies of the Human Race.

LOUISA DE LORRAINE,

QUEEN OF HENRY THE THIRD.

WHEN her niece, Madame Christina, was setting out for Florence, to be married to Ferdinand de Medicis, she told her, "Bear in mind, my dear girl, that you will always be looked upon as a stranger in the country where you are going, till you have borne a child; this will ingraft you to it."

* This Article was first printed in the Autumn of 1794.

ACHILLES HARLAY,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS,

Remained ever faithful to his Sovereign. At the celebrated day of the Barricades in 1588, the Duke of Guise wished to attach him to his party. Harlay replied, "that the rule of his conduct should be, the service of the King and the good of the State; and that he would sooner die than depart from it."

The party of the League had him arrested and put into the Bastile. On entering that horrid fortress, he uttered these remarkable words: "It is a great pity, when the servant is able to dismiss the master. My soul is God's, my heart is my Sovereign's, and my body is in the hands of violence, to do with it what it pleases."

MAGDALENE DE SAINT NECTAIRE,

Widow of Gui de Saint Exupéri, was a Protestant, and distinguished herself very much in the Civil Wars of France. After her husband's death she retired to her Chateau at Miremont, in the
Limousin;

Limousin; where, with sixty young Gentlemen well armed, she used to make excursions upon the Catholic armies in her neighbourhood. In the year 1575, M. Montal, Governor of the Province, having had his detachments often defeated by this extraordinary lady, took the resolution to besiege her in her Chateau with fifteen hundred foot and fifty horse. She sallied out upon him, and defeated his troops. On returning, however, to her Chateau, and finding it in the possession of the enemy, she galloped away to a neighbouring town, Turenne, to procure a reinforcement for her little army. Montal watched for her in a defile, but was defeated, and himself mortally wounded.

This is all that is known of this heroine, whose courage and conduct we have seen replaced in our times by the celebrated and unfortunate CHEVALIERE D'EON.

MURETUS.

THIS celebrated scholar was taken ill upon the road as he was travelling from Paris to Lyons; and, as his appearance was not much in his favour, he was carried to an hospital. Two physicians

gians attended him; and his disease not being a very common one, they thought it right to try something new, and out of the usual road of practice, upon him. One of them, not knowing that his patient understood Latin, said in that language to the other, "We may surely venture to try an experiment upon the body of so mean a man as our patient is." "Mean, Sirs!" replied Muretus in Latin to their astonishment; "can you pretend to call any man so, Sir, for whom the Saviour of the World himself did not think it beneath him to die?"

This great scholar wrote Latin with such elegance, that he imposed upon Joseph Scaliger some Latin lines written by himself as a fragment of Terence. Scaliger was enraged on finding out the trick that had been put upon him, and as Muretus had very narrowly escaped being burnt at Thoulouse by the sentence of the Parliament of that city, he made this distich upon him:

*Qui rigida flammæ evaserat antè Tolosæ,
Muretus, fumos vendidit ille mihi.*

PASSERAT.

THIS elegant Writer, at the desire of Henry the Third of France, composed a Latin Poem on
the

the subject of Hounds, of their varieties, of their education, and of their diseases. The celebrated Epitaph on Henry the Third, killed by a Monk, was written by him. In that which he composed for himself, he merely desires his scholars to throw garlands of flowers upon his grave :

—————*Mœa molliter ossa quiescent,
Sint modò carminibus non emerata malis.*

Light o'er my bones the flowery herbage rest,
And no officious lines their peace molest.

He adds,

Veni, abii; sic vos venistis, abibitis omnes,

I lived, I died; the common lot of all.

CHARLES EMANUEL THE FIRST,

DUKE OF SAVOY.

[1580—1630.]

THIS appears to have been one of the most enterprising Princes that ever this enterprising House has produced. His life may be said to have been one perpetual effort. Germany, Spain, France, Geneva, seem to have been by turns the objects of his ambition and of his alliances. He died at
last

last of a broken heart in 1630, at being defeated in most of his projects of aggrandizement. When he was pressed by Henry the Fourth of France to restore the Marquisate of Salucca, according to treaty, he remarked, "that restitution was not a proper word in the mouth of a Sovereign."

This Prince was of so close and reserved a disposition, that they used to say of him, "that his heart was as inaccessible as his country." His historian tells us very significantly, that "he was always building palaces and churches; he loved and encouraged learning, but was not sufficiently desirous to make his subjects and himself happy."

Charles Emanuel was an excellent General. He used to say, that two things were requisite to make war with advantage, money and authority; and that the latter was a more sure means of keeping soldiers to their duty than the former. He also said, that the quality of Sovereignty, which was of itself powerful and troublesome, appeared to him agreeable in two respects; first, because it gave a Prince a power to be more generous than any other person; secondly, because it gave him the power of saving the life of a criminal.

In the opinion of the late Dr. Johnson, a history of the Princes of the House of Savoy would make a very curious and very entertaining compilation. Indeed, from their situation, as keeping the

the entrance into Italy on one side, they have been ever much considered and courted by the other Princes of Europe; and they appear, differently from most of their Brother-Sovereigns who go to war, to have always acquired something by that horrid expedient, either an increase of territory, or some valuable indemnification in money.

HENRY THE FOURTH,

· CALLED THE GREAT.

· [1589—1610.]

THIS celebrated Prince was accused by Scaliger of not being learned himself, and of not encouraging men of learning. He indeed suffered Scaliger to go to be pensioned in Holland; but the Monarch was perhaps displeased with the haughtiness and violence of this great scholar. Henry founded a College in Paris, and took particular care that the Professors should be paid their salaries regularly. In his early youth he had translated into French part of Cæsar's Commentaries; and in the latter part of his life was preparing to put together a history of his own military exploits. It is said, that he engaged the President Jeannin to write the history of his reign;

3

telling

telling him that he left him at perfect liberty to tell the truth, without artifice and without disguise.

Henry used to say of his sovereign power, "I most incontestibly hold my kingdom from God. It belongs to him immediately. He has only entrusted me with it. I ought therefore to make every effort that he may reign in it, that my orders may be subordinate to his, and that my laws may make his laws observed and respected."

"A King," said he, "should bear the heart of a child toward God, and the heart of a father toward his subjects."

He lamented very often the heavy taxes he was obliged to impose upon his subjects. "They have," says he, "a double land-tax, one of which is collected for the support of my expences, the other for the wages of my officers; the second added to the first makes the charge very heavy indeed. They press harder perhaps upon me than upon those who pay them. There is nothing that I desire so much as to ease my subjects of them. My predecessors," added he, "thought that their subjects existed only for them, and that every thing belonged to them. With respect to myself, I always think that I reign over my fellow-citizens;

“there is not one of them to whom I am not indebted. They are mine, and I am theirs.”

He used to say, that the greatest men were always the last to advise war, though they were sure to carry it on well. He observed once to Sully, who requested him not to expose his person so much in an engagement, “My friend, “since it is for my honour and for my crown that “I fight, I ought to look upon my life and every “thing else as mere trifles.”

Firmly persuaded that bravery should be one of the principal qualities of a King, he used to say, that he should despise a Sovereign, who in time of action did not expose himself like a common soldier.

M. de Noailles was in love with the aunt of this Monarch, and wrote one day, with a diamond, upon the window of her chamber,

*Nul bonheur me contente,
Absent de ma Divinité.*

When my Divinity I quit,
All other pleasures fail.

Henry, coming into the room soon afterwards, wrote in the same manner under them,

*N° appelez pas ainsi ma Tante,
Elle aime trop l'humanité.*

No such great name my Aunt can fit,
She's as a mortal frail.

There

There were several very devout Ladies at the Court of Henry. To a Courtier who was one day praising their conduct extremely, he replied, "The Ladies, whether they are virtuous, or wish to become virtuous, have always occasion for advice and for prudence; of themselves, they always go to extremes*."

On the birth of the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII.) he let every person into the room to see him. The midwife intimated her apprehensions that the great crowd would make the child ill. "Hold your tongue, hold your tongue, Mother Midwife," replied Henry; "do not disturb yourself. As this child is for every one, it is proper that every one should have the satisfaction to see him."

Some one told Henry, that a particular person of consequence of the League party, to whom he had been very kind, by no means bore him any good-will. "Well then," replied Henry, "I will be still kinder to him, which will oblige him to love me." The Duke de Mayne, more generous, when Henry, after having taken him prisoner,

* The learned and acute Bishop Warburton used to say, "that the two most difficult things to meet with in the world, were a disinterested man, and a woman who had common sense; that sense, without which wit is folly, learning pedantry, and virtue itself weakness of mind."

prisoner, gave him very liberal terms of pacification, said, "Now, Sire, I am really overcome."

Henry once lost at play a very large sum of money; a sum so considerable, that it was said to have been sufficient to have retaken Amiens from the Spaniards. M. de Sully suffered Henry to send to him three or four times for it. At last he brought it to the King when he was at the Arsenal near Paris, and laid it all out upon the table before him, in the principal apartment of that fortress. Henry fixed his eyes upon it for some time with great attention, and turning to Sully, said, "I am corrected; I shall never lose any sum of money again as long as I live."

Of superstition he said, that it was merely the rust of religion, the moss which grows on the stock of piety. "Water," added he, "has its froth, the earth its dust, and gold itself comes not out of the bowels of the ground without its impurities."

Humanity appears to have been a natural virtue in Henry. When he made excursions into the distant provinces, he used to stop all the persons he met, and ask them questions, where they were going? whence they came? what they were carrying? what goods they sold? and what was the price? One of his attendants appearing surprised one day at his familiarity, and at his entering into such details with his subjects, he said to him,

"The Kings of France, my predecessors, thought themselves dishonoured in knowing the value of a tesson. With respect to myself, I am anxious to know what is the value of half a denier, and what difficulty the poor people have to get it, so that they may not be taxed above their means."

When some of his Courtiers were one day expressing their fears that his great familiarity would destroy that respect for his person which subjects should feel for their King; he said, "Pomp, parade, and a severe gravity, belong only to those who feel that without such imposing externals they should have nothing that would impress respect. With regard to myself, by the grace of God I have in myself what makes me think that I am worthy of being a King. Be that however as it may, it is more honourable for a Prince to be beloved than feared by his subjects."

On declaring war against Spain, he had thoughts of abolishing the land-tax. Sully asked him where he should then be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In the hearts of my people," replied Henry; "that is a treasure which can never fail me."

He told the Prince of Rohan, that he made it his constant prayer to God that he would inspire him with grace to forgive his enemies, to gain the victory over his passions, and particularly over his

his weakness, and to make use of the power he had granted him with discretion and moderation.

On being told of the death of the Prince of Condé, when, as King of Navarre, he felt very sensibly the loss which he had sustained, and knew to what dangers and difficulties he singly remained exposed, without a friend to assist and advise him; he exclaimed, "God alone is my refuge and support: in him alone I trust, and I shall not be confounded:" an exclamation (says Abbé Brotier) worthy of the Chief of the family of Bourbon, whose motto is "*Espoir*," "*Hope*."

After the entire defeat of the party of the League in France, a tradesman stopped the camp equipages of the celebrated La Noue, who complaining to Henry of it, the latter told him, "Though we have been victorious over our ene-

* An ingenious young man came to London some years ago in the hope of getting some employment. Unsuccessful in his attempt, and reduced to extreme poverty, he had intended to throw himself into the Thames. On passing near the Royal Exchange to effect his daring and desperate purpose, he saw the carriage of the late excellent Mr. Jonas Hanway, under the arms of which was this motto, "*Never despair*." The singular occurrence of this sentence had such an effect on the mind of the young man, that he immediately desisted from his horrid design, gained soon afterwards a considerable establishment, and died in good circumstances, in the common course of mortality.

“mies, we have not on that account dispensed
 “from the just demands of our creditors; and
 “can you think it a hardship to pay your debts,
 “when I do not pretend to dispense myself from
 “paying mine?” He then took out of his
 pocket some jewels, which he gave to La Noue
 to redeem his carriages.

Of the readiness of reply and good-humour of
 this great Prince, the following anecdote is told
 by Brotier:

The Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Henry
 was one day enquiring of him the character of
 his Ministers. “You shall see what they are in
 “a minute,” said the Monarch. On seeing M.
 de Silleri, the Chancellor, come into the drawing-
 room, he said to him, “Sir, I am very uneasy at a
 “beam that is good for nothing, and which seems
 “to threaten to fall upon my head.”—“Sire,” re-
 plied Silleri, “you should consult your Architect;
 “let every thing be well examined, and let him
 “go to work; but there is no hurry.” Henry
 next saw M. de Villeroi, to whom he spoke as he
 had done to Silleri. “Sire,” replied Villeroi,
 without looking at the beam, “you are very right;
 “the beam is very dangerous indeed.” At last
 the President Jeanmin came in, to whom Henry
 made a similar address as to the former Ministers,
 “Sire,” said the President, “I do not know what
 “you mean. The beam is a very good one.”—
 “But,”

"But," replied the King, "do not I see the
"light through the crevices, or is my head dis-
"ordered?"—"Go, go, Sire" returned Jeannin,
"be quite at your ease; the beam will last as long
"as you will." Then turning to the Spanish Mi-
nister, Henry observed to him. "Now I think
"you are well acquainted with the characters of
"my three Ministers. The Chancellor has no opi-
"nion at all; Villeroi is always of my opinion;
"and Jeannin speaks as he really thinks, and
"always thinks properly."

Henry, on his marriage with Mary of Medicis, placed Madame de Guercheville (whose virtue he had attempted to seduce without success) about her person; giving as a reason, that as she really was a Lady of Honour, she ought to be *Dame d'Honneur* to a Queen.

When he besieged Paris, Henry permitted those persons to come out of the town unmolested through his army who were desirous to quit that city, then suffering the most horrid famine and sickness; observing, "I do not wonder that the
"chief persons of the League and the Spaniards
"have so little compassion for these poor people;
"they are merely their tyrants; but I, who am
"their father and their King, cannot bear to hear
"of the calamities they suffer without shuddering,
"and being afflicted to the very bottom of my
"soul, and without desiring eagerly to put a stop
"to them. I cannot help those who are possessed
"with

" with the Demon of the League from perishing
 " with it; but to those who implore my clemency,
 " I will ever extend my arms; they shall not suf-
 " fer for the crimes of others."

Some one was saying before this Prince, " how
 " happy Kings were."—" They are not," replied
 he, " so happy as you imagine them to be. Kings
 " are either bad or good men. If they are bad
 " men, they bear within themselves their own
 " plague and torment. If they are good men,
 " they find from other people a thousand causes
 " of uneasiness and affliction. A good king feels
 " the misfortunes of all his subjects; and in a
 " great kingdom what innumerable sources are
 " there of affliction!"

Henry, naturally cheerful himself, loved cheer-
 fulness in other persons. " I cannot," said he,
 " willingly employ a melancholy person, for a
 " man that is ill-humoured to himself, cannot
 " easily be good-humoured to other persons.
 " What satisfaction can be procured from a
 " man who is dissatisfied with himself?"

His Courtiers one day complimenting him upon
 the strength of his constitution, and telling him that
 he must live to be eighty years of age; he replied,
 " The number of our days is reckoned. I have of-
 " ten prayed to God for grace, but never for a
 " long life. A man who has lived well, has always
 " lived long enough, however early he may
 " die."

When

When some one was making a great eulogium upon the riches of the kingdom of Spain, and adding that France was full of the piastres of that country: Henry replied, "When these piastres remain in Spain, it is a mark of the riches of that kingdom, as, when they are seen out of that kingdom, it is a mark of its indigence. Indeed the galleons of Spain bring into that country eight millions of piastres, but four of these millions are sent into France for our corn, our wine, our salt, our cloths, and our wool. These are our mines; they enrich us without incurring the dangers of the sea, or sacrificing our subjects. The Spaniards come to France to buy of us, we never go to them: they do not give us their money, but pay it to us."

Reflecting one day on the tranquillity which France was enjoying, whilst the greater part of Europe was at war, or in a near state of becoming so; he said, "Thank God, though we have had the misfortune to have been upon the theatre of war, at present we are only spectators."

Henry, though divorced from his first wife Margaret de Valois, ever behaved to her with kindness and good-humour. The following letter of his

• Charles the Fifth, used to say even in his time; "Every thing abounds in France; in Spain, every thing is wanting. *En France tout abonde, tout manque en Espagne.*"

his to that Princess was published a few years ago at Paris :

“ Ma Seur,

“ Jay ete byen ayse daprandre de vos nouvelles
 “ par le sr. de fuyjac par le quel vous aprandres
 “ des myennes & comē la goutte mayant quyte
 “ aus pyes ma prys au genoux mes mayntenant je
 “ man porte myeus & espere demayn coure un
 “ cheureuyl & mardy un cerf & sy de la au hors
 “ je vays en amandant comē je lespere je sere pour
 “ vous voyr dans la fyn de la semēe cependant
 “ je vous dyre que cest la moyndre chose que
 “ vous pouves atandre de moy que le comāde-
 “ mant de lespedysyon du don, que je vous ay fet
 “ pour le rapt quy a ete fet de la peryte sylle dudyt
 “ sr. de fuyjac encore que avant la receptyon de
 “ la vre jy eusse pourveu de facon quy an aura
 “ tout contantement sy est ce que conoyfant
 “ que vous lasexyones yl vera comē pour lamour
 “ de vous je lasexyone & ce resantyrā de lefet de
 “ vore pryere & recomādasyon comē vous par
 “ tout ce quy depandra de moy quy suys
 “ vre byen bon pere

“ ce x^e aut a monceau.”

“ HENRY.”

“ A ma Seur la Royne Margueryte.”

In 1599, when the Duke of Savoy came to Paris to accommodate his dispute with Henry respecting the Marquisate of Saluces, Henry was advised to keep him a prisoner till he had come to an agreement concerning it. The Monarch repli-

ed, "Whoever gave me that advice can be no true
" friend of mine, but a person who would destroy
" my honour. Whoever effects my good faith,
" gives me more uneasiness than if he affected my
" throne."

Henry used to deplore those unfortunate disputes which divided Europe, and said, that if the Christian Princes would but unite themselves, in one year they might destroy the Turkish Empire; more particularly when all the principal persons of that empire were discontented, and whilst Persia was an enemy so formidable to it.

When he was told of the defeat and loss of the galleys belonging to the State of Malta, he exclaimed, "How melancholy all this is! Whilst
" the Christian Republic should increase, it diminishes. We are like those madmen who tear
" the persons in pieces that are bringing them assistance."

When he was told what judgment his subjects were sometimes forming of himself and of his actions, he used to say, "I remain alone upon the
" throne, and am seen there by many persons of
" different situations. I am on an eminence, they
" are in a valley. We judge but imperfectly
" of those objects that are at a great distance
" from us: so my subjects judge of me."

On the Christmas-day of 1609 Henry went with his Court to the Church of St. Gervais at Paris, to hear a celebrated Preacher; who, vain
of

of the honour of having so illustrious a hearer as his Sovereign, soon interrupted the thread of his discourse, and apostrophized Henry. After having paid him the highest compliments on the clemency, the justice, and the humanity of his reign, he insisted upon many points, which, more like a politician than a divine, he thought necessary for the good of religion and the safety of the state. Henry heard him without the least emotion, and on going out of the Church merely said, "Why, the preacher of to-day did not entirely fill up his hour."

The day afterwards Henry came to hear him again, when meeting him as he was going into the pulpit, he said to him, "My Father, every one expected that at this time you should be in the Bastile, but the opinions of the world and those of myself do not always go together. I am much obliged to you for the zeal that you have shewn for my salvation. Continue, I beg of you, to request it of God for me, and contribute to it yourself by your good advice. In whatever place, and at whatever time, you shall think fit to give it to me, you will always find me well inclined to follow it. I have only to request of you, that you will not let your zeal get the better of your discretion when you think fit to give me advice in public, and that you would desist from those invectives which may alienate the love, and diminish the respect my subjects

"subjects owe to me. You know my extreme
 "jealousy respecting the former, and the extreme
 "delicacy that attends the latter. Except in
 "public, at any private audience you may give
 "as much latitude to your zeal as you please. On
 "my part, I will bring to it all that docility of
 "which I am capable; and if my weakness will
 "permit me to go with you, it will be more my
 "fault than yours if I do not become better.
 "Once for all, continue, I beg, your regard to me,
 "and be assured of my constant protection."

The Jesuits, on account of their learning and
 their very agreeable manners, were great favour-
 ites with this Prince. He used to tell them, they
 had two Generals; "the Gown, and the Sword."
 "The first was at Rome; the second was him-
 "self."

The Duchesse de la Tremouille, who was a
 Huguenot, was one day repeating to Henry some
 scandal respecting Father Cotton, one of the
 Jesuits that was the most patronized by Henry,
 and who was his Confessor. Henry replied,
 "Madam, do but attend to the spirit of your
 "religion; it prevents you from believing in the
 "Pope, at the same time that it inclines you to
 "believe a calumny."

When some of the Huguenot Ministers repre-
 sented to him that their sect could not continue
 so long as there were Jesuits in France, he replied,

"I will

“ I will endeavour to preserve you both, so that
“ the good may save the bad, and, if possible, that
“ no one may perish.” He was likewise told by
the Huguenots, that he suffered himself to be led
by the Jesuits; “ Oh, no,” replied he, “ for I lead
“ both Jesuits and Huguenots.” He said to the
Deputies of the Parliament who wished to prevent
that Order from being established in France,
“ When I had serious thoughts of introducing
“ the Jesuits at Paris, two sorts of persons op-
“ posed it, the Huguenots, and the Catholic
“ Priests of irregular living; both of whom re-
“ proached them with endeavouring to attract to
“ them men of learning and of wit: now for that I
“ esteem them. When I make levies, I wish to pick
“ out the best troops for the purpose, and I am
“ anxious that none should enter into the Parlia-
“ ments but worthy and excellent subjects; so
“ that throughout my kingdom merit should be
“ the mark that distinguishes honours. The
“ Jesuits forced themselves, say their adversaries,
“ into my kingdom. I am sure that I forced my
“ way into it. Clement, who assassinated my
“ predecessor, did not accuse them of being ac-
“ complices with him; and if a Jesuit had been
“ concerned with him in that horrid action, (of
“ which I wish ever to lose the remembrance)
“ must the whole Order suffer on his account?
“ should all the Apostles have been driven out of
“ Judea

"Judea for one Judas? The horrors of the
"League should no longer be imputed to them.
"It was the error of the times; and they, as well
"as many others, were concerned in it from the
"best intentions."

Before the battle of Ivry, which decided the
fate of the Crown of France, this magnanimous
Prince made the following pious address to God:
"If it should please thee not to bestow the Crown
"upon me, or thou seest that I am likely to be
"one of those Kings whom thou givest to man-
"kind in thy wrath, take away my life as well
"as the Crown! Grant me to-day to be the
"victim of thy wife will! Grant that my death
"may deliver France from the calamities of war,
"and that my blood may be the last that shall be
"shed in this dispute!" Immediately before he
charged the enemy, he said to the regiment which
he headed, "My Comrades, if you follow my
"fortune, remember I follow yours. I am de-
"termined either to conquer or to die with you.
"Keep you ranks, I beseech you, but if the vio-
"lence of the engagement should make you quit
"them, endeavour to rally again; that ensures
"victory. You will rally under those three trees
"that you see there on the eminence; and if you
"should lose your standards, do not lose sight of
"my white plume of feathers; you will ever find
"it in the road to honour and to victory."

When

When the enemy's ranks were broken, he exclaimed, "*Sauvez les François & mainbasse sur l'Etranger.*"

Soon after the entrance of Henry into Paris, the Spanish Ambassador, who had been there during the time of the League, said, that the city was so altered he hardly knew it. "It is," said Henry, "because the father of the family is present, and takes care of his children, and so they prosper."

Henry once gave into some measures which his subjects did not appear to approve of, and were therefore free in their conversations upon them. "My thoughts" said Henry, "are too elevated, and my designs too deep for the mass of my people to fathom. They will, however, see by the event that God is my guide. With respect to them, the peace and the tranquillity which they enjoy, allow them opportunities to speak. Their words fly away, whilst my actions remain."

Henry used to say, that the world would be astonished to find Queen Elizabeth of England a maid, Maurice Prince of Orange a man of courage, and himself a good Catholic.

"This Prince," says Brotier, "so great, so amiable, so good, was well acquainted with his own merit, but had in general the misfortune that those who were about him had not the proper degree of feeling respecting it." On the

the day of his death he had heard mass at the church of the Feuillants at Paris. On his return, the Duke of Guise and Bassompierre met him walking in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, where he talked with them so pleasantly, that he kept them in a continual laugh; and the Duke of Guise could not help saying to the Monarch, embracing him at the same time, "*Voilà, vous le voyez, à mon gré un des plus agréables hommes du monde.*"

The King then turning to him and Bassompierre, said in a grave tone of voice, "None of you sufficiently understand me; but I shall die one of these days, and when you have lost me, then you will know my value, and what difference there is between me and other men." These melancholy ideas were, for some days before he died, continually crowding into his mind. The day before his death, he saw from a close tribune the ceremony of the coronation of his second wife, Mary of Medicis, at St. Denis. The spectators, placed upon benches, filled the choir of the church to the very top of the roof of it. Struck with the immensity of the crowd, he said to Father Cotton, his Confessor, "You cannot guess on what I was thinking just now, when I was looking at this great concourse of people, I was thinking of the last Judgment, and of the account we are all then to give of our actions."

By

By the kindness of Mr. PLANTA, of the British Museum, this Article of Henry the Fourth is enriched with two Letters of that great Prince, when King of Navarre, which have never been printed, and of which the Originals remain in the British Museum. One was addressed to M. du Plessis, his Minister at the Court of Queen Elizabeth; the other to Mr. Anthony Bacon, brother to the celebrated Chancellor of that name.

" COPY OF A LETTER OF HENRY KING OF NAVARRE (SINCE HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE), TO MONS' DU PLESSYS, DATED ROCHELLE, SEPT. 23, 1586.

" Mons' Duplessys parce que Jay entendu que Busanval a receu a Londres quinze cens Ecus pour Mons' de Bacon & que Jay eu playnte de ce que les ayant de sy longtems Il ne les a fait tenir au dyt S' de Bacon—Jay bien voulu vous écrire la presante dautant que je desireroys le gratifyer tant pour son meryte & en faveur de ceus a qui Il apartyent que J'estyme beaucoup que pour estre de la Nation Angloyse pour vous pryer de le secouryr de quelque somme atendant quyl puyssè resevoyer ce que le dyt Busanval a pour lui entre mayns. Je panse byen que vous aves peu de moyans par de la mays ce me fera chose fort agreable sy vous lui pouver baylier
" & fere

" & fere fournyr jusques a troys ou quatre cens
 " Ecus—vous pourres mander audyt Busanval de
 " fere tenyr par quelque voye (comme ill sen peut
 " trouver pluseurs) ce quyl a receu pour lui &
 " fere rembourser ce que vous luy avés fet fournyr
 " Ce que rassurant que vous feres Je ne vous en
 " dyray davantage sy ce n'est que je seray byen
 " ayse que le dyte S^r de Bacon ayt en cela contan-
 " temant. Adyeu Mons^r du Plessys,

" cest

" Votre tres affectyonné Mettre &

" parfet Amy."

" De la Rochelle, ce xxiii de Settembre."

" COPY OF A LETTER OF HENRY, KING OF
 " NAVARRE, TO M^r DE BACON (MR. AN-
 " THONY BACON). DATED SEPT. 23, 1586.

" Mons^r de Bacon Je suys byen marry de ce
 " que Busanval na fet autre devoyr de vous fere
 " tenyre la somme quyl avoyt reseus pour vous
 " car il sayt combyen J'estyme ceus a quy vous
 " apartenes & combyen Je vous ayme Je mande
 " a Mons^r Duplessys de vous secouryr de ce quyl
 " pourra atendant que vous ayes receu vos denyers
 " Je croy quyl le fera encores que la necessity des
 " affaires et des charges de dela soynt grande J'eusse
 " byen desyré que vostre santé vous eust permys
 " d'estre aupres de moy, car J'eusse donnê ordre
 " que vous n'eussyes poynt tombé en telles dyfy-

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H

" cultés

"cultés. Je vous prie fetez tousjours estat de moy

"et vous assurés que Je suys

"Vre affectyone et assure Amy,

"HENRY."

Abbé de Marolles, in his *Memoirs*, thus describes the state of France under this excellent Monarch:

"The idea," says he, "of those days still gives
 "me pleasure. I pass over in my mind with an
 "inconceivable satisfaction the beauty of the
 "country at that time. It appears to me as if
 "the country was more fertile then than it is now,
 "that the meadows were more verdant than they
 "are at present, and that the trees bore more
 "and better fruit. What a pleasure it was to
 "hear the warbling of the birds, the lowing of
 "the cattle, and the rustic songs of the shep-
 "herd! The cattle then remained safe in the
 "fields, and the husbandmen in perfect security
 "ploughed up the furrows to put in the grain,
 "which the tax-gatherers and the soldiers had not
 "then begun to ravage. The peasant had then
 "his little cottage, his neat furniture, and all that
 "was necessary for him, and slept quietly in his
 "own bed. When the season of harvest was
 "come, it was a great pleasure to see the reapers,
 "bending one over another, despoil the furrows
 "of their corn, and gather up their treasures,
 "which the more robust tied together, while the
 "others

“ others loaded the waggon with the sheaves, and
“ the children that were keeping their cattle at
“ a distance, gleaned the ears of corn which a
“ good-natured and an affected forgetfulness had
“ left behind them. The stronger girls of the village
“ reaped the corn as well as the boys, and their
“ mutual labour was occasionally interrupted by
“ a rustic meal, that was eaten sometimes under
“ the shade of an apple or a pear tree, which let
“ down its branches, covered with fruit, even
“ into their very hands.

“ After the harvest, the peasants fixed upon
“ some holiday to meet together and have a little
“ regale (by them called the Harvest Gosling),
“ to which they invited not only each other, but
“ even their masters, who pleased them very much
“ when they condescended to partake of it.

“ When these good folks married any of their
“ children, it was a pleasure to see the ceremony;
“ for beside the fine clothes of the bride, that was
“ nothing less than a red gown, and a cap em-
“ broidered with foil and glass beads, the parents
“ were dressed in their blue clothes, well plaited,
“ that they drew out for the occasion from their
“ old chests, perfumed with lavender, dried roses,
“ and rosemary. Favours in honour of the cere-
“ mony were not forgotten upon the occasion.
“ All the persons that were invited wore them,
“ either tied to their girdles or their sleeves. There

" was a rustic concert of bagpipes, flutes, and
 " hautboys; and after a very plentiful dinner the
 " dancing lasted till the evening. No one then
 " complained of the excess of the imposts. Every
 " one paid his little tax with cheerfulness, and I
 " do not remember ever to have heard it said,
 " that any march of soldiers* had ever pillaged
 " a single village, much less desolated whole pro-
 " vinces, as we have but too often seen since that
 " time by the calamities necessarily attendant
 " upon war.

" Such was the close of the reign of Henry
 " the Fourth. It was the end of a great many
 " blessings, and the beginning of a great many
 " miseries

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round;
 To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms
 Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms,
 And when Ambition's voice commands,
 To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
 Parading round, and round, and round;
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,
 And burning towns, and ruined swains,
 And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
 And widows tears, and orphans moans,
 And all that Misery's hand bestows,
 To fill the catalogue of human woes.

" *Poems by Mr. SCOTT, of Amwell, Herts.*"

“ miseries, when a malignant and outrageous
 “ Demon took away the life of this great
 “ Prince; of which disastrous event I think I
 “ had a very sensible prognostic; for on the
 “ night of the accursed day in which he was
 “ assassinated, the 14th of May 1610, I saw a
 “ great light in the Heavens, nearly at mid-night,
 “ that made the whole country appear as if it
 “ had been on fire. I saw this light just as I was
 “ going to bed, and the persons who saw it at the
 “ same time with me were seized with the greatest
 “ astonishment as well as myself. The tremen-
 “ dous phenomenon lasted but a very short time,
 “ and the next morning the news of the King’s
 “ assassination was brought to our village.”

“ *Memoires de L’ABBE DE MAROLLES.*”

Voltaire calls Henry,

Des ses sujets le vainqueur & le pere :

His subjects conqueror, yet their father too.

and no Prince ever better deserved the honourable appellation of the Father of his subjects than Henry. His wish that every peasant in his kingdom might have a fowl in his pot every Sunday, and his efforts to render that wish effectual, by encouraging agriculture and by imposing easy taxes: his humanity of disposition, his easiness of access, and the frankness of his character, have made a French Poet say, perhaps rather too strongly of him as his Sovereign,

Soul

*Seul Roi dont le peuple a garde la mémoire.**

The only King whose Royal name revered
Lives in the grateful memory of the people*.

Activity was one of the striking features in the character of Henry. This made that great General the Duke of Parma say of him, "that all the other Generals of his time carried on war like lions and tigers, while he carried it on like an eagle."

Henry's device was Hercules taming a monster, with this motto :

In via virtuti nulla est via :

Virtue pursues each honest path to glory.

"Those who eat and drink much," said Henry, "are like persons absolutely buried in their flesh†. They are incapable of any thing great. If," added he, "I occasionally indulge myself in the pleasures of the table, it is merely to enliven and inspirit my mind."

When he was informed that some of his troops had been living at discretion upon the frontier, he sent word to their Officers, "If you do not put a stop to these disorders, your heads shall answer for them. For know, Sirs, by the honour
" of

* He appears to have forgotten the excellent Louis XII. who had every virtue that Henry possessed, without the least alloy of frailty or of vice.

† "*Gourmandise est le vice des âmes qui n'ont point de trempe.*
—ROUSSEAU.

"of God I swear, that whoever takes any thing
"from my people, takes it away from myself."

Being congratulated on a victory obtained by his army, in which many lives were lost on the part of his forces, he replied, "It is no satisfaction
"to me to see so many of my subjects lying dead
"upon the field. I lose much more than I gain."

"Henry," says Voltaire very beautifully,
"learned to rule, by being educated in the hard
"school of Adversity." His situation from early
to middle life, had been a succession of danger,
exertion, toil, and difficulty. This better fitted
him for the arduous task of reigning, by making
him acquainted with every circumstance incident
to humanity, and made him feel for those miseries
so natural to mankind, of which he had himself
participated.

His grandfather, Jean D'Albret, King of Navarre, carried his desire of making him hardy so far (anxious that heroism should be transferred to him from his mother, and that to be able to suffer, and be patient under sufferings, should make as much a part of his hereditary constitution as the features of his countenance and the frame of his body), that he told his Daughter, who was then with child of Henry, that if she would sing during the pains of parturition the well-known Bearnois hymn to the Virgin, that begins,

Notre

*Notre Dame, au bout de pont,
Aidez moi à cette heure !*

Our Lady at the bridge's foot*,
Support me in this painful hour!

He would give her a gold chain which had belonged to her Mother, and which he knew she was very anxious to possess. She complied with her father's request very readily, and received the chain.

"As soon as Henry was born," says the Abbé Brotier, "Henri d'Albret his grandfather took him in his arms, and gave his mother his will in a golden box, telling her, The box is yours, my girl, but the child is mine. He instantly began upon that plan of hardy and manly education which he intended to give him, by rubbing his lips with a clove of garlick, and by putting a drop of strong wine into his mouth. He was much pleased with the child, as he grew bigger and stronger, and used to shew him to every one, exclaiming, See what a Lion my Ewe has produced! He caused him to be brought up like the children of the peasants of his country, without allowing the least distinction to be made between him and them, making him undergo

* At the entrance of every town, and more particularly on every bridge, in Old France, there was placed an image of the Virgin, or of some Saint, to whom the inhabitants paid their devotions.

“undergo the same strong exercise which they
 “did, and permitting no one to call him Prince*,
 “or to grant him the least indulgences. Then,”
 adds the Abbé, “soon afterwards, the vivacity,
 “the penetration, the affability that characterised
 “Henry, began to make its appearance.”—*Pa-
 roles Memorables recueillies par L'ABBE BROTIER*,
 Paris, 12mo, 1790.

The two following Letters from this Prince
 to the Chancellor de Bellievre are copied from
 the MS. in the British Museum.

“M^r. De belyevre, ce mot par vacquyer cegre-
 “tere de ma seur est pour vous recomander tout
 “ce quy la concernera et que je luy ay cydevant
 “accordé a ce que vous tenyés la mayn quelle an
 “Jouyffe come cest ma volonté et que sur cella
 “vous oyés le dit vacquyer audemeurant je ne
 “puys trouver questrange de ce que ma court de
 “parlemant contre ma volonté et les arrests que
 “Jay donnés an mon conseil pour reson dun etat
 “de mes cegreteres que je donnay a houdayer fyls
 “dun

• The celebrated Anne Connétable de Montmorenci was
 sent to serve abroad by his father at a very early age, who
 gave him two or three horses and five hundred livres. “He
 “must learn to shift,” said he, “and not be allowed all the
 “indulgences which are usually granted to young men of his
 “rank. He will then learn to know what he is about, and
 “to make a virtue of necessity. No one can ever know any
 “thing well, who has not been taught to encounter difficul-
 “ties.”

" dun de mes anfyens cervyteurs et en faveur de
 " ma seur le jour de son maryage veuylle maynte-
 " nyr dullys an cet estat contre ma volonté et ce
 " que Jan ay ordonné pouypyés a cette asere telle-
 " ment que je nan oye plus parler et fetes conoy-
 " tre a ma court de parlemant que je veus etre
 " obey, a Dieu M^r. de belyevre (su) lequel Je
 " pryé vous avoyr an sa garde ce xxix^{me} ceptam-
 " bre a fontaynebleau.

" HENRY."

" M^r. le chancelier, Jay done a ma fame les
 " denyers quy provyendront de la creasyon de
 " deus ofyces de conseylers an ma court de parle-
 " mant de bretagne pour acheter des meubles
 " pour sa meson de monceaux lesquels il est besoyn
 " de creer pour randre les deus franchises egales
 " ausy que le fonds des gages ne ce prend poynt
 " sur mes fynances. Je vous pryé donc de seler
 " ledyt atandu que cest ma volonté come ausy la
 " comutasyon de peyne de lamande honorable a
 " me fere cervyse a mets que Jay acordee et quy
 " vous cera presantee cest chose de peu et quy de-
 " fameroyt un honeste home quy apartient a de
 " mes cervyteurs Jay seu ausy quevous naves
 " ancores sele la declarasyon des papegaus de bre-
 " tagne come vous mavyes promys et de la reme-
 " tre antre les mains de M^r de Sylery ce que je
 " vous pryé de fere au plustost car ces longueurs
 " ruynent

"ruynent toutes les affaires et la bayler audyt S.
 "de Sylery auquel Jescrys de la retyrer de vos
 "mayns et vous feres chose que Jaure tres agrea-
 "ble quy me gardera de vous an dyre davantage
 "pour pryer Dieu M^r le chancelier vous avoyr
 "an sa garde ce 2^e Avril a fontenbleau.

"HENRY."

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS,

FIRST WIFE TO HENRY THE FOURTH.

WHEN Charles the Ninth gave his sister in
 marriage to Henry the Fourth, he said, "*J'ai*
 "*donné ma sœur en mariage à tous les Huguenots de*
 "*mon Royaume.*" She soon began to live upon
 ill terms with her husband, and was confined in
 one of the fortresses of Navarre. She thus forc-
 bly describes the effect of solitude upon her mind:

"I received these two advantages from my
 "misfortunes and my confinement: I acquired a
 "taste for reading, and I gave into devotion; two
 "things for which I never should have had the
 "least taste, had I remained amidst the pomps
 "and the vanities of the world. For these ad-
 "vantages I am perhaps not so much indebted to
 "fortune

"fortune as to Providence, who had the goodness
 "to engage for me two such powerful remedies
 "against the evils which were to happen to me in
 "future. Sorrow, contrary to gaiety, which
 "carries our thoughts and our actions out of our-
 "selves, makes the mind rally within itself, exert
 "all its powers to reject the evil, and to seek af-
 "ter the good, in hope to find out that sovereign
 "and supreme good, which is the readiest way to
 "bring itself to the knowledge and love of the
 "Deity."

The Memoirs of Marguerite are very enter-
 taining. The translation of Plutarch's Lives by
 Amyot was a very favourite book with her in
 her confinement, and she appears to have trans-
 fused into her Memoirs that *naïveté & vieux*
Gaulois which we admire so much in his style.

Marguerite, who understood Latin, on seeing a
 poor man lying upon a dunghill, exclaimed,

Pauper ubique jacet.

In any place, in any bed,
 The poor man rests his weary head.

The man, to her astonishment, replied,

*In thalamis hâc nocte tuis Regina, jacerem,
 Si verum, hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.*

Ah, beautiful Queen, were this but true,
 This night I would repose with you.

Marguerite

Marguerite ill-humouredly retorted :

*Carceris in tenebris plorans hâc nocte faceres,
Si verum hoc effet, pauper ubique jacet.*

If this were true, thou wretched wight,
A Gaol should be thy bed to-night ;
Where stripes and fetters, whips and pain,
Thy tongue's strange licence should restrain.

Marguerite was divorced from Henry on his accession to the throne of France, and led up Mary de Medicis, his second wife, to the altar at St. Denis to be crowned. She was extremely charitable to the poor, and liberal to scholars and men of talents. Her palace at Paris was the rendezvous of the *beaux esprits* of that Capital. She was beautiful in her person, very fascinating in her manners, and danced with such peculiar grace, that the celebrated Don John of Austria went *incognito* from Brussels to Paris to see her dance.

Beside Memoirs of her Life, which are imperfect, she wrote some Poems. In the former she thus describes what passed in her bed-chamber on the morning of St. Bartholomew :

“ My husband rose early in the morning to
“ play at tennis, before he should see the King.
“ He and his Gentleman left me. I, perceiving
“ that it was day, and supposing that the danger
“ which my sister had predicted to me was over,
“ overcome

“ overcome by watchfulness, told my old nurse to
“ shut the door of the room, that I might sleep
“ more at my ease. About an hour afterwards, I
“ was awakened out of a very profound sleep by
“ hearing the door knocked at very loudly, and
“ by hearing a man cry out, *Navarre! Navarre!*
“ My nurse, thinking that it was the King my
“ husband, who wished to come in, ran to the
“ door and opened it immediately. The person,
“ however, that knocked thus violently, was a
“ Monsieur de Tejan, who was wounded in the
“ elbow with a sword, and had likewise another
“ wound in the arm with a halbert; and who was
“ closely pursued by three dragoons, who all of
“ them together forced themselves into the room.
“ Tejan, anxious to save his life, threw himself
“ upon my bed. I, perceiving myself held down
“ by him, threw myself upon the side of the bed,
“ and he after me, taking hold of my waist. I
“ had not the least acquaintance with him, and in
“ my fright did not know whether the soldiers
“ intended mischief to him or to myself. At last
“ however, it pleased God that Monsieur de
“ Nancey, Captain of the King’s Guards, came in
“ to us, who, finding me in this situation (al-
“ though he was a man of great humanity), could
“ not refrain from laughter; and storming at the
“ soldiers for their insolent intrusion, sent them
“ away, and granted me the life of the poor man,
“ who

“ who still held by me. I afterwards ordered his
 “ wounds to be dressed, and himself put to bed
 “ in my closet till he was recovered.

“ When I had changed my shift (which was
 “ covered with blood), M. de Nancey told me
 “ what had happened, and informed me that the
 “ King my husband was with the King my bro-
 “ ther in his apartment, and that not a hair of his
 “ head would be touched. Then making me
 “ throw my night-gown over me, he conducted
 “ me to the room of my sister the Duchess of
 “ Lorraine, and which I entered more dead than
 “ alive. As I was passing through the anti-room
 “ (the doors of which were all open), I saw a
 “ Gentleman of the name of Bourse, in endea-
 “ vouring to escape some soldiers that were pur-
 “ suing him, fall down dead nearly at my feet,
 “ run through with a halbert. I fell down at no
 “ great distance from him on the other side, in a
 “ swoon, into the arms of Monsieur de Nançey,
 “ firmly persuaded that the same thrust of the
 “ halbert had run us both through. Recovering,
 “ however, I made the best of my way to my
 “ sister's bed-chamber, where I found M. de
 “ Meoslin, first Gentleman of the Bed-chamber
 “ to the King my husband, and Armagnac, his
 “ first Valet-de-Chambre, who came running up
 “ to me, desiring me to save their lives. I then
 “ hastened to pay my respects to the King and
 Queen;

“Queen; when, falling upon my knees, I requested them to spare the lives of these Gentle-men; with which request at last they complied.”

SULLY.

THE Pope having once written a letter to M. de Sully upon his becoming Minister, which ended with his Holiness's wishes that he might enter into the right way; Sully answered, that on his part he never ceased to pray for the conversion of his Holiness.

A cotemporary writer thus describes this great Minister.

“He was,” says he, “a man of order, exact, frugal, a man of his word, and had no foolish expences either of play or of any thing else that was unsuitable to the dignity of his character. He was vigilant, laborious, and expedited business. He spent his whole time in his employments, and gave none of it to his pleasures. With all these qualifications he had the talent of diving to the bottom of every thing that was submitted to him, and of discovering every entanglement

"tangement and difficulty with which financiers,
 "when they are not honest men, endeavour to
 "conceal their tricks and their rogueries."

When the conspiracy of Biron against Henry the Fourth was discovered, Henry told Sully, that a great number of persons, even some amongst the highest Nobility, were concerned in it, and desired him to guess who they were. "Good
 "God, Sire! suppose any man to be a traitor!
 "That is what I will never do."

Sully used to say, that pasturage and agriculture were two teats to a kingdom, that were worth all the gold of Peru.

In spite of the superiority of his talents, and the purity of his intentions, this great Minister was always harrassed by calumnies and misrepresentations. Many of them were studiously related to Henry, who occasionally mentioned them to him, to hear in what manner he defended himself. Once, after a conversation of three hours on subjects like these, he embraced Sully on coming out of his anti-chamber before all his court, and said,
 "I esteem you as the best and the most innocent
 "man that ever was, as well as the most loyal
 "and the most useful servant I ever possessed."
 Then turning round to some of Sully's enemies who were present, he added, "I wish earnestly to
 "let you all know, that I love Sully better than
 VOL. IV. 2 I ever,

"ever, and that death alone can dissolve my
"esteem for him."

Sully, in conformity with the principles of commerce that obtained in his time, wished his Sovereign to issue an edict prohibiting the use of *silk*; looking upon it as a luxury imported from a foreign country, that would take away money out of the kingdom of France. Henry replied to him, "Why, my good Rosny, I had rather fight the King of Spain in three pitched battles, than engage with all those gentry of police, of finance, of the customs, and especially with their wives and daughters, that you will set upon me by your whimsical and unreasonable regulation."

Madame d'Entragues, Henry's favourite mistress, was extremely angry with Sully one day, on his not immediately paying to her brother some gratuity which that Monarch had ordered him. "The King," said she to him, "would act very singularly indeed, if he were to displease persons of quality merely to give into your notions. And pray, Sir, to whom should a King be kind, if not to his Relations, his Courtiers, and his Mistresses?"—"That might be very well, Madam," replied Sully, "if the King took the money out of his own purse; but in general he takes it out of those of shopkeepers, artizans, labourers,

"labourers, and farmers. These persons enable him to live. One master is enough for us, and we have no occasion for such a number of Courtiers, of Princes, and of King's Mistresses."

Henry gave Sully one day the contract of marriage into which he had entered with Mademoiselle d'Entragues, to read; who said, after having read it, "Sire, will you promise me not to be angry?" Henry replied, "Yes, Sully, I promise you that I will not be angry." Sully tore the contract in pieces immediately, saying, "Sire, this is the use you ought to make of it."—"What, Sir, are you mad, to behave in this manner?" said Henry. "It is true, Sire," replied Sully, "that I am a madman, and would be so great a madman, as to be the only person mad in France."

The Lady whose contract of marriage with Henry Sully had thus torn in pieces called him one day "Valet," in the presence of his Sovereign, because he would not assist her views of ambition. "This is too much, Madam," exclaimed Henry. "I had sooner part with six mistresses like yourself, than with one servant like Sully, whom you dare to call Valet in my presence. My ancestors have not disdained to ally themselves with him, I assure you."

Sully was one of the most laborious Ministers that ever existed. He rose at four o'clock in the morning.

morning. The first two hours after he got up were employed in reading and in expediting the papers that lay upon his table; this he called "*nettoyer la tapis*," At seven o'clock he attended Council, and the rest of the morning was spent with his Sovereign in transacting the different business with which he was entrusted. At twelve o'clock he dined on a service of ten dishes, with some select guests. After dinner he gave an audience, where every body was admitted: first the ecclesiastics, both Catholics and Huguenots; then the farmers, and the persons of meaner rank; and persons of quality succeeded to them. After his audience, he returned to his closet, where he read and wrote till supper-time, when he ordered his doors to be shut, and gave himself up to the pleasures of society with a few friends; and at ten o'clock he went to bed.

On the death of his Sovereign and friend Henry the Fourth, he retired to his Chateau of Villebon, where he composed his Memoirs by the title of "*Économies Royales*," which were printed in four volumes folio. These were afterwards put into better order and more modern French, and many of the details they contained retrenched by the Abbé de l'Ecluse; and this is the Edition of the Memoirs of that great and good Minister which is at present read.

In

In the retirement of Villebon he lived thirty years, seldom or never coming to Court. Louis the Thirteenth however, wishing to have his opinion upon some matters of consequence, sent for him to come to him at Paris, when the good old man obeyed his summons, but not with the greatest alacrity. The gay Courtiers, on seeing a man dressed unlike to themselves, and of grave and serious manners totally different from their own, and which appeared to be those of the last Century, turned Sully into ridicule, and took him off to his face. Sully, perceiving this, said coolly to the King, "Sir, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to consult me on any matter of importance, he first sent away all the jesters and all the buffoons of his Court."

At his table at Villebon he always kept up the frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life in the army. His table consisted of ten dishes, dressed in the plainest and most simple manner. The Courtiers reproached him often with the simplicity of his table. He used to reply, in the words of an Antient, "If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

Sully dined at the upper end of the hall with the persons of his own age, at a table apart.

The

The young people were served at a table by themselves. The venerable host gave as a reason for this arrangement, that the persons of different ages might not be mutually tiresome to each other.

Abbé de Longuerue says, "that the Duchess of Nemours told him, that she had often seen the good old man M. de Sully; that he was so altered by being dismissed from his employments of state, that there remained nothing about him which reminded you of the celebrated Minister of his name; and that his mind was entirely taken up with the management of his estate and of his family affairs.

"His secretaries," adds the Abbé, "filled his Memoirs with faults which he was not in a state of mind to correct."

ARMAND DE BIRON

Was a Marshal and Master of the Artillery of France, and was no less a man of learning than a great General.

"He lost," says Brotier, "no opportunity of instructing himself, and wrote down in his common-place book whatever he heard or met
" with

"with that was worthy of his notice. These
"were called, *Les Devines Tablettes de Biron.*"

No less liberal than brave, when his Maître
d'Hotel advised him to make a reform in his
household, and get rid of some of his supernumerary
servants, giving as a reason, that he could do
without them; "Perhaps so," replied Biron,
"but let me know first, if they can do without
"me."

At the battle of Ivry, Henry the Fourth joined
the Walloon Troops at the risk of his life, and
left Biron with a corps de reserve, to prevent the
enemy from rallying. When the engagement was
over, Biron told his Sovereign, "Sire, this is not
"fair: you have done to-day what Biron should
"have done, and he has done what the King
"ought to have done."

"He had," says Brotier, "the weakness
"too commonly incident to Generals — that
"of continuing rather than terminating a war.
"He said to his son, who asked him to give
"him some troops for an action, which would
"be peculiarly favourable to the cause in
"which they were engaged: You blockhead
"you! what you wish then that we may be
"sent to plant cabbages at our country seat?—
"*Quoi donc, maraut, nous veux tu envoyer planter
"des choux à Biron?"*

Biron

Biron wrote some Commentaries on his Military Expeditions; of which Brantôme laments the loss. He boasted that he had passed from the lowest rank in the Army to that of General, and said, that was the only legitimate way to become a Marshal of France. He had been wounded in seven different engagements. When he was made a Knight of the Holy Ghost, being required to produce his Letters of Nobility, he contented himself with exhibiting a few pieces of parchment to the Sovereign and the Commissioners, saying, "*Sire, voilà ma Noblesse bien comprize.*" Then putting his hand upon his sword, he added, "*Mais, Sire, la voilà mieux.*"

His device was a match burning, with these words: "*Perit sed in armis.*" He gave Henry the Fourth the wise advice to remain in France, and not to fly into England or Switzerland, on the death of Henry the Third. The Marshal was killed by a musquet ball, at the siege of Epernay in 1592.

Biron was Godfather to the celebrated Cardinal de Richelieu, to whom he gave his own baptismal name of Armand.

CHARLES GONTAUT DE BIRON,

Son of the Marshal Biron, mentioned in the preceding Article, was so early an excellent Officer, that at the age of fifteen he was chosen, by the common consent of the Army commanded by his Father, to supply his place as General, when the latter was prevented by his wounds from assuming that distinguished situation.

Biron used to say, that sometimes prudence was unnecessary in war.

He conspired against his Sovereign Henry the Fourth, who would have pardoned him, had he relied sufficiently upon his clemency and his gratitude to have confessed his treason to him. He who had so often looked upon death with intrepidity in the field, beheld it upon the scaffold with the utmost fear and emotion; and the Executioner was obliged to do his sad office by stealth. Biron had ridiculed the quiet and resigned manner with which the amiable but unfortunate Earl of Essex met his fate, as bordering upon pusillanimity and cowardice. Nemesis is but too often upon the watch to revenge obloquy upon itself, and to render those persons justly obnoxious to its attacks, who had been liberal of them upon other persons.

Henry

Henry has been much blamed for not sparing the life of his fellow-soldier and companion, and the occasional cause of his victories. Biron was, however, so violent, so expensive, and so dissatisfied with his Sovereign's behaviour to him, that he would perhaps have ever looked up to a Revolution to gratify his revenge, or to satisfy his necessities. He was extremely addicted to play, at which he lost such considerable sums, that he used to say, "*Je ne sçais si je mourrai sur un echafaut, mais je sçais bien que je ne mourrai pas à l'Hôpital.*"—"Fatal alternative," says D'Anquetil, "that but too often attends those who risk their fortunes on a die or a card."

Brotier says, "that when Biron's friends solicited his pardon from Henry; by way of palliating his crime, they said that his pride had made him oppose his Sovereign." Henry replied, "It is always agreeable to me to pardon, but my device is that of my kingdom:

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

To spare the conquered, and subdue the proud."

Biron was so conscious of the fate which awaited him, that upon being told when he was in prison that he would soon be released, he replied, "Alas! I am not one of those birds who are put into a cage to let go again."

PRESIDENT JEANNIN

Belonged to the detestable faction of the League, but, in conjunction with a few excellent men of his party, would not give into the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew. He was President of the Parliament of Dijon when Henry the Fourth, on his taking possession of Paris, said that he would make him one of his Council of State. Jeannin excused himself by saying, that it was not just that he should prefer an old Leaguer to so many distinguished persons, whose fidelity to him had never been suspected. "I am certain, Sir," replied Henry, "that a person who has been faithful to a Prince will not be defective in fidelity to a King."

A rich Country Gentleman of Burgundy, being much struck with Jeannin's eloquence in the Parliament of that Province, was very anxious to have him for his son-in-law, and waited upon him to tell him of his intention. On his asking him what property he possessed, Jeannin, pointing to his head, and to a small collection of Books in the room, said, "In these, Sir, consist all my wealth and all my fortune."

Some Prince having asked Jeannin whose son he was, he replied, "I am the son of my own merit."

Jeannin

Jeannin was Ambassador from Henry the Fourth to the States-General of Holland, and negotiated the peace between that Republic and the Spaniards (one of the most difficult that ever took place) with such ability and impartiality, that he gained the confidence of the two parties. Cardinal Bentivoglio says, that he had often heard Jeannin speak in the Council of State, where he appeared to carry in his manner and countenance all the dignity of his Master.

Henry said of him, "I am obliged to gild several of my subjects to take off the edge of their malice. With respect to Jeannin, I have as yet contented myself with saying good things of him, without doing any for him."

Jeannin's "Memoirs of his Negotiations with Holland" were published by himself. When Richelieu was banished to Avignon, he studied them very much, and professed himself greatly indebted to them for his knowledge of the difficult art of Negotiation.

Jeannin, though President of the Parliament of Dijon, used to say, "We are not always so well instructed in the Parliaments as the Prince and his Ministers are respecting what makes for the general good of the country. Sometimes the same thing taken separately appears unjust, which in the general is just."

Henry

Henry the Fourth, once finding a state-secret betrayed, said to his other Ministers, "See amongst yourselves who it is that has betrayed us; I myself will answer for that good creature there" (pointing to Jeannin), that he has not done it."

CARDINAL D'OSSAT.

THIS eminent Negotiator was the son of a smith, and lost his Father and Mother when he was very young. At the age of nine, he was placed in the service of a young Nobleman of Auch; his Master was likewise an orphan, and they studied together. D'Ossat soon outstripped his Master, and became his Preceptor: he was afterwards called to the bar, and by degrees rose to the dignity of a Bishop and Cardinal. His negotiations at the Court of Rome procured the absolution of Henry the Fourth, a matter, at that time, of no small difficulty.

"He was a man," says his Biographer, "of great penetration, and took his measures with such precaution, that it is impossible to find a single error or mistake in any of them. He united in the highest degree politics and probity, honours with modesty, and dignities with disinterest-

“disinterestedness. His letters, though upon
 “subjects which now cease to interest, have been
 “esteemed very much by Negotiators. The
 “late intelligent Sir James Porter was extremely
 “fond of them, and recommended them as models
 “of diplomatic communication.”

THEODORE D'AUBIGNE.

HENRY THE FOURTH, King of France (then King of Navarre), going one day to Condillac, the country-seat of Francois de Foix, Bishop of Aire, desired him to permit him to see his Cabinet of Curiosities. To this the Bishop consented, on condition that the King should take with him no persons who were men of ignorance, and void of curiosity. “With all my heart, Uncle,” replied the King; “I shall introduce no one who
 “is not more capable of observing and of appreciating your Cabinet than myself.” Coming in then to the Cabinet with the Sieurs Clerval, Du Pleffis, Du Sainte Angebonde, Pelisson, and Theodore D'Aubigné; while the King and the rest were amusing themselves in seeing a cannon lifted up by a small machine which a boy of six years of age had in his hand, and were very attentive to this operation, D'Aubigné observed a piece
 of

of black marble which served as a writing-desk to the Bishop; and having found a pencil, he wrote upon it this distich:

*Non isthæc Princeps Regem tractare doceto,
Sed doctâ regni pondera ferre mano.*

Teach not the King to toys to give his care,
But Empire's pond'rous weight with ease to bear.

Having done this, he covered over the piece of marble, and joined the company. When they came up to it, the Bishop said, "Sire, see this "is my writing-desk!" but having taken off the cover, and seeing the distich, he said, "Ah, "ah! a Man has been here, I see."—"Nay," said Henry, "what do you take us all for Beasts "then?" and turning to the Bishop, "Uncle," said he, "can you guess, by the countenance "of us, who has put this trick upon you?" This sally of his Majesty afforded much amusement.

D'Aubigné wrote the History of his Life, and addressed it to his Children. "My children," says he in the Preface to it, "Antiquity will furnish you with directions and "examples, in the lives of Emperors and of "great men, how to behave against the attacks of enemies and of disobedient subjects. "You will there see how they have resisted the "attacks of the one, and the rebellions of the "other;

" other; but it will never teach you that kind
 " of conduct which is suited to common and
 " ordinary life: and this third kind of know-
 " ledge requiring more dexterity than the other
 " two, you have more occasion for instruction
 " in it, since you are rather to imitate persons
 " of a middling station than those who are of
 " a distinguished rank in life; having to struggle
 " against your equals, where there is more occa-
 " sion for address than for force. This want of
 " accommodation has often put Princes in a peri-
 " cular situation. Henry the Great, the fourth
 " Sovereign of that name in France, was not pleased
 " when he found his servants reading the lives of
 " Emperors and of great men. Having disco-
 " vered one of his servants, by name Neufy very
 " fond of reading Tacitus, and fearing lest his
 " courage should take too high a flight, he advised
 " him to quit that kind of reading, and peruse
 " only the lives of persons in a situation similar to
 " his own."

At four years of age D'Aubigné's father put
 him into the hands of a Preceptor, who taught
 him the Greek, Latin and Hebrew languages
 at the same time; and he says, that at seven
 years of age he translated the Crito of Plato,
 upon a promise which his father had made him,
 that the translation should be printed, with a por-
 trait

trait of himself at that very early age prefixed to it.

D'Aubigné, who was a Protestant, attached himself to Henry the Fourth, to whom he was a faithful and active servant, and often exposed his life in his service. Henry repaid his attachment in no other manner than by making him a present of his portrait. D'Aubigné wrote the following lines under it:

*Ce Prince est d'étrange Nature,
Je ne sçai qui Diable l'a fait.
Il récompense en peinture
Ceux qui le servent en effet.*

Henry had a favourite Spaniel, which D'Aubigné, finding half starved in the streets, took home with him and kept, inscribing these lines upon his collar:

I.

*Le fidèle Citron qui couchoit autrefois
Sur votre lit sacré, couche ores sur la dure;
C'est ce fidèle Chien qui apprit de la Nature
À faire des Amis; et des traitres le choix.*

II.

*C'est lui qui les Brigands effrayant de sa voix,
Des dents, des assassins, d'où vient donc qu'il endure
La faim, le froid, les coups, les dedans, et l'injure,
Payement coutumier du service des Rois.*

III.

*Sa fierté, sa beauté, sa jeunesse agréable
 Le fit chérir de vous ; mais il fût redoutable
 A vos baineux, aux fiens pour la dextérité*

IV.

*Courtisans, qui jetez vos dedaigneuses vues
 Sur ce Chien délaissé, mort de faim par les rues,
 Attendez ce loyer de la fidélité.*

The dog was soon afterwards taken to the King, who changed colour when he read these lines, and remained confused for some time. But not long afterwards he was more abashed, when in an Assembly of the Deputies of the Protestants of Languedoc he was asked what was become of D'Aubigné, who had saved their Province; and what he had done for so active and so useful a servant of God. He replied, "that he always looked upon him as much attached to him, and that he would take care of him."

Before D'Aubigné returned to the Court of Henry, he sent one of his Pages to announce to the Sovereign that he was on the road. The King asked him from whence he came? The Page said, "Yes, yes;" and to every question that was put to him returned, "Yes, yes." On the King's asking him, why he continued

to answer his questions in that manner, he replied, "Sire, I said yes, yes, because Kings
"drive away all persons from their presence,
"who will not make use of those words to
"every thing which their Sovereigns require of
"them."

Henry had quarrelled with D'Aubigné on some occasion or other, and being afterwards reconciled to him, embraced him very heartily. D'Aubigné told him, "Sire, when I look in
"your face, I see that I may take my old freedoms and liberties with you. Open now
"three of your waistcoat buttons, and be so
"kind as to tell me how I have displeased you." Henry growing pale at these words (as was his custom when any thing affected him) answered,
"You were too much attached to the Duc de
"le Tremouille, to whom you know I had an
"aversion."—"Sire," replied D'Aubigné, "I
"have had the honour of being brought up at
"the feet of your Majesty, and I have learned
"from you never to abandon those persons who
"were afflicted and oppressed by a power superior to their own. You will then surely
"approve in me that lesson of virtue which
"I learned under yourself." This answer was succeeded by another hearty embrace from Henry.

One night as D'Aubigné was lying in Henry's chamber with some of the Gentlemen of his suite, he said to La Force, who was asleep by his side, "Our Master is surely one of the "most ungrateful men upon earth!" La Force, between sleeping and waking, asked him what he was saying. "Why," exclaimed the King, whom D'Aubigné thought to be asleep, "are "you deaf; do you not hear what he says? "that I am the most ungrateful of mankind?" "—Sleep on, Sire," replied D'Aubigné; "I "have a good deal more to say yet."—"The "next day," adds D'Aubigné, "the King did "not look unkindly at me, but he still gave me "nothing."

After Henry's death, D'Aubigné, retaining in his hands two towns near Rochelle, was told, that if he would give them up to the Queen, he should have of her Majesty what he pleased. He replied, "I shall receive of the Queen all "I desire, for I only wish her to look upon "me as a good Christian and a good French- "man."

He wrote a Universal History, some Tragedies, and other Works, of which he says, "that "in his retirement at St. Jean d'Angeli, he "printed them at his own expence; and that "they had scarcely appeared in the world, when
"they

" they were burnt at Paris by the hands of the
" Hangman."

D'Aubigné likewise wrote, "*Les Aventures du
" Baron de Fénéste*," in ridicule of the Catholics
and the Leaguers. He mentions these lines, which
were made upon some Reformers of the Abuses in
Church and State :

*Enfin chacun deteste
Les guerres, et proteste
Ne vouloir que le bien.
Chacun au bien aspire,
Chacun ce bien desire,
Et le desire sien.*

Each party civil war detests,
And each with solemn vows protests
He nothing means but good.
Each says it is his only aim,
Each to this good puts in his claim,
His own still understood.

THEODORIC DE SCHOMBERG.

THE day before the battle of Ivry, the Ger-
man troops which Schomberg commanded muti-
nied and refused to fight, if they were not paid
the money which was due to them. Schomberg
went to Henry the Fourth with this message, who
answered

answered him angrily, " How, Colonel Thifche
 " (a nick-name given to him), is it the behaviour
 " of a man of honour to demand money, when
 " he should take his orders for fighting?"

The next morning, Henry, recollecting what he had said to Schomberg, went into his tent before the engagement began, and said to him,
 " Colonel, this is perhaps the only opportunity
 " I may have—I may be killed in the engagement
 " —it is not right that I should carry away with
 " me the honour of a brave Gentleman like you.
 " I declare then, that I recognize you as a man
 " of worth, and incapable of doing any thing
 " cowardly."

Schomberg, struck with admiration and gratitude at this noble behaviour of Henry, replied to him, " Ah! Sire, in restoring to me that honour
 " which you took away from me, you take away
 " my life: for I should be unworthy of it, if I
 " did not devote it to your service. If I had a
 " thousand lives, I would lay them all at your
 " feet."

M. DE SILLERY.

As this Knight of Malta, who was Ambassador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with

with the Venetian Ambassador in the Square before the beautiful Church of the Gesù at Rome—(where it seems there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer), he said to him, “What an odd thing it is that there should be always something of a breeze here! Can your Excellency account for it?”—“Perfectly well,” replied the Venetian, “upon a tradition that has been long current in this city. The Devil and the Wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome, when, coming to the Jesuits College in this place, the Devil said to the Wind, Pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two, I have a word to say to these good Fathers within. The Devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been ever since waiting for him at the door.”

Memoires DE L'ABBE D'ARNAULD.

After the assassination of Henry the Fourth, Mary de Medicis burst into the room where Sillery was sitting, and exclaimed, “The King, Sir, is dead!”—“I beg your Majesty's pardon,” replied Sillery, who was then Chancellor, “the King of France never dies.”

He was banished to his seat at Sillery, and supported the loss of his power and consequence with

with great impatience. His Physicians, on his death-bed, refusing to acquaint him with the danger of his situation, an old and faithful servant took the painful task upon himself, and said to him, "Sir, your trial is over: you must prepare yourself for death. You have not above seven or eight hours to live."—"Is it so, my friend?" replied M. de Sillery; "let me employ, then, the short time that I have to live in a proper manner. Send for my Confessor."

"M. de Sillery's virtues and faults were so well counterbalanced," says Sully, "that it was no difficult matter for me to employ the first usefully; and to guard myself against the dangers of the latter."

CRILLON.

HENRY the Fourth, on seeing Crillon come one day into the Drawing-room of the Palace of Fontainebleau, exclaimed, "Here comes the bravest man in my dominions!"—"Sire," replied Crillon, "your Majesty tells an untruth; he is yourself."

Crillon

Crillon being desired by his Sovereign Henry the Third to assist in the assassination of the Duke of Guise, refused in as gentle a manner as he could; adding, "I will attack him, Sire, fairly
 " in single combat, with all my heart; I will run
 " in upon him; he will, of course, kill me, and
 " I shall kill him. A man that is careless of his
 " own life has, you know, that of his enemy
 " always in his power."

Crillon was not present at the battle of Arques, where his beloved Sovereign Henry the Fourth gained a complete victory, and afterward wrote to him this laconic epistle: "Hang yourself
 " immediately, brave Crillon! We have had
 " an engagement at Arques, and you were not
 " there. Adieu! *Je vous aime à tort et à*
 " *travers.*"

The second Duke of Guise, when he was very young, endeavoured to alarm the courage of Crillon by pretending that the town in which he was asleep was besieged by the enemy. Crillon, awaked from his sleep by the noise, rushed out with his usual intrepidity, and finding it to be a trick, said to the Duke, "Young man, I would
 " advise you never again to think of sounding the
 " courage of a man of honour. By death itself,
 " if you had found me fail, I should have struck
 " my dagger into your heart."

Courtesy,

Courtesy, no less than courage, was always the appanage of the family of Crillon. That in these respects the last of that illustrious House did not degenerate; the conquest of Minorca, and the following letter sent by him to LORD HEATHFIELD, the preserver of Gibraltar, on his being made a Peer, are convincing proofs:

“ Permettez-moi, mon aimable et respectable.
 “ ennemi, de ne songer qu’au titre d’Ami que vous,
 “ ayez bien voulu m’accorder, pour jouir avec
 “ vous de la grace que le Roi votre maître vient
 “ de vous accorder.

“ C’est par Monsieur FOWLER WALKER, un
 “ vos Compatriotes et Admirateurs, que je l’ai
 “ appris. La qualité de *Mylord* n’ajoute rien à
 “ toutes celles qui vous rendent cher à mes yeux;
 “ mais en me prouvant la justice que votre nation
 “ a sçue rendre à vos services, et à votre per-
 “ sonne, elle me devient personnelle en me rappel-
 “ lant les temoignages particulieres de bonté et
 “ d’estime que j’ai reçu à vos cotés, et à ceux de
 “ vos braves foldats. Ce moment ne s’effacera
 “ jamais de ma memoire, heureux si en trouvant
 “ d’autres occasions de meriter d’avantage les
 “ suffrages de votre genereuse nation, en servant
 “ nos deux Maîtres comme Alliés, je pouvois
 “ avant mourir vous embrasser et vous repeter de
 “ vive voix l’assurance des sentimens d’estime de
 “ votre

“ votre nation, et d'amitié que vous m'avez in-
 “ spiré, et avec lesquels j'ai honneur d'être de
 “ votre Excellence,

“ Monsieur,

“ Très humble et très obeissant Serviteur,

“ R. R. DUC DE CRILLON,

“ Duc de Mahon.

“ A Plombieres,

“ le 9 Juillet, 1788.

“ A son Excellence MYLORD HEATHFIELD,

“ Capitaine General des Armées

“ de sa Majesté Britannique.”

SEIGNEUR DE BEAUMANOIR.

THIS French Nobleman, a partizan of the Count du Blois, went one day to confer with Richard Bembron, the English Commandant of Ploermel, a small fortress in Bretagne, for the Countess of that Province, on the means of preventing the mutual outrages their respective soldiers committed upon the peasants. Soon, however, the rivalry between the two nations burst forth, and interrupted the conference; each Commander spoke with contempt of the prowess of his rival's countrymen, and with veneration of the valour of his own. They grew warm, and a challenge

challenge took place. It was agreed, that the two Commanders should meet at a given spot with thirty on each side, and decide the dispute. Beaumanoir and Bembron appeared at the day appointed armed *cap-à-pied*, and at the head of their respective soldiers. The enthusiasm that inflamed these modern Horatii and Curiatii may easily be imagined. They charged most furiously man against man, but soon the fortune of war began to shew itself. Of the English, only twenty-five in a short time remained. Soon afterwards five are taken prisoners, killed, or incapable of fighting on account of their wounds. Beaumanoir changes the plan of battle. Bembron does the same. They form themselves into a little squadron. The Commander of the English is thrown down, and slain upon the spot. The Commander of the French, dangerously wounded, and ready to sink with heat and thirst, desires one of his remaining companions to give him something to drink. He exclaims, "Beaumanoir, drink some of your own blood, and your thirst will go off. You must persist to the very last extremity." Beaumanoir, animated by these words, persists, and remains master of the field.

PIERRE DE CAYET.

THIS author of the celebrated and very rare Memoirs relative to Henry the Fourth of France which bear his name, was at first a Protestant Minister at the Court of the King of Navarre, and was much pressed by the Count of Soissons to marry him to one of the Princesses of the House of Navarre. He refused; as not thinking it honourable to be concerned in giving the sanction of religion to a marriage which he knew to be disagreeable to the Royal Family of Navarre, and to which he was sure they would never give their consent. The Count of Soissons still insisted—Cayet resisted with great intrepidity. On the Count's threatening to stab him if he persisted in his refusal, he very spiritedly replied, "Well, then, your Highness may kill me, if you please; I prefer dying by the hand of a great Prince to dying by that of the hangman."

ABBÉ RUCELLAI.

THE effect of motive upon the human frame was perhaps never better illustrated than in the following account of Abbé Ruçellai, in that entertaining

tertaining Book, written by Dom' Noel d'Argonne,
 a Carthusian friar of Gallion in Normandy, en-
 titled, *Melanges d'Histoire et de la Littérature, par*
Vigneuil de Merveille.—" This Abbé was the
 " great nephew of the celebrated Monfignor de
 " la Casa, so well known by the excellence of his
 " Italian writings: he came from Rome to Paris
 " with Mary de Medicis, wife of Henry the
 " Fourth, where he lived in great splendor and
 " profusion. He used to have served up at his
 " table, during the dessert, basons enamelled in
 " gold full of essences, perfumes, of gloves, fans;
 " and even pistoles for his company to play with.
 " By these circumstances one may readily judge
 " what sort of a person M. Ruçellai was. His
 " delicacy in every thing was excessive: he drank
 " nothing but water, but it was a water that was
 " brought from a great distance, and which was
 " to be drawn drop by drop (if one may so ex-
 " press it). The least thing in the world distressed
 " him: the sun, the dew, heat, cold, the least
 " change in the atmosphere seemed to have an
 " effect upon his constitution. The mere appre-
 " hension of becoming ill would make him keep
 " his room and put himself to bed. It is to him
 " that our physicians are obliged for the inven-
 " tion of that disease without a disease, called
 " Vapours, which makes the employment of those
 " persons who are idle, and the fortunes of those
 " who

" who attend them. The poor Abbé groaned
 " greatly under the weight of these trifles, daring
 " to undertake nothing where there was the least
 " trouble or fatigue. At last, however, goaded
 " by ambition, or rather perhaps from a desire to
 " revenge himself upon some person who he
 " thought had not used him so well, he undertook
 " to serve his old mistress, Mary de Medicis, in
 " some state intrigues which were very compli-
 " cated, and which required great activity. At
 " first, the sight of that trouble which had always
 " appeared to him to be so dreadful a thing, was
 " very near making him abandon his under-
 " taking; but getting the better of his fears, he
 " became so hardy and so active, that his friends,
 " who saw him work hard all the day and take
 " no rest at night, who saw him riding post upon
 " the most execrable horses, and not caring what
 " he ate or drank, but contented always with
 " what he found, used in joke to ask him news
 " of the Abbé Ruçellai, pretending not to know
 " what was become of him, or what person had
 " changed situations with him, or into what other
 " body the Abbé's soul had transmigrated."

ST. FRANCOIS DE SALES

Is one of the latest of the modern Saints, but, as a lady well observed of him, a most gentleman-like Saint, for to the rigid virtues of religion he added the graces of urbanity and politeness. He preferred his own miserable Bishopric of Geneva to that of Paris, which Henry the Fourth offered him. This excellent Prelate was a model of humility, charity, and piety. The Abbé Marsollier has written a very entertaining life of him, in two volumes 12mo.; and the "*Esprit de St. Francois de Sales*," 8vo. contains the summary of his maxims and doctrine very well compiled.

To some ecclesiastic of his diocese who was brought before him as a person of vicious and irregular life, and who had fallen on his knees before him to beg pardon for the scandal he had given, the Prelate replied, falling also on his knees before him, "I have in my turn, Sir, to request
 " of you, that you will have some compassion
 " upon myself, and upon all those who are eccle-
 " siastics in my diocese, upon the Church, and
 " upon Religion, whose reputation and honour
 " you disgrace by your scandalous life, which
 " gives occasion to the enemies of our holy faith
 " to blaspheme it."

This

This speech, says the author of this anecdote, made such an impression upon the culprit, that he took up a new way of life, and became a model of piety and virtue.

Henry the Fourth used to call St. Francois de Sales, "*l'Evesque des Evesques*—the Bishop of Bishops. He has," said he, "birth, learning, virtue, and piety."

MARQUIS SPINOLA.

"PRAY of what did your brother die?" said this celebrated General one day to Sir Horace Vere. "He died, Sir," replied Vere, "of having nothing to do."—"Alas, Sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any General of us all."

Montesquieu says, "We in general place idleness among the beatitudes of Heaven; it should rather, I think, be put among the torments of Hell."

JOSEPH SCALIGER.

THIS great scholar had much of the insolence which but too often accompanies great learning.

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In

In his writings he is very profuse of the epithets of "beast, blockhead, ignorant fellow," &c. to those who differed from him in opinion, and who knew not so much Greek as himself. His pride was much mortified, when, previous to his going to settle in Holland, he took leave of his Sovereign Henry the Fourth of France, who merely said to him, "So M. l'Escale, the Dutch have sent for you! They will, I suppose, give you a very handsome pension: I am very glad of it." Then carelessly turning to him, he said, "Pray, Sir, is it true, that you have sometimes been three weeks without blowing your nose?"

Scaliger, in his three hundred and fifty-second Epistle, says, "Even the best scholars among the English speak Latin with so wretched a pronounciation, that I remember being in company with an Englishman of that description, who talked Latin to me for a complete quarter of an hour, and whom I understood no more than if he had talked Arabic*. I made my excuses for not answering him, as I did not very well understand English. On this my friend, who introduced him to me, burst out into a loud fit of laughter; so that I could never afterwards see him without confusion."

The

* *Quàm si Turcicè loqueretur.*

The pronunciation of Latin by Englishmen, setting aside all reasons deduced from the make of the letters, the sounds of the vowels, and the rules for the pronunciation of them that have been laid down by Quintilian and by others, is surely defective, as it differs from the pronunciation of all other Nations, and renders an Englishman out of his own country, and even in Scotland, when he speaks Latin, as unintelligible as if he were speaking the Hottentot language. It would be surely worth while in our schools to teach the Italian pronunciation of Latin, which we may necessarily suppose to be the most perfect, and which was adopted by Milton himself, when he taught school in London.

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH,

KING OF FRANCE, CALLED THE JUST.

[1610—1643.]

THE disastrous fate of Henry the Fourth prevented this Prince from completing that education which the excellent Prince his father would have given him. Of the defect of this he was

so sensible, that hearing some young persons of his own age engaged in a serious conversation; he ran into his closet, where M. Bordas (who was then his favourite) found him in tears; and on asking the Prince the reason of them, he told him, " I lament my situation extremely. The
" children of private gentlemen are more happy
" than those of Sovereigns. They are in-
" structed in the knowledge of the world and
" in business. As for Princes, their ignorance
" is desirable to those about them, as they may
" then more easily render themselves masters
" of and deceive them. Hence arise the mis-
" fortunes of States, and the small degree of
" reputation which Sovereigns possess in the
" world."

On the death of the Marechal d'Ancre, he said:
" God be thanked for his death! Send me hither
" the old servants of my father, and the old Mem-
" bers of my Council of State: I will in future be
" directed by their advice."

This Prince had occasionally fits of strength of mind, but they were not lasting. When the Deputies from the Huguenots of France requested him to confirm the decrees in their favour, which were rather extorted sword in hand than granted freely, and quoted to him the examples of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth, who favoured them; Louis replied,
" Henry

" Henry the Third was afraid of you, and my father loved you: now I neither fear nor love you*."

When Madame de Bouteville, and some more Ladies of distinction, entreated him to save the life of M. de Bouteville, who was condemned to be beheaded for fighting a duel, he replied, " I feel his loss as sensibly as any of you, but my conscience forbids me to grant him a pardon."

When Lord Leicester waited upon this Prince to know whether he intended to assist the Parliament of England against Charles the First, he replied, "*Le Roi mon frere peut-être assuré, que je n'aime point les rebelles et les séditeux, et que je ne les assistera jamais contre leur Prince—*" The King my brother may rest assured, that I am no friend to rebels and seditious people; and that I will never assist them against their Sovereign†." Had the Cabinet of the unfortunate

* When after the siege of Rochelle, the Deputies from the Huguenots in that city came to deliver the keys of it to Louis the Thirteenth, they told him, that they came to throw themselves at his feet. M. de Marillac, who was present, said, " You are not come, Gentlemen, to throw yourselves at the King's feet, but you have fallen at them in despite of yourselves."

† Yet such is the good faith of politicians, that Louis, or rather his Minister, Cardinal Richelieu, did interfere in the disputes

fortunate Louis XVI. been of this opinion; had they not assisted the British Colonies in America against their Mother-country; had they not suffered the subjects of their own despotic nation to take those lessons of liberty at a distance which they afterwards came and repeated with such energy at home; France might, perhaps, have escaped her past and her present horrors.

The French have generally affected to distinguish their Sovereigns by specific names; and it has commonly happened, that they have treated those worse than the rest, whom they had distinguished by the most honourable appellation.* Louis XIII. was called "the Just;" and as he had not any particular virtues, or any talents, except that of
being

disputes between Charles the First and his Parliament. The French Agents were very busy in Scotland, and a letter of Richelieu's was detected, in which he said, "Before a year is elapsed, the King of England shall know that I am not a person to be despised."

* Louis XII. was called by his subjects "Le Juste," and "the Father of his People." Him they treated with ridicule, and took off to his face upon the stage; and in our times they have brought to the scaffold a Prince dignified with the title of "Le Juste;" a title which he eminently deserved, as the whole aim of his life was to comply with the wishes of his people, and to let the general will of the Nation prevail over the individual will of the Sovereign.

being a good shot, some one said, "*Étoit juste à tirer de l'arquebuse.*"

Louis seems to have chosen his Ministers for very different reasons: the one, le Duc de Luynes, for being an excellent bird-catcher; Des Noyers, for singing hymns with him; and Richelieu, whose talents he revered, and whose character he detested, because he could not govern his kingdom without him. Louis was extremely devout, and composed a private office of devotion with this title: "*Parvæ Christianæ Pietatis Officia per Christianum Regem Ludovicum XIII. ordinata.*" Dubois, one of his Valets-de-Chambre, published a very curious account of the last illness of this Prince, in which he appears to have been an extremely patient and resigned sufferer. His reflections on seeing the towers of St. Denis (the place of sepulture of the Kings of France) from the windows of the palace of St. Germain, display a magnanimity and a resignation to the last hard law of fate, which those in eminent situations do not often discover.

"Not many hours before my Sovereign died," says Dubois, "waking suddenly from a long and deep sleep, he called the Prince of Condé to his bed-side. I have been dreaming, my cousin, said he, that your son the Duke d'Enguien had come to an engagement
" with

" with the enemy; that the battle was very
 " long and obstinate; that the victory hung
 " in suspense for some time; but that after
 " great efforts on both sides we got the better;
 " and remained masters of the field. This,"
 adds Dubois, " was prophetic of the battle
 " of Rocroy, which was gained by the Duc
 " d'Enguien, at the same time that the King
 " mentioned his dream to the Prince of
 " Condé."

Louis, like his son, and all other Sovereigns
 who, during their lives, have wasted the treasure,
 shed the blood, and destroyed the happiness of
 their subjects by unnecessary wars, felt upon his
 death-bed great remorse for those in which he
 had been engaged. " He said one day, in a
 " loud tone of voice," says Dubois, " *Que je*
 " *c'étoit la volonté de Dieu qu'il revint au monde, il*
 " *lui plût lui faire la grace de donner la paix à toute*
 " *l'Europe*: That if it was the will of God that
 " he should be restored to life, he hoped that it
 " would please him to permit him to give peace
 " to all Europe."

" *Memoire fidèle des Choses qui sont passées à la*
 " *Mort de Louis XIII. Roi du France, par*
 " *DUBOIS, l'un des Valets de Chambre de sa*
 " *Majesté, le 14 Mai 1643.*"

MARY DE MEDICIS,

MOTHER OF LOUIS XIII.

WHEN this Princess made her escape from the Castle of Blois to join the Duke of Epernon at Angoulême, she let herself down from the window of the castle by the sheets of her bed. She intended to have taken with her a valuable casket filled with jewels, but on reaching the ground, she discovered that in the agitation of her mind she had forgotten them. It was now too late to think of recovering them, and she proceeded on her journey on horseback.

Among the archives of the Parliament of Paris, is a singular petition of this Queen :

*“ Supplie Marie Reine de France & de Navarre,
 “ disant que depuis le 23 de Fevrier auroit été Pri-
 “ sonniere au Chateau de Compeigne, sans être ni ac-
 “ cusée ni soupçonnée.”*

This Princess should have been treated with more respect by the people of Paris than she met with. She contributed much to embellish that city by architecture and by painting. The Palace of the Luxembourg, and its celebrated Gallery painted by Rubens, owe their existence to her.

Mary was extremely fond of devices. On the birth of her son she took that of Juno leaning on a peacock, thus inscribed:

Viro partuque beata.

When she was examined before one of the Presidents of the Parliament of Paris, respecting some intrigues she had entered into against the Cardinal de Richelieu, she said of him, "that she believed he was the greatest dissembler that ever existed; that he could seem whatever he pleased; that in one half hour he could look as if he were dying, and that in the next he could assume the appearance of full health and of cheerfulness."

The Cardinal, who had been the servant of this Queen, drove her out of the kingdom of France, and she died at Cologne. Chigi, the Pope's Legate in that city, assisted her in her last moments. With great difficulty he prevailed upon her to say that she forgave Richelieu; but when he pressed her to send the Cardinal a bracelet, or a ring, as a token of her perfect reconciliation with him, she exclaimed, "*Questo è pur troppo.*" — "This is indeed too much!" and died soon afterward.

"In the month of August 1641," says Lilly, "I beheld the old Queen-Mother of France, Mary of Medicis, departing from London, in

" in company of Thomas Earl of Arundel. A
 " sad spectacle of mortality it was, and pro-
 " duced tears from mine eyes, and many other
 " beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepid, poor
 " Queen, ready for her grave, necessitated to
 " depart hence, having no place of residence
 " left her, but where the courtesy of her hard
 " fortune assigned it. She had been the only
 " stately and magnificent woman of Europe,
 " wife to the greatest King that ever lived in
 " France, mother unto one King and unto two
 " Queens."

ANNE OF AUSTRIA,

QUEEN TO LOUIS XIII. KING OF FRANCE.

THIS Princess was continually harrassed by
 the imperious Cardinal de Richelieu. He oc-
 casionally caused her to be examined by some
 of the Presidents of the Parliament of Paris,
 respecting the plots that were carrying on in
 Spain against his Administration. On one of
 these trying occasions, she said to him, "*M. le*
 "*Cardinal, Dieu ne paye pas toutes les semaines,*
 "*mais enfin il paye—*My Lord Cardinal, God
 " does not settle his accounts with mankind
 " every

“ every week, but at last he settles them with
“ effect.”

This Princess, in spite of the cruel treatment she had received from Cardinal Richelieu, was still so conscious of his great talents for governing, that on seeing a picture of him, soon after she became Regent of France, she exclaimed, “ If
“ Richelieu had lived to this time, he would
“ have been more powerful than ever.” Madame de Baviere, in her Letters, says, “ Abbé
“ ——— was detected in an intrigue: Anne of
“ Austria however did much worse; she was not
“ contented with intriguing with Cardinal Ma-
“ zarin, she married him.” This she could do, as the Cardinal had not taken priest’s orders. Mazarin, however, became very soon tired of the Queen, and used her very ill, the usual consequence of such a marriage. Yet when Mazarin founded this Queen respecting the marriage of her son Louis the Fourteenth with one of his nieces, she nobly replied, “ If the King was capable of
“ degrading himself so far, I would put myself
“ with my second son at the head of the whole
“ French Nation against the King and against
“ you.”

The following Impromptu of Voiture to this Queen, who, on seeing him walking alone, asked him of what he was thinking, gives some foundation to the report of her taking in very good
part

part the gallantry of the Duke of Buckingham to her :

*Je pensois (car nous autres Poëtes,
Nous pensons extravagament),
Ce que, dans l'humeur où vous êtes,
Vous fieriez, si dans ce moment
Vous aviez en cette place
Venir la Duc de Buckingham;
Et lequel seroit en disgrace,
De lui, ou du Pere * Vincent.*

At the Dutchess of Norfolk's seat at Holme, near Hereford, there is a whole-length portrait of the Princess, with this inscription, "*Anne Reine de France, grosse de six mois; fait par Beaubrun 1638:*" and indeed the Queen's pregnancy is pretty visible in the picture.

LA MARECHAL D'ANCRE.

THIS upstart Minister, by name Concini, and foster-brother to Mary de Medicis, was so insolent, that he used to call the Gentlemen who were in his train, "My Hundred-a-year Scoundrels." Concini governed France so wretchedly and so despotically, that Malherbe said after his death, "Now it has pleased Heaven to take Concini
" away

* The Queen's Confessor.

“ away from us, we have no prayer left to
“ make.”

Howell, in his Letters, relates this account of the death of the Marshal d'Ancre from an eye-witness: “ The young King Louis XIII. being
“ told that the Marshal d'Ancre was the ground
“ of the discontent amongst the people of Paris,
“ commanded M. de Vitry, Captain of the
“ Guards, to arrest him, and in case of resistance
“ to kill him. This business was carried very
“ closely till the next morning, that the said Mar-
“ quis was coming to the Louvre, with a ruffling
“ train of gallants after him, and passing over
“ the draw-bridge at the Court-gate, Vitry stood
“ there with the King's guard about him; and, as
“ the Marquis entered, he told him that he had
“ a commission from the King to apprehend him,
“ and therefore he demanded his sword. The
“ Marquis hereupon put his hand upon his
“ sword; some thought to yield it up, others to
“ make opposition. In the mean time, Vitry
“ discharged a pistol at him, and so dispatched him.
“ The King, being above in his gallery, asked
“ what noise that was below. One smilingly an-
“ swered, Nothing, Sir, but that the Marshal
“ d'Ancre is slain. Who slew him? The Captain
“ of your Guards. Why; Because he would
“ have drawn his sword at your Majesty's royal
“ commission. The King then replied, Vitry
“ has

“ has done well; and I will maintain the rest:
“ Presently the Queen-Mother had all her
“ guards taken from her, except six men and
“ sixteen women, and so she was banished
“ Paris, and commanded to retire to Blois.
“ Ancre's body was buried that night in a
“ church-yard by the Court; but the next
“ morning the lacqueys and pages (who are
“ more unhappy here than the apprentices of
“ London) broke up his grave, tore the coffin
“ to pieces, ripped the winding-sheet, and tied
“ his body to an ass's tail, and so dragged him
“ up and down the gutters of Paris (which are
“ none of the sweetest); they then sliced off
“ his ears, and nailed them upon the gates of
“ the city: they cut off his genitorics, and sent
“ them as a present to the Duke of Maine.
“ The rest of his body they carried to the
“ new bridge, and hung him, his heels upwards
“ and his head downwards, upon a new gibbet,
“ that had been set up a little before to punish
“ them who should speak ill of the present
“ Government, and it was his chance to have
“ the first fruits of it himself. His wife was
“ hereupon apprehended, imprisoned, and be-
“ headed for a witch, some few days after,
“ upon a surmise that she had enchanted the
“ Queen to dote so upon her husband: and
“ they say, the young King's picture was
“ found

“ found in her closet, in virgin wax, with one
 “ leg melted away. A little after, a process was
 “ formed against the Marquis her husband, and
 “ so he was condemned after death. This was
 “ a right act of a French popular fury, which,
 “ like an angry torrent, is irresistible, nor can any
 “ banks, boundaries, or dykes, stop the impetu-
 “ ous rage of it.”

LE CHEVALIER DE GUISE.

THIS Nobleman, true to his race, from earliest life exhibited the characteristic of family courage. In a Letter in Sir Ralph Winwode's Collection of State Papers, dated Paris, 30th Dec. 1612, it is said:

“ The Duke (then Chevalier de Guise, his
 “ brother being alive) meeting some days since
 “ with the Baron de Luz in the street, chal-
 “ lenged him to come out of his coach to fight
 “ him, and killed him on the place. The
 “ ground of which quarrel is pretended to
 “ have been, for that the said Baron did of
 “ late let fall some words that he was of coun-
 “ cil to the killing of the late Duke of Guise
 “ at Blois, and that he had hindered the Mar-
 “ shal

“ that of Brisac from discovering that pur-
 “ pose.”

In another Letter in the same Collection, dated Paris, January 26, 1612, it is added,

“ A duel has happened between the Cheva-
 “ lier de Guise and the young Baron de Luz ;
 “ who, to revenge his father's death, hath cast
 “ himself into the same misfortune. He hath
 “ been much more pitied than his father, both
 “ for the ground of his quarrel, and for his
 “ own worth, he being one of the best horse-
 “ men in this Court, and of a very good cou-
 “ rage, as he hath shewed in this private fight,
 “ which was very long and very well maintained
 “ on both sides, for he had three mortal wounds,
 “ and the Chevalier five, but all very favour-
 “ able, so that he is almost already recovered
 “ of them, and his second also, a Knight of
 “ Malta, called M. de Grignan, who had a
 “ dangerous thrust through the body. The
 “ Baron's second, called Riolet, had only a cut
 “ in his hand. Of all these champions, the
 “ Chevalier hath carried away the chief honour,
 “ not so much for the respect of his quality,
 “ which he hath neglected in this action, as
 “ for his readiness in the acceptance of the
 “ combat, and for his valour in the perform-
 “ ance thereof with so favourable a success;
 “ for as soon as he had received the challenge,
 VOL IV. M “ which

“ which was early in the morning, he did not
“ take the leisure to read it, but put the same
“ in his pocket, and made himself presently
“ ready; offering to Riolet, who brought him
“ the challenge, to go single along with him
“ to meet the Baron, who was already out
“ of the gates; but seeing he was desirous to
“ have a second, he sent secretly upon another
“ pretence for the said Knight of Malta; and
“ so having taken each of them a laquey and a
“ good horse out of the Duke of Guise his
“ stable, they went forth and met the said
“ Baron de Luz with his second, with whom
“ they agreed to fight in their shirts on horse-
“ back; which as soon as the Duke of Guise
“ understood, he caused the gates of his house
“ to be shut, lest that any of his servants or
“ friends should go to his brother’s assistance;
“ which action of theirs hath gotten them
“ a great reputation here. And so far was
“ the Queen from shewing herself offended
“ with it when she understood the manner thereof,
“ as that both the King and she sent presently,
“ to visit the Chevalier de Guise, and all the great
“ ones of this Court have also visited him.”

HENRI DUC DE MONTMORENCI.

WHEN Henry the Fourth held this illustrious and unfortunate Prince in his arms as his godfather at the christening, he said, "What a fine infant is this son of mine! If the House of Bourbon should fail, there is no family in Europe that has such claims as his to the Crown of France, of which it has always supported and increased the splendor, at the expence of its own blood."

As this illustrious Nobleman was one day playing at hazard, he won a considerable sum of money. A gentleman standing near him said to his friend, "That now is a sum which would make a Gentleman's fortune."—"Would it so, Sir?" replied the Duke; "take it then, I only wish that it were more."

As the Duke was walking one day in the fields near Thoulouse with another Nobleman, their discourse turned upon the happiness of men in different situations, and whether those were most to be envied who were in eminent or those who were in low situations of life. "Ho!" says the Duke, on observing three or four peasants, who were making their frugal meal under a tree, "these men shall settle the point for us." He comes up to them, and

accosting them in his usual gracious manner, says, " My friends, are you happy? Pray tell me." Three of them told him, " that confining their happiness to a few acres which they had received from their ancestors, they desired nothing farther." The fourth said, " that all that he wished was to be able to regain the possession of a part of his patrimony, which had passed into other hands by the misfortunes of some of his family." " Well then, my friend, if you had it again, you think that you should be happy?"—" As happy, my Lord Duke, I think, as a man can possibly be in this world," " What would it cost you to recover it?" " Two thousand livres, Sir."—" Well, then," said the Duke, turning to one of his attendants, " present him with the money, that I may say I have had the satisfaction to-day of making one person happy."

When Louis XIII. presented him with the Marshal's staff of France, he said, " Take it, my cousin; you will do it more honour than it will do to you." The same Sovereign seeing him as he was setting out for the expedition against Piedmont, exclaimed, "*Voila le plus brave homme de mon Royaume.*"

After the battle of Veillano, where the Duke behaved with the greatest valour, M. de Crail
mail

mail asked him, if amidst so many dangers he had at all thought of death. "I have learned, Sir," replied the Duke, "from my ancestors, that the most glorious life is that which finishes on a victorious field of battle."

When he was taken prisoner at the battle of Castelnaudari, and was condemned to death by the Parliament of Thoulouse, as bearing arms against his Sovereign, he said to the two Judges who came to his prison to signify to him the sentence which the Parliament had pronounced against him, "Gentlemen, I thank you and your illustrious Court. Assure them that I look upon this sentence no less as proceeding from the mercy of Heaven, than from the justice of my Prince."

St. Preuil, who headed the troop which took the Duke prisoner after the battle of Castelnaudari, fell at the feet of his Sovereign, to request the life of his illustrious captive. Richelieu, who was present while he was thus forcibly imploring the clemency of Louis, cried out, "St. Preuil, if his Majesty were to treat you as you deserve, he would lay your head at your heels*."

Montmorenci,

* The Cardinal never forgave St. Preuil for telling his friends, "that if he had known that the Duke was to have perished on a scaffold, he would have blown his brains out when he took him prisoner."

Montmorenci, when brought to his trial at Thoulouse, was, contrary to the custom observed with state-prisoners in France, placed upon a stool on a level with the Court. When the Judges delivered their opinions respecting the sentence that was to take place upon this distinguished culprit, the first to whom the President applied, gave his opinion for death, the dreadful but well-deserved punishment of him who appears in arms against his Sovereign. The rest, one by one, rose from their seats, uncovered their heads, but said nothing; too plainly shewing, by their mournful silence, the cruel necessity they were under to dispense the rigid sentence of the law, however at variance with their wishes and their affections.

The Chancellor Seguier, Richelieu's meanest minion, and who had been brought up by the father of the Duke, presided at this tribunal (as it is said) at his own particular desire. On his asking the Duke in the usual forms of French criminal procedure, "What was his name?" the Duke replied, "I am sure, Sir, you ought to know it, who have so long eaten the bread of our House."

The Duke appeared much affected when he was asked whether he had any children; with respect to every thing else, he made his answers as short as possible. He not only admitted the facts

facts of which he was accused, but confessed several charges that were not brought against him, in hopes to save the lives of those who had followed him in his fatal expedition. When he was asked, whether the Duke of Orleans, his Sovereign's brother, had not prevailed upon him to take up arms against their mutual Sovereign; he replied, "that he did not pretend to lay any blame upon him, but that it was his accursed destiny which had precipitated him into so great a crime;" yet he always protested, in the most solemn manner, that he had not the least intention to affect the government of the country.

The Duke, soon after he had undergone his interrogatory, begged to be permitted to retire for a moment, when, addressing the tribunal with a most respectful bow, he said, "Gentlemen, I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that when M. Guillemot was confronted with me, I accused him of having counterfeited my seal. I was then greatly agitated. I now completely discharge him from the accusation which I made against him in that situation. He is an honest man. I signed with my own hand the agreement with the States of Languedoc."

Soon after the condemnation of the Duke, the King sent for his Marshal's Staff and his Collar
of

of the Order of the Holy Ghost. These distinguished marks of the Sovereign's favour, and of the Duke's merit, were brought to Louis as he was playing at Chefs. The Duke de Liancourt, and all the persons of rank who were in the room with Louis, men and women, burst into tears, "Sire," said M. de Charlus, who was sent to the Duke by the King, "behold the Collar of the Order and the Marshal's Staff, which I present you on the part of the unfortunate Duc de Montmorenci. He has given me in charge, Sire, to assure your Majesty, that he dies under the deepest impression of sorrow for having offended you; and that so far from complaining of the sentence by which he is condemned to die, he thinks it bears no proportion to the enormity of the crime of which he has been guilty." Having said this, M. de Charlus fell at the knees of the King, and taking hold of them with both his hands, and bursting into tears, said, "Ah Sire, ah Sire, pardon M. de Montmorenci! his ancestors have been such good servants to your predecessors! Pardon him, Sire! pardon him!" At this instant, every person that was in the room (and it happened to be extremely crowded) men and women, as if impressed with one instantaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, crying, "Sire, for God's sake, pardon M. de Montmorenci!" Louis,

at

at this dreadful and affecting scene, appeared totally unmoved. "No," said he, raising his voice, "M. de Montmorenci must not be pardoned. There cannot possibly be any pardon for him. You ought not to be sorry to see a person die, who has so well deserved to die as M. de Montmorenci. The only favour that I can grant him, is, that the executioner shall not tie his hands, and that he shall only behead him." When this was told to the Duke, his Surgeon (M. de Lucante), who came to him to cut off his hair to prepare him for his execution, fell into a swoon by the side of his Master. "Ah! poor Lucante," said the Duke; "you, who while I was in prison so firmly exhorted me to receive all my sufferings as coming from the hands of Him who made me—you, I see, are more afflicted than myself! Comfort yourself; let me embrace you, and take my last farewell of you." Then turning to his Confessor, he said, "I am ready to go to the scaffold."

The scaffold was erected in an inner court of the Town-house of Thoulouse, in which the Duke was confined. In passing to it, he observed the statue of Henry the Fourth, which stood in the middle of the area; the statue of a Monarch who had been in some measure indebted to the Duke's father for the Crown of France. He stopped some minutes, and looked at it very attentively,

tentively, reflecting, perhaps, on the ingratitude and cruelty of the King his son. His Confessor, who was beside him, asked him what was the matter, and whether he wanted any thing. "No," "no, my good Father," replied the illustrious Criminal, "I was merely looking at the statue of Henry the Fourth. He was a great and a noble-minded Prince. I had the honour to be his god-son. Let us go on." Then pointing to the scaffold, he added, "That is my only road to Heaven."

As soon as he came upon the scaffold, he saluted the Commanding Officer, and all the persons present, more particularly the Town-Guards, who had orders to attend this melancholy ceremony in the dress they wore on solemn occasions. He entreated them all to bear their testimony to his Sovereign, that he died his most obedient subject, and penetrated with the deepest contrition at having offended him. He then placed himself upon the block, and having committed his soul into the hands of the Author of his being, received the fatal blow. The blood flew out upon the walls of the area; and such is still the veneration of the people of Thoulouse for the memory of M. de Montmorenci, that a few years ago they affected, with tears in their eyes, to shew the marks of it upon the walls of the Court *."

It

* The Surgeons having opened the body to embalm it, found five musquet balls within it. They remarked, that of the

It appears by the Memoirs of M. Puysegur, that this illustrious culprit was decapitated by the *Douloir*, an instrument of death much resembling the modern Guillotine.

Thus, by the hands of the executioner, and as a public spectacle on a scaffold, perished Henri Duc de Montmorenci, a Nobleman highly distinguished for the splendid virtues of munificence and of courage, of no incompetent parts and understanding, a Peer and Marshal of France, Knight of the Venerable Order of the Holy Ghost, and the first Christian Baron of Europe*; qualities and titles which would have pleaded very strongly in favour of the life of him who possessed them, had he not diminished their power, and destroyed their influence, by committing treason against the executive government of his country; the greatest crime which a subject can commit; in itself but too apt to contain all other crimes, and in its own pernicious germ to inclose the

the seventeen wounds which he had received at the battle of Castelnaudari, not one was mortal. Soon after the Duke was taken prisoner, his Surgeon offered to dress them. "Oh! no, my good friend," said he, "it is by no means necessary; one more will soon cure them all."

* In a conversation with the late excellent Dr. Johnson on the subject of this Nobleman, he said, "Had I been Richelieu, I could not have found in my heart to have suffered the first Christian Baron to die by the hands of the Executioner."

the seeds of rapine, devastation, and murder; the dissolution of all order, and the destruction of civil society *.

Pere Arnaux, the Confessor who attended the Duke to the scaffold, came to Louis immediately after the execution, to tell his Majesty in what manner his illustrious penitent had behaved in that awful moment. "Your Majesty," added he, "has given a very striking example to the world, by the death of M. de Montmorenci; but God, by his great mercy, has made him a Saint in Heaven."—"Alas! my Father," replied the Monarch, "I should have been happy to have contributed to his salvation by gentler methods."

To the Prince of Condé, a relation of M. de Montmorenci, this Prince said, "How unhappy we Kings are, to hear accounts of things that are made up partially on purpose for us; to have no confidence in our nearest relatives, in our principal officers, and in those of whom we are fondest; and to be obliged to regulate our conduct by those phantoms of politics that
"are

* "*Le plus grand de maux est la guerre civile. La paix est le souverain bien. La guerre civile étant un des plus grands maux qu'on puisse commettre contre la charité du prochain, on ne peut pas assez exagérer la grandeur de cette faute.*"—*Pensées de PASCAL.*"

“ are but too often the interests of other persons
 “ affectedly made our own.”

Richelieu, in his “ Political Testament,” says,
 “ *La mort de Marillac et de Montmorenci ont mis*
 “ *dans un instant tous les grands dans leur devoir.*”

The gentler Olivarez, Prime Minister of Spain, said to the French Ambassador, on the execution of the Duke, “ What! has Cardinal de Richelieu
 “ dared to put to death the greatest and most
 “ powerful Nobleman of France? Has he for-
 “ gotten that he is himself a subject; that Kings
 “ die; and that the execration which executions
 “ like this procure is eternal?”

Could an act of rebellion against the Sovereign be ever pardoned? In a powerful Nobleman, what claims to mercy had this illustrious Frenchman! His character seems to have been composed of the virtues which should distinguish high rank, courage, and liberality. When, after the fatal battle of Castelnaudary, he was brought wounded in many places to be examined before the Parliament of Thoulouse, the Officer who had taken him prisoner was asked by him, how he could identify his person. “ Alas, my Lord,” replied he, with tears in his eyes, “ the flames and the smoke with
 “ which you were covered prevented me at first
 “ from distinguishing you; but when I saw in
 “ the heat of the engagement a person, who, after
 “ having broken six of our ranks, was still kill-
 “ ing

“ ing some of our soldiers in the seventh, I
 “ thought he could be no one except M. de
 “ Montmorenci. I did not indeed certainly
 “ know that he was the person till I saw him
 “ lying upon the ground with his horse dead upon
 “ him.”

After having beaten the Huguenot army near the Isle of Rhé, he gave up to his soldiers all the plunder of the place which belonged to himself; and when he was told how very great it was, and what a sacrifice he had made, he replied with a noble disdain, “ I came not here to acquire money, “ but glory.”

On going to his Government in Languedoc, he called upon a young French Prince, to whom he was related by marriage, who was studying at La Charité, and made him a present of a purse of Louis d'ors. On his return, finding that the young Prince had kept it locked up in his bureau, he took it from him and threw it out of the window among the populace; then turning said to his relation, “ You oblige “ me to do that for you which you ought to have “ done for yourself. The first duty of a Prince is “ to be liberal to those who stand in need of his “ assistance.”

His Sovereign, Louis the Thirteenth, would most readily have granted him his pardon; but the vindictive Richelieu, whose favour he had refused

to

to court, would not permit him. The Duke was so beloved in his province (Languedoc), that for fear of a revolt of the people in his favour, he suffered in the Inner Court of the Town-house of Thoulouse, at the foot of a marble statue of Henry the Fourth. This circumstance occasioned the following lines:

*Ante patris statuem, nati implacabilis ira
Occubui, indignâ morte manuque cadens.
Illorum ingemuit neuter, mea fata videndo:
Ora patris, nati pectora marmor erant.*

The Duke is made to speak:

Doom'd by the son's resentful rage,
Which neither tears nor prayers assuage,
Beneath the royal father's feet
A vile disgraceful death I meet;
Yet sympathetic with my fate,
Neither deplores my wretched fate:
The Father's face, the Son's hard breast,
Alike of marble stand confest.

When the Duchefs of Montmorenci was informed of the death of her husband, she exclaimed, "What! is this, then, that King who
"is called Louis the Just? Oh my God," said she, bursting into tears, "my Montmorenci
"was the only thing that I loved in this world,
"and you have taken him from me, that I
"may love you only!" The Duchefs retired
to

to the Convent of the Visitation at Moulins, where she spent the remainder of her days in sorrow and in penitence. She erected a magnificent mausoleum in the chapel of the Convent to her beloved husband, which she visited every day till she died. She lived two years in this manner, when Louis passing through Moulins sent one of his Gentlemen to enquire after her health. She received him in the room in which she always sat, which was hung with black cloth, and illuminated by tapers, with a crucifix on the table, and a whole-length picture of her deceased husband over the chimney. "Tell his Majesty, Sir," said she, "I entreat you, how astonished I am that he should have the least recollection of a widow so wretched, and so unworthy of that honour which he does her, as myself; but I pray you, do not forget to tell him all that you see here."

Richelieu himself imitated his Sovereign, and sent a Gentleman on his part to this disconsolate Princess, as if to mock her, who looked upon him as the only cause of her misfortunes. She replied to his compliments in the same style of dignity and of moderation.

Madame de Montmorenci died at Moulins in 1664, after having in her retirement received the visits of Anne of Austria, Louis the Fourteenth, and of Christina, Queen of Sweden.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THIS great Statesman was intended for the army; but, on his elder brother's giving up the Bishopric of Lucan to become a Carthusian, he was prevailed upon by his family to take orders, to be put in possession of that benefice. He procured the necessary bulls for that purpose of the Pope, then Paul the Fifth, by falsifying his baptismal register, and gaining one year by this artifice, he made up the term requisite by the Canons. The Pope, not finding out the trick put upon him till it was too late, contented himself with saying, "This young man will not stop here, I fancy."

Richelieu performed his exercise for the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the Sorbonne in his episcopal robes, he being then not five and twenty years of age, and took for his thesis, "*Quis similis mihi.*—Who is like to myself?"

He early in life attached himself to Mary de Medicis, and in the disputes between her and her son, Louis the Thirteenth, took her part, for which he was banished to Avignon. There he amused his leisure by writing a "Catechism," and "The Instructions of a Christian," which he after-

wards printed at the Louvre Press with great splendor.

On his return to Paris with the Queen, he was admitted into the Council, as Secretary of State, against the opinion of his Sovereign, who told his other Ministers that they would repent of their placing him in so eminent a situation. Soon, however, in this situation, his transcendent talents began to display themselves, and he became Prime Minister, with a plenitude of power and authority which no Minister in France before his time ever possessed.

He brought his brother from his retreat in a Carthusian Convent, and made him a Cardinal, Archbishop of Lyons, and Grand Almoner of France. The brother was dragged unwillingly into public life, and was continually writing to his brother at Paris to persuade him to resign a situation in which he had so little time to attend to his spiritual concerns. These letters the Cardinal never read, after he had been a little used to their contents.

Richelieu, amid all his other triumphs, was very desirous of the distinction which literary fame affords. He offered M. Jay a considerable sum of money, if he would permit him to have the credit of his learned Polyglot Bible; and the want of success of a political Comedy which he wrote,

wrote, called "*L'Europe*," gave him serious uneasiness.

Richelieu had the merit of instituting the celebrated French Academy, and of establishing a standard of the French language. In a seminary which he founded in his native town of Richelieu, he directed that the French language should be the only one taught at it, and that the sciences should be communicated to the pupils in that language alone.

So ambitious was the Cardinal to have every thing bend to his will, that he spoiled the convenience of the magnificent palace which he built at Richelieu, merely to preserve the room entire of the old Château in which he was born.

One trait in the Cardinal's conduct must ever demand our applause. An officious person came to his Eminence to inform him of certain free expressions which some persons of consequence had made use of, respecting his character and his conduct, in his hearing. "Why how now, "you scoundrel," replied the Cardinal, "have "you the impudence to curse and call me all "these names to my face, under pretence of "their having been said by other particular persons, who I know entertain the highest respect "for me?" Then ringing his bell, and turning to the page who answered it, he said, "Go, one of
N 2 "you,

"you, and turn this troublesome and malicious fellow down stairs."

Richelieu at one time, in the unprosperous events of public affairs, had caused his plate and jewels to be packed up, and was preparing to quit the kingdom: he was, however, advised by his friend Cardinal de la Valette to get into his coach, and shew himself openly to the people of Paris. This advice he very wisely took.—He was some time afterward, if possible, in still greater danger. Mary de Medicis, his old protectress, had prevailed upon his Sovereign to dismiss him from his high office, and a new Administration was forming: he had, however, the good sense and firmness of mind to demand a private audience of his Majesty, at which he prevailed with that ascendancy which strong minds must ever have over those of a weaker and feebler texture.

Voltaire had supposed the famous "Political Testament" attributed to this Cardinal to be a forgery. A copy of it has, however, been discovered since his death in the Library of the King of France, in his own hand-writing.

The Cardinal, according to Segrais, had four hundred thousand livres a-year. He gave one hundred and twenty thousand crowns of it in pensions to men of learning and science, bestowing in that manner the money which his table would

would have cost him. He was a valetudinarian, and never kept a table.

The Comte de Charost had two brothers, one a General, the other an Archbishop. Richelieu one day complained to him of the conduct of the Archbishop. "Does not your Eminence know," replied the Count, "that where there are many brothers in a family, the greatest blockhead is always put into the Church?"—"Thanks to you," M. de Charost, for your compliment," replied the Cardinal.

Richelieu, whose genius aimed at every thing, gave Desmaretz the plan of the Comedy of "*Les Vifionnaires*," which he completed. The Lady represented in it as being in love with Alexander, was Madame de Sablé, who had paid no attention to the Cardinal's addresses. This made the World say, that she was in love only with the Macedonian Hero. Richelieu likewise gave the plan of "*Mirame*"* to Desmaretz.

In

* "I passed the winter of 1641 at Paris," says Abbé Arnauld, in his very entertaining Memoirs, "where the Cardinal celebrated the marriage of his niece with the Duc d'Enguien, afterwards the great Condé, with great magnificence. The Comedy of *Mirame*, of which his Eminence gave the plan to Desmaretz, was represented on the Cardinal's private theatre, when the Queen was present; and myself as well as many others were much astonished that they had

" the

In the different provisions which were expedited for the several commissions which Richelieu held, it was declared that he was to be obeyed as the King's own proper person.

The Cardinal, while in the agonies of death, was asked by his Confessor if he sincerely pardoned all his enemies. "I never had any but those of the State," was the answer of the dying Penitent.

Richelieu was resolved, that even his place of sepulture should partake of that magnificence which had distinguished whatever he had done throughout life. He ordered himself to be buried under the Dome of the celebrated College of the Sorbonne, which he had rebuilt with great splendor. A mausoleum was erected over him, at the expence of his niece; it is the *chef d'œuvre* of

"the boldness to invite her Majesty to be a spectator of an
 "intrigue which most assuredly could not please her, and
 "which, from reasons of respect, I shall not explain. But
 "she was obliged to suffer this insult, which it was reported
 "she had brought upon herself by the contempt with which
 "she had treated certain solicitations of the Cardinal. Her
 "Majesty was perhaps a little indemnified by the very small
 "applause the Piece met with, which mortified his Eminence
 "extremely. It was, indeed, the only satisfaction to be had
 "for the insults of a man who was master of every thing,
 "and formidable to every one, whatever indignation might
 "naturally enough be felt against him for such a conduct."
 —*Memoires de l'Abbé ARNAULD.*

of that great sculptor M. Girardon. Not long after it was finished, the Princess of Condé, sister to the Duc de Montmorenci, whom Richelieu had caused to be beheaded, came to visit it, and (pointing to the tomb) exclaimed, in the words of the Sister of Lazarus to the Saviour of the World, "*Domine si fuisses hic, frater meus non mortuus esset*—Lord, hadst thou been here, our brother had not died."

Richelieu was a great Theologian; his "*Mémoires des Controverses sur tous les Points de la Foi*," is supposed to be the best book that had appeared on the subject in France, before Arnauld, Nicole, and Bossuet. He seems to have been very anxious that the Huguenots should become Catholics. "The Cardinal," says Choisy, "after having made the Calvinists submit by force of arms, designed to attempt to win them over to the Catholic Faith by gentle means. For that purpose he intended to give pensions to their principal Ministers, that might prevent their being in distress; and afterwards to appoint public conferences, at which nothing should be made use of as proofs but the authority of the Scriptures themselves, without admitting tradition. He entrusted his design to Pere du Laurent, who had been a Protestant Minister when he was young. I will neither, said the Cardinal to him

"him, make use of the Doctors of the Sorbonne,
 "who are of use only against the heretics of old
 "times; nor of the Fathers of the Oratory, versed
 "in mystic divinity; nor of the Jesuits, too open
 "and too violent enemies to the Protestants. We
 "must merely quote to them the pure word of
 "God; they will then attend to us; and if they
 "will but attend to what we say, they are our
 "own."

When the Princess, of Guimené, a Lady of
 great beauty, entreated the Cardinal to spare the
 life of the Duc de Montmorenci, who had been
 her lover, and to remember what marks of friend-
 ship he had given him very lately at Lyons when
 there was a plot formed against him, Richelieu
 replied in an angry tone of voice, "Madam, I did
 "not break first with the Duke."

On the day of the Duke's execution, he found
 some French lines on his table to this purport:

In this degenerate and ungrateful age,
 Evils alone the memory engage:
 On plates of brass we injuries engrave,
 And kindness trust upon the trackless wave.

Richelieu died completely worn out with fa-
 tigue of body and of mind, at the age of fifty-
 eight. A few hours before he died he sent for
 M. Chicot, his physician, and desired him as a
 man of honour to tell him what he really thought
 of

of his situation. "In four-and-twenty hours," replied he, "your Eminence will be either dead or cured." — Richelieu knew very well what this meant, and sent immediately for his Confessor, who administered the last Sacraments to him. With his eyes fixed attentively upon the vessel which contained the holy element, he exclaimed, "O my Judge, condemn me, if, in what I have done, I have ever had any intentions but those of serving the King and the Country!"

His Sovereign, on being informed of his death, said coolly, "*Voilà un grand politique mort!*"

Richelieu was, during the whole of his administration, very subject to sleepless nights. He had always by his bedside one of his pages to read to him when he was indisposed to rest. A young man who had been recommended to him as one of his readers, imagining that the Cardinal was asleep, was looking over some papers that lay upon his bed. The Cardinal, who had feigned to be asleep merely to try the young man's discretion and honour, darting suddenly a look of great sternness upon him, ordered him immediately to leave the room, and never afterward to come into his presence.

One of the Cardinal's maxims was, "That an unfortunate and an imprudent person were synonymous terms." Of his own method of acting, he gave this account to the Marquis de Vicuville.

Vieuville. "I never dare undertake any thing until I have well considered it; but when I have once taken my resolution, I go directly to my point. I throw down every thing that stands in my way; I cut up every thing by the roots that opposes me; and then I cover every thing with my Cardinal's robe."—Richelieu used to say, "That the favourites of his Sovereign*, and their intrigues, gave him more trouble than all Europe taken together." The completest testimony that was ever given to the talents of Richelieu was by Peter the Great, on seeing the statue of the Cardinal at the Sorbonne. "This," said he, "was a man to whom I should very gladly have given one half of my dominions, if he would have governed the other half for me."

"The Cardinal," says Abbé Brotier, "knew well the resources of the great country which he governed. He used to say of it, France can raise six hundred thousand foot and one hundred and fifty thousand horse, and be able to go to war with them in a fortnight."

The Cardinal's device was an ostrich, with this motto, in allusion to the supposed power that bird

* "*Le Cabinet du Roi & son petit Coucher me causent plus d'embarras que l'Europe entiere.*"

"*Vie de RICHELIEU.*"

bird has of digesting iron : “ *Fortis dura coquit.*” According to Brotier, he first put this motto on the cannon of his Sovereign Louis the Thirteenth, “ *Ratio ultima Regum.*”

When Richelieu sent the celebrated Abbé de St. Cyran to the Castle of Vincennes, his niece, the Duchesse d’Aguillon, and many other persons, entreated him to give him his liberty. He replied, “ If in the last age Luther and Calvin had been shut up in prison, it would have saved Europe a great deal of trouble and of bloodshed.”

A favourite saying of Richelieu was, that “ secrecy is the soul of all great affairs.”

The Cardinal had an odd whim of having a Comedy composed by five different persons, each of whom took an Act. It was called “ *La Comedie de Tuilleries, par les cinq Auteurs.*” It was represented before the King and Queen and the Court of France with great magnificence. The Actors sat by themselves on a bench. Chaplain was supposed to have been the planner of it. He, however, only corrected the piece in several places. The Cardinal requested his help in this business; promising in return to give Chaplain his assistance on a similar occasion.

“ How happens it,” said the Cardinal one day to M. de Valancey, the *discur des bons mots* of his time at Paris, “ that you, who scatter your abuse upon every one, have never once taken it into
“ your

* “ *Paroles Memorables.*”

“ your head to find fault with me ? Is it because
 “ you are afraid ? ” — “ No, Sir,” replied M. de
 Valencey, “ it is because your Eminence com-
 “ mits no faults.”

A scarce medal is sometimes met with in the
 cabinets of the curious, representing on one side
 the head of Louis XIII. with his usual titles ;
 and on the other, the head of his Prime Minister
 Richelieu, thus inscribed, “ *Nil sine Consilio ;*”
 alluding, perhaps, to the favourite saying of his
 Eminence, that an unfortunate and an imprudent
 person were in general synonymous terms. Juvenal
 had indeed said long before him,

Nullum numen abest, si fit prudentia.

Prudence to man each other aid supplies,
 And claims him the protection of the skies.

“ The Cardinal de Richelieu and M. de Bul-
 “ lion, Surintendant of the Finances,” says M.
 Bourbon, “ making an average between them, are
 “ enabled to do every thing they desire. The
 “ first hardly ever sleeps at all, and the last is
 “ always asleep ; and yet every thing succeeds as
 “ they wish.” May not Claudian’s Epigram be
 applied to them ?

Mallius indulget somno noctesque diesque

Insomnis Pharius sacra prophana rapit.

Omnibus hoc Italæ Gentes exposcite votis

Mallius ut vigilet, dormiat ut Pharius.

Bullion

Bullion through nights and days his sleep extends,
 His watchful Colleague all our treasure spends;
 Then, O ye Gods! in safety France to keep,
 Let Bullion wake, and Richelieu ever sleep!

ALPHONSE DE RICHELIEU,

CARDINAL DE LYONS,

Was the brother of the great Cardinal of that name, and was presented by Henry the Fourth to the Bishopric of Luçon, which he gave up to his brother, and became a Carthusian Monk of the Grande Chartreuse near Grenoble, where he resided for near twenty years, and was known in the Convent by the name of "Father Alphonse." He was taken from this retreat by his brother (when he became Prime Minister), and made Archbishop of Lyons, Great Almoner of France, and Cardinal. When the plague broke in his diocese, he distinguished himself by his attention and liberality to his diseased flock, whom he never could be prevailed upon to quit, whilst they were in this state of danger and distress.

On his death-bed he ordered his body to be buried in the Chapel of an Hospital at Lyons, with this inscription: "*Pauper natus sum, pauper pertatem vixi, pauper morior, et inter pauperes sepeliri*"

"sepeliri volo"—I was born poor, I made a vow of poverty, I die poor, and I am buried amongst the poor." He told his Confessor in his last moments, that he had rather have died as Father Alphonse than Cardinal of Lyons.

This Prelate, who like his brother, was a valetudinarian, was the means of bringing chocolate into vogue as a diet in France. That diet requires no effort of mastication to become nutritive, and, united with some saccharine substance, extremely well supports those (as is particularly the case with persons of a certain age in the West Indies) who have been deprived of their teeth.

MARSHAL MARILLAC

Was brought to the scaffold by the sanguinary Richelieu in 1632. Forty years of service, and his memory rehabilitated by the Parliament of Paris after the death of that Minister, have restored his name to that degree of respect and esteem which it ever deserved.

In order to be able to make out any accusation against the Marshal, his enemies were obliged to recur to some trifling abuses in his conduct as Commander in Chief, to some profits he had made by contracts, or that some persons under him had made

made on the building of the Citadel of Verdun. On hearing these charges read, he exclaimed to his Judges, "What an extraordinary thing it is, that
" a man of my rank should be prosecuted with so
" much severity and injustice! After, all, there
" occurs nothing in the charges against me but the
" words hay, straw, stores, and mortar."

When he was required to give up the staff of Marshal of France, previous to his being led to execution; "The King," said he, "gave it to
" me, and put the power of it into my hands,
" which I have often stained with the blood of
" his enemies: but now I return it to him in a
" manner much more bloody."

As he was conducting to the Place de Grève to be executed, he passed before the Hotel of Cardinal de Richelieu. "Alas!" said he, "in
" that house I was promised many things, which
" to-day I find not to be true."

MICHAEL MARILLAC

Was the elder brother of the Marshal of that name, and was made Keeper of the Seals of France in 1626. They were taken from him in 1630, and he died in confinement in 1632. The two brothers were much attached to Mary de Medicis,
and

and incurred the displeasure of Richelieu for their attachment to that persecuted Princess.

M. de Marillac used to say to the young Lawyers of his time, "Only take pains, and be "modest, and you must rise in your profession."

He called his high office an office of perpetual denial: "For," said he "I am in general obliged "to refuse nine requests of ten that are made "to me."

He often repeated what his predecessor M. de L'Hôpital says in his Poems of a Chancellor that used to refuse nothing, whether the requests were just or unjust: "That it is no praise to a wise "man to have one quality which he has in com- "mon with a young prodigal, or with a woman "who has lost her virtue."

DUC DE ROHAN.

THIS great General and excellent Politician first shewed his talents in the latter capacity at the meeting of the Protestants at Saumur in 1611, where he took the part of the great and good Sully, his father-in-law, against the Duc de Bouillon with success. "It was here," said he, "that I laid the foundation of that knowledge to
"which

“ which the great ought particularly to apply themselves, that of managing mankind *.”

The Duke had the courage to resist Cardinal Richelieu, that idol of power to whom every other knee in France bowed. In spite of the distresses of the Huguenot party in France, of which he was the leader, he adopted the daring resolution to assemble another army of that party, and took care to let the Cardinal know, that pacification between the Catholics and Huguenots was the great object of his desires; that whatever might happen, he was resolved to persist, as well as to perish himself with all the remains of his party, rather than not obtain a general peace conformably to the acknowledged edicts for that purpose; and recommended to his Eminence to consider how dangerous it was to preclude a man of courage in arms from every hope of safety.

The pacification was soon afterwards signed by Louis the Thirteenth, at Aletz, June 27, 1629, being the third which the Duke had the honour to conclude with his Sovereign. He then retired to Venice, where he was received with every distinction due to his rank and character, and in which city he wrote the celebrated Memoirs of his Life and Negotiations; by which means he

“ *J’ai jeté là les fondemens de la science que les grands doivent sur toutes choses apprendre, qui est de gagner les hommes.*”

filled up that leisure which to a man of his ardent and active mind would have been insupportable without some employment. He was often heard to say, that there was no misfortune could happen to a man so great as that of having nothing to do, and that he really wondered how a man of sense could ever find himself in that horrid situation; but which indeed always happened to those, who, having no powers of mind, exist only upon the favours of fortune; and that when her feeble power abandoned them, and they had lost the idle and seductive air of the Court, they became exposed to vexation, and fell into such a state of restlessness as rendered them incapable either of ease or pleasure.

His maxims as a General respecting his countrymen were, that they should always be placed by their Commander in such a manner that they might begin an engagement *. “ I know well,” said he one day, “ the disposition of the French; “ they are incapable of maintaining foot by foot “ any advantage they may have gained over their “ enemies; they should always be kept in a posture “ of attack, and not of defence. Their quick “ and impetuous character inclines them rather “ to act than to suffer, and to advance rather “ than wait the attack of their enemies.”

The

* “ *Il faut mettre les François en estat de frapper les premiers.* ”
—*Histoire du Duc de Rohan.*

The celebrated Pere Joseph, the confidant of Richelieu, wrote by his order a letter, as from the Cardinal Infant of Spain to the Duke, by way of founding his inclinations toward that Court. The Duke replied, that he was too good a Frenchman, and too dutiful a subject to his King, to pay the least attention to any thing that was prejudicial to his Prince; and that however ill he was treated at his own Court, he had most assuredly very good reasons for complaint, but none for being deficient in fidelity to his Prince.

The Duke de Rohan was mortally wounded at the battle of Rhinsfield. Previous to the engagement, the Duke of Weymar, one of the most distinguished Generals of his time, desired him to give the word of command; adding, that he should be ashamed to give it himself, whilst before the greatest General in Europe. The Duke de Rohan replied, that he was only there to fight as a soldier under his orders, and to see the difference there was between military operations which depend upon the understanding and mere *coups du main*; but that if he really wished to have his opinion on the present state of the army, he would very readily give it to him, to the best of his abilities.

The Duke of Weymar consulted him and took his advice, which proved unfortunate only to the Duke de Rohan, as he was wounded and taken prisoner.

prisoner. As they were taking him off the field, the Duke of Weymar, rallying his troops, took the party prisoners who were carrying off the Duke de Rohan, and had the melancholy satisfaction of giving him every assistance in his wretched situation. He died a few days after the engagement, on the thirteenth of April 1638, in the Abbey of Coningsfield, where his heart is deposited in a box: his body was carried with much funeral pomp to Geneva, and buried in the great church of that city.

When the Chiefs of his party accused this great man of having sold to Louis the Thirteenth some of their fortresses which they were unable to defend, he said with great indignation, presenting his breast to them at the same time, "Strike! Strike! I am willing to die by your hands, after having so often risked my life for your service."

The Duke, amongst his various other works, wrote a book on the Interest of Princes, with a dedication to the Cardinal de Richelieu; in which he tells him, after mentioning the great difficulties attendant on the government of a kingdom, that no certain and invariable rule can be laid down for it, and that what causes a revolution in the affairs of the world, causes also a compleat alteration in the fundamental maxims of government, "therefore," adds he, "those persons who
conduct

“conduct themselves more by examples of past
 “times than by reasons taken from the present
 “situation of things, of necessity make many
 “mistakes.”

In his chapter on the Interest of England, he says,

“England, which is like a small separate world,
 “had nothing to do with other States, unless
 “when the necessity to protect its commerce
 “obliged it, which was then its true interest. It
 “is by that it has acquired its wealth, which,
 “joined to its situation, has rendered it so considerable.
 “But since, under the shadow of the
 “mysterious marriage between Philip and Mary,
 “the politics of Spain have insensibly entered
 “into those of England, which before that time
 “had maxims of policy of its own, it has, by
 “little and little, sometimes accommodated itself
 “to the interests of France, and sometimes to those
 “Spain.

“Queen Elizabeth,” added he, “who by her
 “prudent government has equalled the fame of
 “the greatest Sovereigns that Christian Europe
 “ever possessed, well acquainted with the situation
 “of her kingdom, thought that the true
 “interest of it was to keep it in a state of perfect
 “union, having destroyed all the remains of
 “the former factions; very wisely judging, that
 “England is a great animal which can never die
 “unless

“ unless it destroys itself: “ *Que l'Angleterre est*
 “ *un grand animal qui ne peut jamais mourir s'il ne*
 “ *se tue lui mesme.*”

CARDINAL DE BERULLE.

THIS pious man died, as the late excellent Mr. Granger died, while he was celebrating the Sacrament. The Cardinal fell dead upon the steps of the altar, at the moment of Consecration, as he was pronouncing the words “ *banc igitur oblationem.*” This occasioned the following distich;

Capta sub extremis nequeq dum sacra sacerdos
Perficere, at saltem victima perficiam.

In vain the reverend Pontiff tries
 To terminate the sacrifice;
 Himself within the holy walls
 The Heav'n-devoted victim falls,

Cardinal Berulle came over with Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles the First, to England, as her Confessor, to the Court of which he endeared himself by the sanctity of his morals, and the extreme propriety of his behaviour. Like the late learned and excellent Dr. Balguy, he possessed the *nolo episcopari* in the extremest purity of intention; for when his Sovereign Louis the Thirteenth

Thirteenth of France pressed him to take the Bishopric of Leon, he refused; and on that Monarch's telling him that he should employ the solicitation of a more powerful advocate than himself (meaning the Pope) to prevail upon him to accept of it, he said "that if his Majesty continued to press him, he should be obliged to quit his kingdom."

He established the venerable Order of the Fathers of the Oratory in France, founded by San Philipppo Neri, and was a man of such eminent goodness, that Pope Leo the XIth said of him, when he saw him at Rome as a simple friar, "*Le Pere Berulle n'est pas un homme, c'est un ange.*"

JACQUES CALLOT.

THIS excellent Engraver was born a subject of the Duke of Lorraine. When Nancy was taken from that Prince by Cardinal Richelieu, he wished Callot to make a set of prints descriptive of the siege of that important place. The Artist refused; and, on the Cardinal's insisting with him very peremptorily, he replied, "My Lord, if you continue to urge me, I will cut off the thumb of my right hand with my pen-knife
" before

“ before your face. I will never consent to perpetuate the calamity and disgrace of my Sovereign and protector.”

Callot wore, attached to his button-hole, one of his small copper-plates, which he thought his *chef-d'œuvre*. Were every distinction of ornament as well applied, who would not envy Sovereigns the power of bestowing them?

This great Artist's master-piece is his “ *Miseries of War* ;” miseries which, in the present distracted state of Europe, do not require to be recalled to our minds by the powers of imitation.

CAMPANELLA.

THIS celebrated Dominican Friar of Naples is mentioned by Mr. Burke in his ingenious “ *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* .” He was accused of treason and of heresy by an aged Friar of his own Order with whom he disputed, and over whom, most probably, he had the advantage in the dispute. He was imprisoned for twenty-seven years, and was put to the rack seven times, for twenty-four hours each time. By the power of abstraction

abstraction which his mind possessed, he bore the tortures inflicted upon him with the greatest tranquillity. He was delivered from his confinement at the solicitation of Pope Urban VIII. in 1624, and came to Paris, where he was much considered by Cardinal Richelieu. Campanella wrote "*Atbeismus Triumphatus*" and "*Monarchia Messia*;" books now become extremely scarce, like many others, from their not being worth the reprinting.

AUGUSTE DE THOU.

It is supposed that the immediate cause of the prosecution of this excellent and intrepid man was, that his grandfather had mentioned Cardinal Richelieu's father in his celebrated History of His Own Times, in a manner not much to his credit. His Judges were anxious to save him. "*M. le Chancelier a beau dire,*" says Richelieu, "*il faut que M. de Thou meure*;" The Chancellor may say what he pleases, but M. de Thou "must die*."

Do

* "He has put my father in his History," said the vindictive Richelieu, "and I will put his grandson's name in mine."

De Thou, whilst he was in prison, had made a vow to endow a chapel whenever he gained his liberty. On the morning of his execution he composed the following inscription for himself:

Christo Liberatori
 Votum in carcere pro libertate conceptum,
 T. AUGUSTUS THUANUS
 E carcere vitæ jam jam liberandus
 Morte solvit xii Junii, 1642,
 Confitebar tibi Domine, quoniam exaudisti me &
 factus es mihi in salutem.

He died with great courage.

LA COMTESSE DE SAINT BALMONT.

"It was in the year 1638," says Abbé Arnauld, in his very amusing Memoirs, "that I had the honour to become acquainted with that Amazon of our times Madame de Saint Balmont, whose life was a prodigy of courage and of virtue, uniting in her person all the valour of a determined soldier, and all the modesty of a truly Christian woman. She was of a very good family of Lorraine, and was born with a disposition worthy of her birth."

" birth. The beauty of her face corresponded
 " to that of her mind, but her shape by no
 " means agreed with it, being small and rather
 " clumsy. Providence, who had destined her
 " for a life more laborious than that which
 " females in general lead, had formed her more
 " robust and more able to bear bodily fatigue.
 " It had inspired her with so great a contempt
 " for beauty, that when she had the small-pox
 " she was as pleased to be marked with it as
 " other women are afflicted on a similar occa-
 " sion, and said, that it would enable her to
 " be more like a man. She was married to the
 " Count de Saint Balmont, who was not infe-
 " rior to her either in birth or in merit. They
 " lived together very happily till the troubles
 " that arose in Lorraine obliged them to sepa-
 " rate. The Count was constantly employed
 " by the Duke his Sovereign in a manner suit-
 " able to his rank and disposition, except when
 " he once gave him the command of a poor
 " feeble fortress, in which he had the assurance
 " to resist the arms of Louis XIV. for several
 " days together, at the risque of being treated
 " with the extremest severity of military law,
 " which denounces the most infamous and de-
 " grading punishment against all those Officers
 " who hold out without any prospect of success.
 " M. de Saint Balmont went indeed farther,
 " and

" and added insolence to rashness; for at every
 " shot of cannon that was fired at the fortress,
 " he appeared at the windows attended by
 " some fiddlers, who played by his side. This
 " madness (for one cannot call it by a more
 " gentle name) had nearly cost him very dear;
 " for when he was taken prisoner it was agi-
 " tated in the Council of War, composed of
 " the Officers whom he had treated with this
 " insolence, whether he should not be hung up
 " immediately; but regard was paid to his
 " birth, and perhaps to his courage, however
 " indiscreet. Madame de Saint Balmont re-
 " mained upon his estates to take care of them.
 " Hitherto she had only exerted her soldier-
 " like disposition in hunting and shooting
 " (which is a kind of a war), but very soon an
 " opportunity presented itself of realizing it,
 " and it was this: An Officer in our cavalry
 " had taken up his quarters upon one of her
 " husband's estates, and was living there at dis-
 " cretion. Madame de Saint Balmont sent
 " him a very civil letter of complaint on his
 " ill behaviour, which he treated with great
 " contempt. Piqued at this, she was resolved
 " that he should give her satisfaction, and
 " merely consulting her resentment, she wrote
 " him a note, signed, *Le Chevalier de Saint*
 " *Balmont*. In this note she observed to him,
 " that

" that the ungentleman-like manner in which
 " he had behaved to his sister-in-law, obliged
 " him to resent it, and to desire that he would
 " give him with his sword that satisfaction which
 " his letter had refused. The Officer accepted
 " the challenge, and repaired to the place ap-
 " pointed. Madame de Saint Balmont met
 " him dressed in men's clothes. They im-
 " mediately drew their swords; and our he-
 " roine had the advantage of him; when, after
 " having disarmed him, she said, with a very
 " gracious smile, You thought, Sir, I make no
 " doubt, that you were fighting with Le Che-
 " valier de Saint Balmont; it is, however, a
 " female of that name who returns you your
 " sword, and begs you in future to pay more
 " regard to the requests of the Ladies. She
 " then left him, covered with shame and con-
 " fusion: and, as the story goes, he immedi-
 " ately absented himself, and no one ever saw
 " him afterwards. But be that as it may, this
 " incident serving merely to inflame the cou-
 " rage of the fair challenger, she did not rest
 " satisfied with merely preserving her estates by
 " repelling force by force, but she afforded pro-
 " tection to many of the Gentlemen in her
 " neighbourhood, who made no scruple to
 " take refuge in her village, and to put them-
 " selves under her orders when she took the
 " field,

" field, which she always did with success, her
 " designs being executed with a prudence equal
 " to her courage. I have often, says the Abbé,
 " been in company with this extraordinary per-
 " sonage at the house of Madame de Feu-
 " quieres, wife to the celebrated Marshal of
 " that name, at Verdun; and it was quite
 " ridiculous to see how embarrassed she ap-
 " peared in her female dress, and (after she
 " had quitted it in town) with what ease and
 " spirit she got on horseback, and attended the
 " ladies that were of her party, and whom she had
 " left in her carriage, in their little excursions into
 " the country.

" The manner of living, however, of Ma-
 " dame de Saint Balmont, so far removed from
 " that of her sex, and which in all other females
 " who have attempted it, has ever been found
 " united with libertinism of manners, was in
 " her accompanied with nothing that bore the
 " least resemblance to it. When she was at
 " home in time of peace, her whole day was
 " employed in the offices of religion; in
 " prayers, in reading the Bible and books of
 " devotion, in visiting the poor of her parish,
 " whom she was ever assisting with the most
 " active zeal of charity. This manner of liv-
 " ing procured her the admiration and esteem
 " of persons of all descriptions in her neigh-
 " bourhood,

“bourhood, and infused her a degree of respect that could not have been greater towards a Queen*.”

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

“THE mere name of this Lady,” says Abbé Arnauld, “deserves an eulogium from those who know how to appreciate sense, wit, and virtue. I shall never forget,” adds he, “the first time that I had the honour to see this excellent Woman in her coach with her son and daughter. They realized what the Poets have told us of Latona between Apollo and young Diana, so much beauty and elegance appeared in the Mother and her children. She then did me the favour to promise me her friendship, and I am not a little proud of having preserved to this day a present so dear and so precious. But I must say indeed, to the honour of the Ladies, that I have ever found them more constant in their friendships than the Men.

“By

* The late excellent Duchess Dowager of Portland had a Print of this extraordinary woman in her Collection.

"By the Men I have often been deceived;—
 "never by the Ladies*."

LEMERIUS.

In the year 1618, quoted the following Latin verses, which, he says, were written by a Protestant Advocate of the Parliament of Paris fifty years before that time; "or rather," adds he, "by an Angel, who dictated them to him:"

*Festinat propero cursu jam temporis ordo,
 Quo locus et Franci Majestas prisca Senatûs,
 Papa, Sacerdotes, Missa, Simulachra, Dique
 Filitii, atque omnes superos exosa potestas
 Judicio Domini justo sublata peribunt.*

In the dark volume of resistless Fate
 What changes menace wretched Gallia's State!
 In one, one luckless yet approaching hour
 The Roman Pontiff's arrogated power;

The

* The sagacious Dr. Franklin used to say, that the purest and most useful friend a man could possibly procure, was a Frenchwoman of a certain age who had no designs upon his person; "they are," added he, "so ready to do you service, and from their knowledge of the world know so well how to serve you wisely."

The Mass itself; the Priests, a sacred train,
 Who each time-honour'd rite with zeal maintain;
 Weak mortals raised to the empyrean throne,
 Gods that man's base and wretched fabric own;
 Powers that the soul in slavish fetters bind,
 Debase the noble nature of mankind,
 With their own phantoms scare his gen'rous breast,
 And every sway except their own detest;
 These, " whilst eternal justice rules this ball,"
 These, these, by Heaven's own high behest, shall fall;
 In endless ruin and confusion hurl'd,
 A dread example to a wond'ring world.

MARSHAL RANTZAU.

WHAT contrarieties often occur in the same person! How often the indulgence of one vice prevents the exertion and the advantage of many good qualities, and of many virtues! Aubert du Maurier, in his "*Memoires de Hambourg*," thus describes the celebrated Marshal Rantzau—
 " He was a German of high birth, and a Ge-
 " neral of such great note, that Mazarin used
 " to oppose him to the Prince of Condé, when
 " that great Commander had the misfortune
 " to be in arms against his country and his
 " Prince." M. Rantzau possessed admirable
 VOL. IV, P qualities

qualities both of body and mind. He was tall, fair, and very handsome. To see him only, one would say he was born to command. He was the finest horseman ever beheld. He would hit a single piece of money with a pistol at a hundred paces distant. He was invincible with the small-sword. He spoke the principal languages of Europe, and had a general taste for the sciences. He was acquainted with all the great Generals of the age, having made war under them from the moment he was able to bear arms. He said in conversation many lively things; and as an infallible proof of the force of his eloquence in any council of war in which he ever sat, he always drew over the other Members to be of his sentiments, so ably did he support them with powerful reasons. If he spoke well, he wrote still better. To his courage nothing was impossible. He possessed perfect coolness in the greatest danger, and found expedients under the heaviest misfortunes. His liberality procured him the love and esteem of his soldiers, and no General knew how to give his orders so well. But so many excellent and rare virtues were effaced by his great vices. Never was there a more determined debauchee. He loved wine and women to excess, and the most seasoned drinkers were afraid of him. He sought their company from all parts, and no one could equal him in this species of vice.

vice. He sometimes remained in a state of insensibility for whole days. The disorder that reigned in his private affairs was inconceivable. He gave away whatever he had about him without discrimination, and he always had much money in his pocket, which he was robbed of during his inebriety. Thus, like a cask without bottom, all the riches of India would not have been sufficient for him, and he found himself compelled to sell all his effects for little or nothing. He often lost his best friends for a *bon-mot*. Du Maurier, who was Rantzau's great friend, told this extraordinary man one day, that his excesses and irregularities would destroy his health, and that they would prevent his rising to the principal employments in the State. "I would not," answered he, darting a most ferocious and haggard look upon Du Maurier, "I would not give up my pleasures to become Emperor of Germany." His excesses, during the siege of Dunkirk by the Spaniards, are thought to have lost that place. He was, however, confined for some time in the castle of Vincennes for this supposed neglect, and was cleared from any imputation of treachery or of cowardice. He died soon after his release. During the siege of Gravelines, he had one day appointed the Duke of Orleans, and some of the principal French Nobility to sup with him. He went, however, in the morning,

to pay a visit to the famous Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, where he got so drunk with Malaga wine, that he fell under the table as if he was dead, and was obliged to be put to bed. His Aid-du-camp made an apology to the Duke of Orleans for his master's not being able to attend him at supper, and put it upon an excessive swell of the sea, which had prevented his leaving the Admiral's ship.

To shew the dangers of ebriety, the Catholic Legends tell us of some Hermit to whom the Devil gave his choice of three crimes; two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other to be drunk. The poor Saint chose the last, as the least of the three; but when drunk, committed the other two.

The baneful effects of this pernicious vice upon the body are described by the ingenious Dr. Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," under an allegory which would not have disgraced the splendid imagination of Lord Bacon himself.

"Prometheus," says the Doctor, "was painted
 "as stealing fire from Heaven, that might well
 "represent the inflammable spirit produced by
 "fermentation, which may be said to animate or
 "enliven the man of clay; whence the conquests
 "of Bacchus, as well as the temporary mirth and
 "noise of his devotees. But the after-punishment
 "of those who steal this accursed fire, is a vulture
 "gnawing

“ gnawing the liver, and well allegorizes the poor
 “ inebriate lingering for years under painful
 “ diseases.”

And that the graces and energies of poetry may come in aid of the figure so strongly depicted in prose, the same great Physiologist, in his “ Botanic Garden,” in the most sublime imagery; and with the greatest strength of personification; has composed a picture which should be painted and hung up in every chamber dedicated to Bacchanalian festivity.

Dr. Darwin personifies the Goddess of Wine under the name of VITIS, who thus addresses her votaries:

“ Drink deep, sweet Youths,” seductive Vitis cries,
 The maudlin tear-drop glistening in her eyes;
 Green leaves and purple clusters crown her head.
 And the tall thyrsus stays her tott’ring tread:
 “ Drink deep,” she carols, as she waves in air
 The mantling goblet, “ and forget your care.”
 O’er the dread feast malignant Chymia scowls,
 And mingles poison in the nectar’d bowls.
 Fell Gout peeps grinning thro’ the slimy scene,
 And bloated Dropsy keeps behind unseen.
 Wrapp’d in her robe, white Lepra hides her stains,
 And silent Frenzy, writhing, bites his chains.

MALHERBE.

THIS great poet was apt to be a little caustic in conversation. Some one was talking before him of the nobility of his family: "Alas! my good friend," replied he, "it is in the power of one woman to taint the blood of Charlemagne himself." Speaking one day of the wickedness of mankind, he said, "Why, when there were only three or four persons in the world, one of them killed his brother."

Malherbe, though perhaps the first good poet that France ever produced, thought so slightly of the merit of his productions, that he used to say, "a good poet was of no more use to a State than a good player at quoits." He observed, "that the test of good verses was, when they were got by heart." Every one remembers his celebrated stanza upon the certainty of death:

*La pauvre en sa cabane,
Ou la chaume le couvre,
Est sujet à ses loix.
Et la garde que vieille aux barrières de Louvre,
N'en défend pas nos Rois.*

GODEAU,

BISHOP OF VENCE,

Used to say, that to compose, was an Author's Heaven; to correct his Works, an Author's Purgatory; but to correct the Press, an Author's Hell.

PEYRESC.

THIS learned Frenchman was in England for a few months in 1606. He was presented to King James, who often sent for him to converse with him, and was particularly pleased with the following incident, which Peyresc related to him.

Peyresc was present at a dinner given by some person of consequence in London, who had invited many men of learning and of science to meet him. In the middle of the dinner, one of them, Dr. Torie, drank to Peyresc out of an immense cup, filled with strong wine, and pledged him to drink it after him. Peyresc excused himself, no less on account of the size of the cup than on account of the liquor it contained; giving as reasons, the weakness of his stomach, and his not being at all used to drink wine. The excuse, however,

however, was not allowed, and he consented to drink after Dr. Torie, provided he might afterwards be permitted to challenge him in any liquor that he pleased. To this the company as well as the Doctor consented. Peyresc then immediately taking the bowl in his hand, drank it off boldly, all at once, and filling it again with water, he drank to Dr. Torie. The Doctor, little used to such potions, beheld him with astonishment and affright; yet, as he was not allowed to recede from his agreement, he puffed and blowed, put the cup often to his mouth, and as often took it way again, pouring out at the intervals so many verses from the Greek and Roman Poets, that the day was near expended before he could get all the water down his throat, so little was he accustomed to so frigid a beverage.

Gassendi, who wrote the Life of Peyresc in very elegant Latin, mentions this story. Gassendi's Life was translated into English by Dr. Rand, who dedicated it to Mr. Evelyn, the Author of "Sylva," whom, from the general extent of his knowledge, and his love of learning, he calls "the English Peyresc."

Gassendi, in his Life of Peyresc, mentions a very curious coincidence of an event after a dream, which, had it happened to a man of a less forcible mind than that of Peyresc, might have rendered

rendered him superstitious for the remainder of his life.

Peyresc and M. Rainier lodged together at an inn in the mid-way between Montpellier and Nismes. They went to bed in the same room, and in the midst of the night Rainier hearing his friend make a great noise in his sleep, awoke him, and asked him what was the matter with him that his sleep was so disturbed. "Alas! my good friend," replied Peyresc, "you have spoiled the most agreeable dream I ever had. I dreamed that I was at Nismes, and that a goldsmith of that city offered me a golden coin of Julius Cæsar for four quart d'écus, and just as I was giving him the money you awoke me." Peyresc, thinking no more of his dream, went to Nismes, and while his dinner was getting ready he walked about the town, and went (as his custom was) into a goldsmith's shop to ask if he had any thing curious to dispose of. The goldsmith told him that he had a coin of Julius Cæsar in gold. Peyresc taking the coin, asked him the price of it, and was told that it was four quart d'écus. Peyresc returned to the inn of his friend, and told him with great rapture, that his dream, which his kindness had interrupted, was then realized indeed.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH,

CALLED THE GREAT.

[1648—1715.]

FROM a conversation the great Prince of Condé had with this Prince when he was very young, he said of him to Cardinal Mazarin, "There is stuff enough in him to make three Kings and one honest man." The flattery and servility of his subjects destroyed in Louis the kingly part of his character; that of the honest man remained, as Louis was supposed, during his very long reign, never to have broken any promise which he had made, nor ever to have betrayed a secret confided to him.

Louis, from very early life, appears to have been modest and prudent. Segrain says, that when this Monarch was about seventeen years of age, he followed him and his brother, the Duke of Orleans, out of the play-house, and that he heard the Duke ask the King, what he thought of the play they had just then been seeing, and which had been well received by the audience, "Brother," replied Louis, "do not you know that I never pretend to give my opinion on any thing that I do not perfectly understand?"

In

In Pelisson's Works there are some notes of a conversation that passed between Louis, three noblemen, and himself, at the siege of Lille in 1667. Louis, after mentioning the difficulties and dangers that had occurred during the siege of this town, adds, " All these circumstances have
" only served to render my courage stronger; and
" as they are in general known to my army, I
" was afraid that they would intimidate my
" foldiers; and seeing that our success would
" depend upon our extreme vigilance and ac-
" tivity, and in our preventing the inhabitants
" of the place from becoming foldiers, which
" they would do, if they were to gain the least
" advantage over us, I thought that there was
" nothing but my example, and that of my
" Officers, and of my Nobility, that could in-
" spire my army with an extraordinary courage,
" that at first astonished the enemy. On these
" accounts, I have been anxious that my pre-
" sence should animate every action of my sol-
" diers; and that nothing whatever might es-
" cape me, I have passed every night with the
" advanced guard, at the head of my squadrons,
" and I have spent every day in the trenches,
" so that if the enemy wished to make any at-
" tempt upon my lines, or thought fit to make
" any sortie from the town, I might have been
" prepared to charge upon them with all my
" Court.

“ Court. These then are the true reasons that
“ have made me appear perhaps a little more ac-
“ tive at the head of my army than a King ought
“ to be (who had not all these motives), and
“ in my situation I am better pleased with be-
“ ing a little too rash, when I see the enemy,
“ than with being a little too prudent. Yet
“ still you see the enemy have so far respected
“ my person hitherto, that they have not yet fired
“ at me, as they could easily have done; and I
“ hope that God will yet preserve my life a long
“ time, for the good of my kingdom, and that I
“ may live to acknowledge your services and your
“ friendship.

“ I know well,” added Louis, “ that ca-
“ lumny attacks the persons of Kings as well as
“ those of other men; and though its arrows are
“ more concealed, they do not fail to penetrate
“ the heart of every Sovereign, when they are
“ only defended by the external marks of royalty.
“ When a King is pleased with hearing himself
“ continually praised, and when his heart is as
“ little nice as his ears, he is not unusually the
“ only person in his kingdom that is satisfied
“ with himself. Our sacred person alone does
“ not render our reputation sacred; and though
“ I know very well, that there ought to be a
“ great deal of difference between the courage
“ of a King and that of a private person, our
“ good

I

“ good actions and our virtues can alone insure us
“ immortality.

“ King's are more cruelly treated with re-
“ spect to their conduct than other men, as
“ their hearts are not, like their actions, ex-
“ posed to the eyes of their subjects. Subjects
“ in general judge of the actions of Princes
“ from their own interests and their own pas-
“ sions, and very rarely according to candour
“ and justice. Thus it happens that Kings
“ are often blamed for what they ought to be
“ praised, and when perhaps, to perform their
“ duty properly, they are forced to sacrifice
“ every thing to the good of their people. I
“ have always thought, that the first virtue
“ in a Sovereign is that of firmness of mind,
“ and that he should never permit his resolution
“ to be shaken either by blame or by praise; and
“ that to govern well the kingdom entrusted to
“ his care, the happiness of his subjects should
“ be the pole to which his actions should point,
“ without taking the least notice of the storms
“ and the different tempests that may agitate his
“ ship.”

Louis when he was thirty-three years of age,
wrote some directions for his son (*le Grand*
Dauphin, as he was called), which are preserved
in the King's Library at Paris. Pelisson is
supposed

supposed to have corrected them. They begin thus:

“ You will find nothing, my son, so completely laborious as great idleness, if you have the misfortune to fall into that vice: disgusted in the first place with business, afterwards with your pleasures, and at last with the idleness itself, and looking in vain for that which you can never find, the sweets of repose and of leisure, without some occupation or some fatigue that must always precede that happy state.

“ The principal business of a King is to let good sense have fair play in every thing. Good sense acts naturally, and without any great effort. What employs us properly is very often attended with less fatigue than that which would merely amuse us, and the utility of it is always evident. A King can have no satisfaction equal to that of being able to observe every day how much he has increased the happiness of his subjects, and how those excellent projects succeed, of which himself gave the plan and the design.

“ Consider after all, my dear son, that we not only are deficient in gratitude, and in justice, but in prudence and in good sense, when we do not pay the proper degree of veneration to
“ that

“ that Being whose vicogerents (*lieutenans*) only
“ we are.”

In these observations the natural good sense and good intentions of the Monarch break out, in spite of the wretched and confined education which Mazarin gave him, in order completely to govern him, and of which he and his people ever afterwards felt the ill effects. Abbé de Longuerue says of Louis, “ that he was naturally a great friend of justice, and of good intentions, but that he was extremely ignorant in matters of science and literature;” or, as he puts it more strongly “ *il ne sçavoit rien de rien*. So,” says he, “ his Majesty was continually deceived. He was really afraid of men of parts. *Il craignit les esprits*, that was his expression. A Foreign minister,” adds the Abbé, “ used to say, that there were most assuredly in Louis the Fourteenth’s time many men of merit in France, but that really he never saw one of them in place.”

Louis had a violent passion for building, and preferred, it seems, the marshy and low situation of Versailles to the dry and elevated site of St. Germain, that he might not see from his windows the steeples of the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, in which his predecessors had been buried, and in which himself was to rest. How mortified would
this

this Prince have been, had he known, that in all the public and private edifices taken together which he had caused to be built, there are according to the calculation of a celebrated Scotch Antiquary at Rome, fewer cubic feet of masonry than in the single fabric erected by a Roman Emperor, the Amphitheatre of Vespasian!

Louis had the merit of knowing his own ignorance in literary matters; for when once on his passage to the Army in Flanders, he had occasion to spend some time at a small Abbey of Benedictines, the Prior talked to his Majesty about the charters it contained. "Alas, Sir," replied Louis, "you are much too learned for me! My cousin the Prince of Condé will be here in a few days: you may tell all this to him; he is the Doctor of our family."

Louis one day asked Racine, who was the French writer that had done most honour to his reign. Racine replied, "Moliere, Sire." "I did not think so," answered Louis, "but you are a better judge of these matters than I am."

As Louis's walk was different from that of his Courtiers, so was his pronunciation. *François*, the name of his subjects, he always pronounced like the name of the Saint.

Louis, on hearing some public Speaker make use of these words, "*Le Roi et l'Etat*," exclaimed loudly, "*L'Etat! c'est moi.*" And well indeed might

might he make that exclamation; for when, in the distresses of his kingdom, in the latter part of his life, he consulted the Doctors of the Sorbonne whether he might raise taxes by his own authority, without the formality of their being registered by the Parliaments of his kingdom, they answered in the affirmative.

In an Inscription under his statue he was thus stiled: "The glory of Kings, the delight
" of the human race, the terror of his enemies,
" the idol of his subjects, and the admiration
" of all."

— *nihil est, quod credere de se
Non possit, cum laudatur Diis æqua potestas.*

Ye shameless flatterers of a mortal's pride,
Your Monarch's power with that of Jove divide:
Crush'd by his dire and arbitrary sway,
Yourselfes shall curse th' idolatry ye pay.

Segrais says, "that some young Noblemen,
" who were about the person of Louis the
" Fourteenth, were talking one day before him
" (when he was about eleven years old) of the
" despotic power of the Emperors of Turkey,
" and what great things they did in consequence of it. Aye," said the young Prince,
" this may be called reigning indeed." The
Marshal d'Estrées, who happened to be present,
said, "Your Majesty perhaps does not know,
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“ that even in the course of my life I have known
 “ three or four of these Emperors put to death by
 “ the bow-string.” Marshal de Villeroy, Governor to the young King, immediately arose from his seat, went up to d’Estrées, and thanked him for the excellent lesson which he had given to his royal pupil.

Louis seems to have had one part of an honest and ingenuous mind: he was inclined to take advice, and to alter his conduct when he was convinced it was wrong. His person was very beautiful, and he was very fond of exhibiting it. He very often danced upon the stage of Versailles in some of Quinault’s Operas. Racine, in the Tragedy of Britannicus, had the boldness and the kindness to say of Nero,

*Il excelle à conduire un char dans sa carrière,
 A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains,
 A se donner lui même en spectacle au Romain.*

With futile skill and ill-directed grace,
 He pants to outstrip the chariots in the race.
 Gaz’d at by millions of plebeian eyes,
 From his own subjects’ hands he seeks the prize;
 A prize that but proclaims the victor’s shame;
 How far below a Monarch’s nobler aim!

The judicious Monarch took the hint, and never-afterwards appeared upon the stage.

Louis, who had excellent natural sense, and
 who

who was by no means sanguinary, was most probably led into the cruelties which he permitted to be exercised against his Protestant subjects, by his fanatical Chancellor Le Tellier, and his Confessor of the same name; for in the Instructions to his Son before mentioned in this Article, he tells him, "It appears to me, my son, that those persons who wish to employ extreme and violent measures do not understand the nature of this evil, occasioned, in part, by the heat of the imagination; which should rather be suffered to die away, and to extinguish itself insensibly, than to be inflamed afresh by strong opposition; more particularly when the corruption is not confined to a small number of persons who are known, but diffused through all parts of the State. And besides, these Reformers speak truth upon many subjects. The best method, then, to reduce by degrees the number of the Huguenots in my kingdom, was most certainly not that of continually harassing them with some new and rigorous edict."

"*Opuscules Littéraires*," Paris 1767.

Louis, who affected to style himself "*Le Doyen des Rois*," the Father of the Kings of his time, on account of his age, and the number of years in which he had reigned, used occasionally to make this very melancholy observation: "When I be-

“flow a favour, I make one person ungrateful,
“and nineteen persons discontented.”

M. du Fresne took occasion one day to remark to this Prince, that he did not appear to be sufficiently cautious in the liberty which he gave to every one to approach his person, and more particularly when he was at war with a Nation* that were irritated against him, and were capable of attempting any thing. “I have received, Sir,” said Louis, “a great many hints like this; in
“short, if I were capable of taking them, my life
“would not be worth having: it is in the hands
“of God, he will dispose of it as he pleases, and
“therefore I do not presume to make the least
“alteration in my conduct.”

Louis was once harangued by a very indifferent orator, to whom his Majesty paid a handsome compliment. A Lady who was present appeared much surprized at the civil things that Louis said to him. “I think indeed, Madam, as you do of
“the speaker,” said the Monarch; “but if a
“civil word or two will render a man happy, he
“must be a wretch indeed who will not give
“them to him.”

This Prince had granted a pardon to a Nobleman who had committed some very great crime.

M. Voisin,

* The Dutch.

M. Voisin, the Chancellor, ran to him in his closet, and exclaimed, "Sire, you cannot pardon a person in the situation of M. —," "I have promised him," replied the King, who was ever impatient of contradiction; "go and fetch the Great Seal."—"But, Sire, —" —"Pray Sir do as I order you." The Chancellor returns with the seals, Louis applies them himself to the instrument containing the pardon, and gives them again to the Chancellor. "They are polluted now, Sire," exclaims this intrepid and excellent Magistrate, pushing them from him on the table, "I cannot take them again."—"What an impracticable man!" cries the Monarch, and throws the pardon into the fire. "I will now, Sire, take them again: the fire, you know, purifies every thing."

One of this Monarch's favourite Valet-de-Chambres had a law suit with his uncle, and requested the King to take a part in it for him. "Alas! Sire," said he, "it is no very great difficulty; you have only to speak one little word."—"That, my friend," replied Louis, "gives me the least apprehension. But, were you now in your uncle's situation, should you like that I should speak that little word?"

In 1673 the Dauphin was afflicted with a disorder of no great consequence, which some of the tattlers about the Court of Versailles affected to attribute

attribute to the severity with which he was treated by his Governor, the excellent Duc de Montausier. Louis, however, soon silenced this nonsense, by saying, "I have only one son; yet I had much rather that he should die, than that he should not know his duty, and so become a burden and a curse to his people."

"I had once," says Duclos, "the curiosity to make out, from the papers of M. Colbert, the amount of the sums of money given away by Louis the Fourteenth, in pensions to men of learning, of talents, and of knowledge, as well in foreign countries as in his own. It did not exceed 66,300 livres; 52,300 livres to Frenchmen, and 14,000 to strangers; making, in the whole, about three thousand and four hundred pounds sterling a year;" the expence of a few hours only of the destructive wars in which he engaged his country.

Louis, on his death-bed, thus addressed his infant grandson, afterwards Louis XV.

"My dear child, you will very soon become the King of a great country. What I wish particularly to recommend to you, is, never to forget the obligation you have to your Creator. Remember that by his power alone you are every thing that you are.

"Strive to preserve peace with your neighbours. I have been too fond of war. Do not imitate

" imitate me in that, nor in the great expences in
" which I have been involved.

" Take advice in every thing; and be careful
" to inform yourself what advice is best, and al-
" ways follow it.

" Ease your subjects from taxes as soon as you
" can, and you will then have the happiness of
" doing that which I had the misfortune never to
" be able to do*."

PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

THE term *petits maîtres* was first applied to this great General and his followers, who, flushed with the victories of Lens, &c. which they had gained, on their return from the army to Paris, gave themselves a great many airs, and were insufferably impertinent and troublesome.

Richelieu, a very good judge of men, was much struck with the precocity of talents that appeared in this Prince when he was very young. He told Chavigny " I have been just now hav-
" ing

* These sentences were, till the beginning of the French Revolution, inscribed, in gold letters, over the head of the bed in which the Kings of France used to sleep.

“ing a conversation of two hours with the young
 “Duke d’Enghuein upon the art military, upon
 “religion, and upon the interests of Europe: he
 “will be the greatest General in Europe, and the
 “first man of his time, and perhaps of the times
 “to come.”

Louis XIV. who could never forgive the part Condé took against him in the Fronde, seems never to have entirely given him his confidence, or to have made that use of the talents of this Prince which he should have made.

The Prince of Condé was a striking illustration of the observation made by the acute Dr. Johnson, that in public speaking there was often more of knack and of habit than of real talent or knowledge: for whilst Condé never rose to speak in the Parliament of Paris but to disgrace himself, Gaston his cousin, with a mind very inferior to his in every respect, was very well heard in that Assembly.

His Sovereign Louis XIV. once paid Condé a very handsome compliment. The Prince, in the latter part of his life, was very lame with the gout, and was one day in that situation apologizing to him for making him wait for him at the top of the great stair-case at Versailles, which he was ascending very slowly. “Alas! “my cousin,” replied he, “who that is so loaded with “laurels as yourself can walk fast?”

The

The Prince was a man of some learning himself, and extremely fond of the conversation of learned and ingenious men. Moliere, Boileau, and the celebrated writers of their time, were frequently with him at Chantilly. He, however, expected as much deference from these great men in literary matters, as he had been used to exact from his Officers at a Council of War. Boileau, however, had once the spirit to contradict him on some subject of literature, of which most probably he knew more than the Prince. Condé soon fired, and darted his eyes upon him, sparkling with rage and indignation. "Upon my word," said the satirist, "in future I will take particular care to be of the same opinion with the Prince of Condé when he is in the wrong."

Pains had been early taken by some of the Prince's supposed friends to shake his belief in Christianity; he always replied, "You give yourselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble: the dispersion of the Jews will always be an undeniable proof to me of the truth of our holy religion."

Some writer says, that the disposition of a man is to be known by his hand-writing. This observation seems realized in this great Prince, who was a man of a very violent and hasty temper. Segrais says of him, "The Prince of Condé used to write without taking his pen from the paper
"till

“till he had finished a sentence, and without putting any points or adjuncts to his letters.”

“A good General,” said this great Prince, “may be beaten, but he can never be surprized.”

One of his maxims was, that, to enable a General not to be afraid of his enemies when they were near to him, he should have taken the precaution to have been afraid of them, when they were at a distance from him.

Continually successful himself, he still made great allowances for the want of success in others; and when all the military men of his country were outrageous at M. de Crequi on the loss of the battle of Confarbecq, he nobly exclaimed, like a man who judged of men from themselves, and not from what had happened to them, “All that M. de Crequi wanted to make him one of the best Generals in the universe, was to have been defeated.”

In 1679 he requested his Sovereign to permit him to retire to his Chateau of Chantilly, on account of his ill health. Louis replied, “It is with the greatest regret that I grant you the permission you desire; for, alas! my Cousin, I then shall be deprived of the advice of the greatest man in my kingdom.”

In his retreat he amused himself with the embellishment of his domain, with his books, and with the conversation of a few friends, amongst whom

whom were Moliere, Boileau, and Father Bouhours.

On his death-bed his Confessor told him, that he could not administer to him the sacraments, unless he pardoned every one who had offended him. "Alas! my good Father," replied he, "how can you insist on that topic; you who know very well that I never entertained the least resentment against any person during the whole course of my life?"

When he took leave of his son the Duc d'Enguein, he gave him his blessing, and said, fixing his eyes upon him in the most affectionate manner, "In this world, my son, which I am about to quit, there is only one thing that is solid and deserves esteem; that is, to have been throughout life an honest man*."

* "This life (says the excellent Mr. Locke, in the last letter he wrote to his friend Mr. Anthony Collins) is a scene of vanity that soon passes away, and affords no solid satisfaction but in the consciousness of doing well, and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true when you come to make up the account. Adieu, I leave my best wishes with you.

"JOHN LOCKE."

GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

POSTERITY will not readily forgive this Prince for not exerting himself sufficiently to save his friend, the illustrious Montmorency, from the scaffold; the same feebleness of mind infecting him in this, as on most other occasions. During the time of the Fronde, had his mind been sufficiently steady and determined, he might have been the arbiter of his divided and distracted country.

Antonio Priuli gives this melancholy account of the latter years of a Prince of the Blood, brother to one Monarch, and uncle to another:

“Gaston,” says he, “on the King’s (Louis
 “the XIVth) triumphant return into Paris, with
 “his mother Anne of Austria and the Cardinal,
 “set out for his palace near Blois, without seeing
 “or taking leave of his Sovereign; and having
 “been in the former part of his life wholly man-
 “naged by his servants, he gave himself entirely
 “up in the latter part of it to the management of
 “his wife, Margaret of Lorraine. He became a
 “great sportsman and a great botanist, and not
 “only became devout himself, but inspired the
 “whole city of Blois with the same spirit. He
 “died (as is supposed) of a lethargy, having had
 “antimony

“antimony improperly administered to him; and]
 “after having figured away as a Leader of a
 “Party and a Prince, was buried in the Royal
 “Abbey of St. Denis, with a private funeral, the
 “Heralds who attended the corpse being barely
 “paid their charges. Thus ended,” adds Priuli,
 “Gaston Duke of Orleans, who having been a
 “hopeful child, passed his youth in pleasure, al-
 “ways under the direction of his own servants,
 “and never at his own disposal.”

Gaston, who was a man of parts though not of
 understanding, left behind him “Memoirs of
 “French History from the Year 1608 to 1635.”
 They are printed.

PHILIP, DUKE OF ORLEANS,

BROTHER OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

ABBE DE LONGUERUE thus describes this
 Prince :

“He was continually talking, without ever
 “saying any thing. He never had but one
 “book, his mass-book, which his clerk of the
 “closet used always to carry in his pocket for
 “him.”

He

He was a Prince of greater bravery than his brother, and in engagements exposed his person much more. This made Louis say one day to him, after a battle, "*Mon frere, vous voulez donc devenir sac-à-terre.*" The celebrated Mothe le Vayer was Preceptor to this Prince. His son, the Abbé de Vayer, printed in 1670 a translation of Florus into French, made, as he said, by this Prince. It was most probably the work of the Preceptor.

The Duke of Orleans married Henrietta-Maria, sister of Charles the Second. His brother, after the most strict inquiry that he was able to make into the death of that accomplished Princess, was perfectly convinced that the Duke of Orleans was not in the smallest degree implicated in it.

MADAME DE LA VALIERE,

MISTRESS OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

THIS beautiful and gentle-minded woman seems, differently from the other Mistresses of that Prince, to have loved the man and not the Sovereign, in Louis the Fourteenth. When the death

death of the son she had by that Monarch was announced to her, "Alas," said she, "I have greater reason to be grieved for his birth than for his death!" Many years before she died she retired into the Convent of the Carmelites at Paris, where she endeavoured to expiate her faults by the most exemplary penitence. Not long before she expired, she exclaimed, after having refused every consolation that was offered her, "It is fit that so great a sinner as myself should die in the greatest torments."

Whilst she was in the Convent she wrote a small devotional Treatise, entitled, "Reflections upon the Mercy of God." The eloquent Bossuet preached the sermon upon her taking the veil, at which were present Louis the Fourteenth's Queen and all the Court. He took his text from the following passage in the Apocalypse: "*And he that sat upon the Throne said, I will renew all things.*"

The celebrated picture of the Magdalen, painted by Le Brun for the Convent in which Madame de La Valiere resided, has been falsely supposed to have been that of this beautiful and sincere penitent. The features are entirely dissimilar.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

ABBE DE CHOISY dedicated his Translation of Thomas-à-Kempis to this celebrated lady, with this motto from the Psalms:

“Hear my Daughter, and see, and incline thine ear,
“and the King shall desire thy beauty.”

The edition was soon suppressed.

Madame de Maintenon used to say of herself,
“I was naturally ambitious. I fought against
“that passion. I really thought that I should be
“happy when the desires that I had were grati-
“fied. That infatuation lasted only three days.”

“Alas,” says she, in one of her letters to her
niece, “why cannot I give you my experience?
“why cannot I shew you how the great are de-
“voured by *ennui*, and with what difficulty they
“get through their day? Do not you see that I
“die of misery in a situation so much beyond my
“most extravagant wishes? I have been young
“and pretty, and was a general favourite. In a
“more advanced age, I spent my time in cultivat-
“ing my understanding by reading and by conver-
“sation. At last I have procured the favour of
“my Sovereign, and I can assure you that all
“these

“these different situations leave a terrible void in the mind.”

“Could any thing,” says Voltaire, “undeceive mankind with respect to ambition, this letter would have that effect.”

Madame de Maintenon one day asked Louis the Fourteenth for some money to distribute in alms. “Alas, Madam,” replied that Prince, “what I give in alms are merely fresh burthens upon my people. The more money I give away, the more I take from them.”—“This,” “Sire is true,” replied Madame de Maintenon; “but it is right to ease the wants of those whom your former taxes to supply the expences of your wars and of your buildings have reduced to misery. It is truly just that those who have been ruined by you should be supported by you.”

Madame de Maintenon was most assuredly married to Louis. She survived him some years, and the Regent Duke of Orleans took care that the pension the King had left her should be regularly paid.

Peter the Great, when he came to Paris, was very anxious to see Madame de Maintenon. She was very infirm, and in bed when he visited her. He drew aside the curtains to look at that face which had captivated her Sovereign. A blush

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o’erspread

o'erspread her pale cheeks for an instant. The Czar retired.

MASQUE DE FER.

THE following account of this celebrated personage is given on the authority of M. Falconer, a learned and eloquent Counsellor of the last Parliament of Dauphiné.

“ In the manuscript Memoirs of M. de la
“ Reinterie, lately in the possession of the Mar-
“ quis de Mesmon-Roman, at Paris, M. de la
“ Reinterie says, That when he commanded in
“ the fortrefs of Pignerol, a prisoner who was
“ confined in the citadel of that place, one day
“ shut the door of his room with great violence
“ upon the officer who waited upon him, and ran
“ immediately down stairs, in order to escape
“ from his confinement: he was, however, stop-
“ ped by the centinel at the bottom of the stairs.
“ The officer in the mean time cried out from the
“ window, that the prisoner was making his
“ escape, and requested the assistance of the gar-
“ rison. The officer upon guard immediately
“ came up and laid hold of the prisoner, who
“ was scuffling with the centinel. The officer
“ drew

"drew his sword, when the prisoner cried out in
 "a very commanding tone of voice, *Songez à ce*
 "*que vous faites, Monsieur: Respectez le sang de*
 "*vos Souverains*—Take care what you do, Sir:
 "Respect the blood of your Sovereigns. In the
 "mean time the officer who had been locked in
 "came down stairs, and, on hearing what the
 "prisoner had said, put his hand upon his mouth,
 "and desired all the persons present never to
 "mention what they had heard him say; who
 "was immediately reconducted to his old apart-
 "ment, and guarded with more care than before.

"M. de la Reinterie says, that he told the
 "story to a few confidential persons about the
 "Court of Versailles, whose names he mentions
 "in his Memoirs, and that, except to them, he
 "always preserved the most profound secrecy of
 "this very extraordinary circumstance."

In the opinion of one of the Ministers of the
 late King of France, Louis the Sixteenth, the
 secret of this extraordinary personage died with
 Louis the Fifteenth and M. d'Argenson, Lieute-
 nant de Police. He was buried in the church
 next to the Bastille, at Paris, by the name of Mar-
 chiali.

HENRY,

FIFTH DUKE OF GUISE,

Was the grandson of Henry Duke of Guise, surnamed *La Balafre*. He was intended for the profession of the Church, and at a very early age was presented to the Archbishopric of Rheims; which he quitted, as well as the habit of a Priest, on the death of his brother, to marry Anne, Princess of Mantua. The Cardinal de Richelieu opposing the match, he fled with his mistress to Cologne, where he quitted her for Madame de Bossut, whom he married, and whom he likewise quitted and returned to Paris. The disposition of his ancestors however soon after discovering itself in him, he engaged in the conspiracy of the Count de Soissons and the Court of Spain against Richelieu. After having fled from France to Rome on the discovery of the plot, he was condemned by the Parliament of Paris to lose his head. He soon afterwards broke with the Spaniards, declared against them, and in 1647 was elected by the Neapolitans, who had revolted against Philip the Fourth, the General of their armies; and the defender of their liberty. He accepted these honours with great willingness, and with a single felucca made his way through the

the Spanish fleet to Naples; where he was received with the greatest acclamations of joy; and from whence, after experiencing some success; and having behaved with greater courage than conduct, not being properly seconded by the Court of France, he was obliged to fly, and being taken prisoner by some Spanish troops, was carried to Spain, where he remained till 1652. After his return to Paris, he dissipated amongst the pleasures of that Capital, the affliction which the loss of a Crown so near to him had occasioned. He made a conspicuous figure with the Prince of Condé in the celebrated tournament of 1660 in Paris. They were stiled by the Parisians, "*Les Heros de l'Histoire & de la Fable* *."

During the revolution of Naples, one of the mob, accompanied by a troop of banditti, treated him with great insolence; boasting, that as he had cut off the head of the Duke de Matalone, he would likewise cut off his head. The Duke, indignant at such brutality, clapped spurs to his horse, pushed him down, and rode over him. Some one asking him if he was not afraid to do this, as he should rather have endeavoured to appease than irritate the populace of Naples, he replied

* The name of the Duke of Guise's Secretary was Cerisantes. The Duke said, on setting out for Naples, "Every thing in this expedition exhibits something of romance, even to the name of the Secretary."

plied with a smile, "I am not afraid of the mob. When God forms a man of quality, he always puts something between his two eyes, which a common man can never venture to look at without trembling."

The Duke being one day pursued and surrounded by an immense number of the people of Naples, who threatened to kill him, he turned round with great *sang froid*, and laid hold of one of the principal rioters. This bold action produced such an effect upon the others, that they immediately dispersed.

When the Duke headed the revolt of the Neapolitans against their Sovereign, Philip the Fourth of Spain, it was a time of revolutions: The English had beheaded Charles the First; the Parisians had taken up arms against their infant Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth; the Portuguese had regained their country from the Spaniards; the Turks had massacred their Sultan Ibrahim; the Algerines had killed their Dey; the kingdom of Indostan was agitated by civil wars; and the Chinese had been conquered by the Tartars.

The Marquis of Monte Sylvano was in prison at Naples, and was to have suffered death. The Duke delivered him from confinement on the day that he made his entrance into Naples. Soon after the Marquis engaged in a conspiracy against the Duke, and gave arms to the conspirators.

Being

Being taken and brought to the Duke, the latter contented himself with telling him, that the shame arising from his base action was the severest punishment that a man of quality and courage like him could suffer.

This spirited Nobleman, whose whole life seems to have consisted merely of so many scenes of romance, and to have partaken equally of bad and of good fortune, says of himself, "Neither in my exile at Rome, nor when I was taken prisoner, nor during all the time that I remained at Naples, could any person observe the least alteration or change in my countenance. The different events, as well of my bad as good fortune, never gave me the least uneasiness or inquietude; having always acted with the same *sang froid* in every thing in which I was concerned, as if I had not the least interest in it."

The Duke died at Paris, in 1664, at the age of fifty. The Memoirs of his Life are extremely entertaining. They are said to have been compiled by St. Yon, his Secretary.

CARDINAL DE RETZ.

HENAUULT applies the following passage in Tacitus to this celebrated Demagogue: "*Non tam præmiis periculorum, quàm ipsis periculis, letus pro certis et olim partis, nova, ambigua, ancipitia, mallebat.*" The sagacious Richelieu early discovered the disposition of De Retz, and, according to Segrais, though he was of an ancient and illustrious family, never intended to give him a benefice of any value or consequence. In very early life De Retz wrote the "History of the Conspiracy of Fiesqui against the Aristocracy of Genoa," in which he took the part of the Conspirator. He seems by nature to have had all the qualities requisite to become a favourite with the people. Brave, generous, eloquent, full of resources, and fettered by no principle, he dazzled the multitude of Paris, who seem ever to have been more taken with actions of eclat and of enterprize, than with all the efforts of modest and humble virtue. On seeing one day a carbine levelled at him by some one he did not know, he had the presence of mind to cry out, "If your Father, Sir, were now seeing what you were about!"—This speech immediately disarmed the fury of the assassin.

The

The Cardinal seems to have atoned for the follies and irregularities of his youth by the honest confession he made of them in his Memoirs. He appears in them to have been a man of great talents, and of good natural disposition, perverted by vanity, and the desire of that distinction; which, if not acquired by honest means, disgraces instead of dignifying those who are so unfortunate as to possess it. Had he directed his great powers of mind in endeavours to unite, instead of efforts to divide his unhappy and distracted country, he would have endeared himself most effectually to his countrymen, and would have deserved the praises of posterity, by exhibiting an example which too rarely occurs, of a Politician sacrificing his resentment to the good of the State.

The Memoirs of this celebrated Personage, written by himself, are extremely scanty and imperfect: they give no account either of the early or of the latter part of his life. He entrusted the Manuscript to some Nuns of the Convent near Commerci in Lorraine, who garbled them. James the Second, however, told the last Duke of Ormond, that he had seen a perfect copy of them, which was lent to him by Madame Caumartin.

Joli, his Secretary, describes his Master in his retreat at Commerci in no very favourable manner; as idling away his time in hunting, going
to

to puppet-shows, now and then pretending to administer justice amongst his tenants, writing a page or two of his own life in folio, and settling some points in the genealogy of his family—that of Gondi. The Cardinal's reply to Joli's remonstrances to him on this subject was a curious one: "I know all this as well as you do, but I don't think you will get any one else to believe what you say of me." An opinion so highly advantageous to the Cardinal's talents and character had gone out into the world, that the people of France could not bring themselves to think ill of one who had been a very popular Demagogue amongst them.

On the day in which he was permitted to have an audience of Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles, the Court was extremely full, and the highest expectations were formed of the manners and appearance of the Cardinal: when however they saw an hump-back'd, bow-legg'd, decrepit old man, who perhaps did not feel much elevated with his situation, their expectations were sadly disappointed; and particularly so, when his Sovereign merely said to him, "Your Eminence is grown very gray since I last saw you." To this the Cardinal replied, "Any person, Sire, who has the misfortune to incur your Majesty's displeasure, will very readily become gray."

St,

St. Evremond has preserved an anecdote of the Cardinal's nobleness of mind and liberality during his retreat at Comerchi. As he was riding out on horseback, he was surrounded by some Spanish soldiers that were in the neighbourhood. The Officer however, on being told his name, ordered him to be released, and dismounting from his horse, made an apology for the behaviour of his soldiers. The Cardinal, taking a valuable diamond ring from his finger, presented it to the Officer, saying, "Pray, Sir, at least permit me to render your little excursion not entirely useless to you."

De Retz resigned the Archbishopric of Paris, and procured in exchange for it the rich Abbey of St. Denis. He lived long enough to pay all his debts, and divided his time between Paris and St. Denis: at the latter place he died at a very advanced age, and in the strongest sentiments of piety and devotion. He is occasionally mentioned in Madame de Sevigné's Letters, as a man of great talents for conversation, and much afflicted with the head-ach. He had the honesty to say of himself, "Mankind supposed me extremely enterprising and dauntless when I was young, and I was much more so than they could possibly imagine:" and this may be readily perceived, from an answer which he made to some one who reproached him, when he was young,

young, with owing a great deal of money. "Why," "man," replied he, "Cæsar, at my age, owed "fix times as much as I do."

No one knew better how to manage and cajole the multitude than Cardinal de Retz did, yet he complains that they left him at the *Angelus* bell to go to dinner. One of his maxims respecting the assembling of that many-headed Monster should be diligently considered both by the Leaders of Parties and by the Governors of Kingdoms : "*Quiconque assemble le Peuple l'ement.*—Whoever "brings the people together, puts them in a state "of commotion,"

CARDINAL JULIUS MAZARIN,

On his triumphant return to Paris, after the Peace of the Pyrenees, created a great number of Dukes; and on being asked why he was so profuse of that honour, replied, "I will make "such a number, that it shall be disgraceful to "be a Duke and not to be a Duke." Though a very able, he was a very timid Minister. His brother the Cardinal of Aix used to say of him, "Only make a little bustle, and he will "desist." One of his favourite measures was procrafti-

procrastination. "Time and I against any other two personages," was his reply, when urged to brisk and violent measures.

Mazarin was an extremely handsome man, and had a very fine face: this he was so anxious to preserve, that not many days before he died, he gave audience to the foreign Ministers with his face painted. This made the Spanish Minister say, "*Voilà un portrait qui ressemble à M. le Cardinal.*" As Tacitus says of Tiberius, though now his strength and his constitution began to fail, yet his dissimulation continued as perfect as ever. He sent for the Prince of Condé, and told him something confidentially, which the Prince was the more inclined to believe, as he saw the dying state in which his Eminence was. A little time after his death, to his great astonishment, he found that even in that awful situation the Cardinal had not told him one word of truth.

Mazarin exhibited in himself a singular instance of the vicissitudes of fortune. He was of a very low extraction, had been a gambler, became Prime Minister of a great Country, was afterwards banished and a price set upon his head, and then returned triumphantly to his Administration with greater power than ever. Madame de Baviere says, that he was married to
his

his Sovereign Anne of Austria, and that he treated her extremely ill.

The Cardinal was by no means a sanguinary Minister. He let the People talk and write as they pleased, and he acted as he pleased. A collection of the satires written against him was preserved in the Colbert Library at Paris: it consisted of forty-six volumes in quarto. When he laid any new tax, he used to ask his confidants what the good people of Paris were doing, whether they were ridiculing him, and making songs and epigrams upon him. When he was answered in the affirmative, he used to say, "I can never have any reason to fear a Nation, which vents its spleen so very gaily; let them laugh on."

When the Cardinal was obliged to quit Paris, his effects were sold at public auction; his very valuable library was bought for the Court of Brunswick, and is at present in the capital of that Duchy.

Mazarin appears once in his life to have been in a very criviable situation. When the French and Spanish armies were drawn up in order of battle near Casal, in the spring of the year 1631, and were about to engage, Mazarin galloped between them with his hat in his hand, exclaiming loudly, "*Paix ! paix !*" The armies immediately

Immediately halted, and in a few days afterwards peace was signed at Querasque, under the mediation of Urban the Eighth, whose nephew, the Cardinal Legate, Mazarin attended on that happy occasion. The talents displayed by the latter in the negotiation, and the good offices he rendered the French Nation, recommended him to Louis the Thirteenth and the Cardinal de Richelieu. Mazarin, when Minister, caused a Medal to be struck in commemoration of this event, in which he is represented galloping between the two armies. On the reverse is this motto "*Nunc orbi servire labor;*" and how indeed can a man serve the world better than by procuring it the blessings of peace; by stopping the sighs of the widow, the tears of the orphan, and the anguish of the parent; by checking the ravages of disease, of pestilence, and of famine; and by preventing the devastation of the universe, and the destruction of the human race! To any Prime Minister may we not say, "*Hæ tibi sint artes!*"

Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish Minister, said of Mazarin, that he had one insuperable defect as a Politician, that he always meant to deceive those with whom he was treating, and of course put every one upon their guard against his tricks and fireflies*.

Not

* The Spanish Proverb says acutely, "A man is a fool who does not consider, that whilst he is thinking, twenty persons are thinking likewise."

Not many days before the Cardinal died, a comet appeared in France. Some of his sycophants, who were in his bed-chamber, told him, that as it was impossible for a man of his rank and talents to go out of the world in an ordinary way, this awful phenomenon of the Heavens was to announce to the world the death of so great a Statesman and so consummate a Politician as himself. Mazarin coolly replied, "*En vérité, Messieurs, la comete me fait trop d'honneur.*"

By way of securing his estate to his heirs, and of quieting his conscience on his death-bed, he made a donation to his Sovereign Louis the Fourteenth of all his immense property. The King very nobly returned it to his heirs.

Beside one Bishopric, the Cardinal possessed, as Commendatary Abbot, nine rich Abbeys in France.

Two Latin lines well discriminated the difference between the government of this wily and temporizing Minister, and that of Richelieu:

*Magnus uterque fuit. Sed dignum vindice nodum
Richelius secuit, Julius explicuit.*

Two men arise and bear a splendid name,
Richelieu and Mazarin, of doubtful fame;
One cuts the Gordian knot with ardour dread,
The other patiently evolves each thread.

When

When a General was presented to Mazarin for any particular expedition, his first question in his bad French was, "*Est il bouroux (heureux)?*"—Is he a fortunate General?" Cicero, when he recommended Pompey to the Roman people, to command against the Pirates, calls him, *Semper felix*;" success in general attending upon those persons whose talents and whose diligence entitle them to it.

COLBERT.

Soon after this great Minister came into the management of the finances of France, he sent for the principal merchants of that kingdom, and, to ingratiate himself with them, and to acquire their confidence, asked them what he could do for them. They unanimously replied, "Pray, Sir, do nothing! *Laissez-nous faire*—Only let us do for ourselves."

M. D'Argenson says, that a person unknown to M. Colbert requested an audience of him, as having something of great importance to communicate to him. Being admitted to see M. Colbert, he with great gravity advised him to

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encourage the trade and manufactures of his own country, which was large enough to supply itself and the other countries of Europe with what they wanted, and to give up all the French colonies in the East and West Indies to the Dutch and the English, who had very little territory of their own. Colbert did not deign to make any reply, but turned his extraordinary counsellor out of the room.

Colbert ordered Chapelain, the Author of the Epic Poem of the "*Pucelle*," to make him out a list of the men of learning and talents in France who either wanted or deserved pensions from the Sovereign, and at the end of each name to append the character of their merit. Moliere was thus described:—"He is acquainted with the true character of comedy, and he executes it naturally. The stories of his best pieces are in general imitated from others, but imitated with judgment. His plots are good, and he has only to avoid buffoonery."

Of that elegant, voluminous, and inaccurate historian Varillas, Chapelain says: "He is full of knowledge, particularly that of theology and history. He has written an Account of the Rise of the House of Austria that is very curious, and has been very much read. His style is neither polished nor ornamented, but it is sound."

Louis

Louis the Fourteenth, at the instigation of Colbert, pensioned several men of learning and of science in the different Courts of Europe. Colbert, by his orders, wrote the following letter, to the younger Vossius :

" Sir,

" Although the King is not your sovereign,
 " he is still very desirous to become your bene-
 " factor, and has ordered me to send you the in-
 " closed bill of exchange as a mark of his esteem,
 " and as a pledge of his protection. Every one
 " knows how worthily you follow the example
 " of your father, the celebrated Isaac Vossius, and
 " that having received from him a name which
 " he rendered illustrious by his writings, you still
 " maintain the glory of it by your own. This
 " being known to his Majesty, he has great plea-
 " sure in rewarding your merit; and I have the
 " more satisfaction in being ordered by his Ma-
 " jesty to make you that recompence, as at the
 " same time I can assure you how much I am,
 " Sir,

" Your very humble and affectionate servant,

" COLBERT."

" Paris, June 2, 1663."

It has been computed, that Louis's well-judged liberality did not amount to more than eight thou-

and pounds a-year. Fifty or a hundred pounds a-year was the usual amount of each pension. Chapelain got something more for himself, and that, amongst other reasons, procured him the hatred and envy of his contemporaries and countrymen.

A few days before this great Financier died, Louis XIV. wrote to him with his own hand, to desire him to manage himself, and to take some sustenance. They brought him a basin of broth, which he refused. His wife said to him, "Will you return an answer to the King?" He replied, "There is time enough for that, I now am about to answer to the King of Kings."

On nearly the same occasion he said to his wife, "Madam, when I was in this closet busied in his Majesty's business, neither you nor any one else dared to attempt to come in to disturb me; and now that I am employed in business relative to my salvation, you are continually interrupting me."

Colbert honestly told Louis XIV. that he would ruin his subjects, if he continued to go on with those great buildings which he had begun. This speech made Louis tell Mansard, his Architect, "*On me donne trop de degout. Je ne veux plus songer à bâtir.*" It was, indeed, high time to say something to Louis on the subject, as in one year, according to Racine's "*Fragments Historiques,*"

"*Historiques*," he spent sixteen millions of livres in building.

The Minister of Colbert's parish, that of St. Eustache at Paris, came to him on his death-bed to tell him, that he had ordered prayers to be put up in his church to the Almighty for the recovery of his health. "I hope not," replied Colbert: "let them be addressed to the Throne of Grace that I may find mercy,"

GOMBERVILLE

Published the very curious "*Memoires du Duc de Nevers*," in two volumes. They begin at 1574 and go down to 1595.

He was a quiet inoffensive man of letters, and resided chiefly with the illustrious hermits of Port Royal. He made this simple and elegant Epitaph for himself:

*Les grands chargent leur sepulture
De cent elogès superflus ;
Ma naissance fût fort obscure,
Et ma mort encore plus.*

Whilst pompous epitaphs in trophied state
The tombs embellish of the rich and great,
Few words my humble lot may testify,
Obscure I liv'd and more obscurely die,

DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

“THE Author of the celebrated Maxims which bear his name, was not a man of learning,” says Segrals, “but he was a man of great good sense, and had a perfect knowledge of the world. This put him upon making reflections, and upon reducing into aphorisms what he had been able to discover in the heart of man, with which he was most intimately acquainted.”

M. de la Rochefoucault was so accurate in the composition of his little book, that as he finished a Maxim, he used to send it to his friends for their opinion upon it. Segrals asserts, that some of his Maxims were altered thirty times. The Maxim, “that it shews a wretched poverty of mind to have but one sort of understanding,” took its rise from Boileau and Racine, who were extremely ignorant of every thing except poetry and literature.

“M. de la Rochefoucault,” adds Segrals, “would have made a better Governor for the Dauphin, Louis the Fourteenth’s only son, than the Duke of Montausier:” being a man of great sweetness of temper, extremely insinuating in his address, and exceedingly agreeable in conversation.

“M. de

M. de la Rochefoucault could never belong to the French Academy, as he could never muster up courage enough to deliver to the Academy the speech which it was necessary to make in order to be admitted into that body.

This acute Nobleman was an instance of the truth of one of his own Maxims:

“ There are certain persons who would never have been in love, had they not been told that such a passion really existed :”

for he used to say, that he knew nothing of love but from Romances; and that he had never felt that passion in his own person.

Dr. Johnson used to say of Rochefoucault's Maxims, that it was almost the only Book written by a Gentleman which Authors by profession had any reason to be afraid of.

“ The Duke very wisely never disputed in company. If any person differed from him in opinion, he merely said, Sir, you are then of that opinion? I am of mine: and so the matter rested,” says Segrais*.

* Sir Isaac Newton would never dispute in company. When he had delivered an opinion which any-one chose to controvert, he never was at the pains to defend it, but contented himself with saying, “ I believe, Sir, if you will be at the trouble of examining my opinion, you will find I have very good reasons for it.”

JOHN GERARD VOSSIUS,

According to Aubrey, always wrote his *Adversaria* or Common-Places on one side only of a sheet of paper, so that, as occasion required, he only tore his papers, and fixed them together, and would so send them to the press without any more transcribing. This saved him a great deal of trouble.

According to the Authors of the *Journal de Trevoux*, no two men of learning ever differed more than Gerard Vossius and his son Isaac in the disposition of their minds. "The father," say they, "formed his opinions upon what he read; the son took up an opinion, and read only to establish it. The father was anxious to get at the true meaning of an author whom he consulted—to add to him no opinions of his own; the son took all possible pains to make the authors whom he consulted think as he thought, and never piqued himself upon making exact quotations from their writings. The father looked upon the authors whom he read as his masters; the son looked upon them as his slaves, whom

“whom he could by torture force to say whatever he pleased. The father was anxious to instruct, the son to astonish mankind.”

The son, Isaac Vossius, affected to believe in the pretended antiquity of the Chinese nation, which he extended infinitely beyond the antiquity of the Hebrews. He easily gave credit to the exaggerated accounts of travellers, and seemed to have a passion for believing in the marvellous and the incredible. This made Charles the Second say of him, “This M. Vossius is indeed a very extraordinary man! he believes in every thing except in his Bible.”

SALMASIUS.

THE lovers of literature must much regret that M. Lantin, who had conversed a good deal with this great scholar, and man of general knowledge, did not make, as he had once thought of doing, a “*Salmasiana*.” Salmasius used to read and write in the midst of his menage, in company with his wife and children, completely unaffected by their noise. By way of saving himself the trouble of turning

turning the paper, he used to write upon rolls of paper, and when he was asked how near he was to finishing any work, he used to say, not that he had so many sheets, but that he had so many rolls of paper to finish. Vossius tells an anecdote of Salmasius, which shews how high an opinion he entertained of his own talents and learning.

“ M. Gaulmin and Mauillac meeting Salmasius one day in the King’s Library at Paris M. Gaulmin said, I think that we three are a match for all the learned men in Europe taken together. Add to them all, replied Salmasius, yourself and M. de Mauillac, and I could be a match for you all.”

“ The last time,” says M. Lantin, “ that Salmasius was at Dijon, I had some conversation with him respecting the troubles and the civil war of England between Charles the First and his Parliament. He seemed to be of the opinion of the High Presbyterian party, who seemed to wish that the King should be neither deposed nor brought to the scaffold, but that his power should be in some respects curtailed and reduced. Salmasius thought an union of the Catholic and of the Protestant Church impossible, and that the plan of Grotius on that subject would never succeed.”

Salmasius was born at Saumur in France, in the town and on the day on which the Duke and
Cardinal

Cardinal of Guise were massacred by order of Henry the Third. On being asked when he was born, he replied, in allusion to these massacres,

Cum cecidit fato Consul uterque pari.

Salmasius used to say, he had once seen the Journal of Meyric Casaubon, which he kept in Latin; and that amongst other entries was the following, "*Deus bone, hodie catellus meus pectine meo pexus est.*" Salmasius had made collections for the history of the European surnames, which he said were in general derived either from baptismal names, from the names of provinces and towns, from the names of trades and professions, or from peculiarities of person.

At the time of the death of Cardinal Richelieu, a friend of Salmasius was soliciting a pension for him from that Minister, in order to keep in France a person of his (Salmasius's) talents. Salmasius said, "that he believed he should with difficulty be prevailed upon to receive a pension from the Court of France, as so much time and pains were employed in procuring the payment of it." He said, however, "he would very willingly receive the profits of some landed property, if the King would have the kindness to grant it him;" and having afterwards understood that this offer was made him on the condition that

that he should write the history of the administration of Richelieu, he said, "that he perhaps should not deserve it, as he was not a man to sacrifice his pen to flattery."

Madame de Saumaize was a great shrew, and led her husband a weary life; she however used to say of him, "that he was the best gentleman amongst the scholars, and the best scholar amongst the gentlemen of his time."

Salmasius, after having quitted France on account of his religion, being a Protestant, resided in Holland. Sorbier, in a letter to M. de Marre, thus describes his manner of receiving his literary friends.

"Every Sunday night he had a circle of fifteen or twenty persons of note; such as M. L'Empereur, De Laet, Grotius, &c. whose conversation afforded both instruction and amusement, The chief part of the time that we were with him we sat round a great fire, one corner of which he kept to himself, and Madame de Saumaize had the other. She occasionally mixed in the conversation, and took especial care that not one of the company should go away without having received a sharp word or two from her, Salmasius was not naturally inclined to talk, but when once he began he displayed a wonderful fertility of mind, and an immense erudition. I remember once, that I took to Salmasius' circle

" circle a French gentleman who had never seen
 " him; and as we were going thither, we agreed
 " to make him talk about the amusements of the
 " field. We put him upon that subject, and my
 " friend told me on his return, that himself, who
 " was an old sportsman, could not have talked
 " more pertinently upon the matter. He was
 " astonished that a man of letters, who had spent
 " so much time in his study, and who was besides
 " so bad a horseman, had been able to pick up such
 " variety of information upon a subject not pe-
 " culiarly interesting to him, for he told us not
 " only what he had been able to get from those
 " who had expressly written upon the subject, but
 " what he could not know, unless he had really
 " been upon the ground, and had himself killed
 " a great quantity of game. Our conversation
 " was often infested," says Sorbriere, " if I may
 " so use the word to express more strongly our
 " indignation, by a Scotch Professor, by name
 " David Stuart, a Regent of a College, who in the
 " dullest and most insipid manner contradicted
 " every thing that was advanced; and this tire-
 " some fellow made us lose much of the conver-
 " sation of Salmasius, to whom indeed we after-
 " wards complained, that he, who was in general
 " pretty apt to be violent on such occasions, did
 " not repress the pedantry of the Scotch Professor;
 " repeating to him, "*Oro qui regus consuevis tollere,*
 " cur

*"cur non hunc regem jugulas? Operum hoc mihi
"crede tuorum est."*

Salmasius, not contented with attacking Milton's arguments in defence of the execution of Charles the First, attacked the Latinity of his verses. He begins his Apology for Charles the First in this singular manner :

"O ye English, who tofs about the heads of
"Kings as if they were tennis-balls, and play
"at bowls with crowns, and treat scepters with
"no more regard than if they were toys!"

GASSENDI

Exhibits one of the most striking instances of the precocity of the human intellect. "At the age
"of four years," says Bernier, "he used to de-
"claim his little sermons; at the age of seven he
"used to steal away from his parents, and spend
"a great part of the night in observing the stars.
"This made his friends say, that he was born an
"Astronomer. At this age he had a dispute with
"the boys of his village, whether the moon or the
"clouds moved: to convince them that the moon
"did not move, he took them behind a tree, and
"made them take notice that the moon kept its
"situation

"situation between the same leaves, whilst the
 "clouds passed on. This early disposition to
 "observation induced his parents to cultivate his
 "talents; and the clergyman of his village gave
 "him the first elements of learning. His ardor
 "for study became then extreme; the day was
 "not long enough for him, and he often read a
 "good part of the night by the light of the lamp
 "that was burning in the church of his village,
 "his family being too poor to allow him candles
 "for his nocturnal studies. He often," adds
 Bernier, "took only four hours sleep in the
 "night. At the age of ten, he harangued his
 "Bishop in Latin (who passed through Gassen-
 "di's village on his Visitation) with such ease
 "and spirit, that the Prelate exclaimed, 'That lad
 "will one day or other be the wonder of his
 "age!'"

"I had the curiosity," says St. Evremond,
 "to visit Gassendi. After a very long conversa-
 "tion, in which he discussed some very serious
 "subjects, he complained that Nature had given
 "such a degree of extent to our curiosity, and
 "such very narrow limits to our knowledge.
 "This, he assured me, he did not say to mortify
 "the presumption of any person, or from an af-
 "fected humility, which is a kind of hypocrisy.
 "He did not pretend to deny but that he knew
 "what might be thought on many subjects, but
 "he

"he dared not venture to affirm that he com-
 "pletely understood any one. His manner in
 "conversation was extremely agreeable; he had
 "a very polished and elegant understanding; he
 "had a great deal of delicate repartee; he was in
 "general silent, never ostentatiously obtruding
 "upon other people either in the acuteness of his
 "understanding or the eloquence of his conversa-
 "tion; he was never in a hurry to give his opi-
 "nion, before he knew that of the persons who
 "were conversing with him. When men of
 "learning introduced themselves to him, he was
 "contented with behaving to them with great
 "civility, and was not anxious to surprize their
 "admiration by letting himself out before them.
 "The entire tendency of his studies was to make
 "himself wiser and better; and to have this in-
 "tention more constantly before his eyes, he had
 "inscribed all his books with these words, *Scilicet
 "pere aude."*

This great Philosopher was perhaps one of the
 hardest students that ever existed. In general he
 rose at three o'clock in the morning, and read or
 wrote till eleven, when he received the visits of
 his friends. He afterward at twelve made a very
 slender dinner, at which he drank nothing but
 water, and sat down to his books again at three.
 There he remained till eight o'clock, when, after
 having eaten a very light supper, he retired to bed

at ten. His means of life were very small; but, as M. Bernier in his Epitaph upon him says,

*Vixit sine querelâ, sorte suâ contentus
Inferioris notæ, amicis jucundissimus.
Viris, imperia, auctoritate, doctrinâ
Sapientiâ, præstantissimus,
Acceptissimus, charissimus.
Non apud externos salum,
Sed in patriâ suâ
Amorem, venerationem,
Meritus, consecutus.*

Gassendi appears to have died of his physicians. They bled him fourteen times in a dysentery, which he had at the age of sixty-one years. During the course of his illness, he hinted to them that as he was not young, and was extremely debilitated, he thought they might as well, perhaps, discontinue the bleedings. In spite of this remonstrance, they pursued their cruel operations till they reduced him to the greatest extremity of weakness. Gui Patin told him of the danger he was in, and recommended to him to settle his worldly affairs. The patient, lifting up his head from his pillow, said smilingly to him,

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.

As he was dying he desired his Secretary to put his hand gently upon his heart, and said to him,
“ *Mon ami, voilà ce que c'est que la vie de l'homme*
VOL IV. T “ — My

“ —My friend, see what the life of man is.” — Gassendi had, long before he said this, received the Sacraments according to the rites of the Church of Rome.

Like our Dr. Johnson, Gassendi was a great repeater of verses in the several languages with which he was conversant. He made it a rule every day to repeat six hundred. He could repeat six thousand Latin verses, beside all Lucretius, which he had by heart. He used to say, “ that it is with the memory as with all other habits. Do you wish to strengthen it, or to prevent its being enfeebled, as it generally happens when a man is growing old, exercise it continually, and in very early life get as many fine verses by heart as you can: they amuse the mind, and keep it in a certain degree of elevation which inspires dignity and grandeur of sentiment.”

Gassendi's adversaries accused him of want of religion. This imputation seems ill-founded, as every Sunday and holiday he said mass as a priest: and, according to Gui Patin, the disorder of which he died was owing to his keeping Lent too strictly, contrary to the advice of that learned physician.

The principles of moral conduct which he laid down for the direction of his life were,—To know and fear God.—Not to be afraid of death; and

and to submit quietly to it whenever it should happen.—To avoid idle hopes, as well as idle fears.—Not to defer till to-morrow any innocent amusement that may take place to-day.—To desire nothing but what is necessary.—To govern the passions by reason and good sense.

Gassendi was a most excellent astronomer, and had a mind so fraught with knowledge, and at the same time so divested of prejudice, that he wrote against Aristotle (a bold attempt in the times in which he lived), and offered to prove, that many things which that great genius had advanced in philosophy were wrong. Yet how vain are the speculations of the most comprehensive minds, when unassisted by knowledge and experience! Gassendi, who was a dabbler in anatomy and medicine, wrote a treatise to prove that man was intended by nature to live only on vegetables.

In one of the letters of this celebrated philosopher he says, that he was consulted by his friend and patron the Count d'Alais, Governor of Provence, on a phænomenon that haunted his bed-chamber while he was at Marseilles on some business relative to his office. The Count tells Gassendi, that for several successive nights, as soon as the candle was taken away, he and his Countess saw a luminous spectre, sometimes of an oval, sometimes of a triangular, form; that it always

T 2 - disappeared

disappeared when light came into the room; that he had often struck at it, but could discover nothing solid. Gassendi, as a natural philosopher, endeavoured to account for it; sometimes attributing it to some defect of the vision, or to some dampness of the room; insinuating that perhaps it might be sent from Heaven to him, to give him a warning in due time of something that should happen. The spectre continued its visits all the time that he staid at Marseilles; and some years afterwards, on their return to Aix, the Countess d'Alais confessed to her husband, that she played him this trick, by means of one of her women placed under the bed with a phial of phosphorus, with an intention to frighten him away from Marseilles, a place in which she very much disliked to live.

Qui Patin, who attended Gassendi as his physician in his last illness, writes thus to M. Spinoza: "I have just now left Gassendi between two Priests. *Sic itur ad astra*, where, great Astronomer and Philosopher as he is, he will know more in a quarter of an hour than he ever could know here in the course of his whole life."

FATHER MABILLON.

LOUIS the Fourteenth was desirous to see this celebrated Benedictin. Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, presented him to his Majesty in these words: "Sire, I have the honour to present to you the most learned man in your dominions." Bossuet, who was present, added, "Sire, and the most modest."

An English Gentleman, wishing to consult M. Du Cange on some subject of antiquity, was referred by him to Mabillon. On applying to Mabillon, he desired him to consult M. Du Cange. "Why, my good Father, he told me to address myself to you."—"He is my Master, I assure you, Sir," replied the Benedictin. "If, however, you continue to honour me with your visits, I will communicate to you the little that I know."

Clement XI. on hearing of Mabillon's death, wrote to the illustrious Congregation of St. Maur, to desire that they would bury their deceased colleague in a place of distinguished sepulture; "for," added he, "all the men of learning who come to Paris will not fail to inquire where you have placed him—*ubi posuistis eum.*"

Dom' Roussel made an inscription for him. The eulogium it contains may be recommended
to

to the notice of many persons who seem to make up in arrogance their inferiority of knowledge to this modest Benedictin.

Omnium hominum sibi conciliavit animos

Hominum mitissimus ;

In ipsis etiam *literariis* discrepationibus

Nemini asper.

Nemini læsit, etiam læsus.

Scribentem incitabat veritas,

Certantem moderabatur lenitas,

Vincentem coronabat veritas,

Coronatum ornabat humilitas.

* * *

Cœlestis gloriæ cupidus,

Mundanam sprexit.

Respexit mercedem

Quam dare solent homines

Vani, vanum.

Nullam in claustro tenuit dignitatem,

Omnes meruit.

Cum *literarum* studiis

Virtutum studia conjunxit,

Ut alterno *scœdere*.

Scientia pietatem

Pietas scientiam adjuvaret.

SANTEUIL.

PRINCES and great men are but too apt to degrade their own dignity, and to render the situation of dependence more ungrateful and unpalatable than it is of necessity, by playing practical jokes upon those persons who are about them. The celebrated Latin Poet Santeuil died of one of these princely gambols. Some Spanish snuff was put into a glass of wine, by order of the Duchess of Bourbon, which he was obliged to drink, and died in a few days afterwards in the most horrid tortures, in consequence of it.

Santeuil, who was a quibbler, and *un homme aux bons mots*, died as he lived; for, on her Highness's (*son Altesse*) sending one day to know how he did when he was in the agonies of death, on hearing the word *Altesse*, he turned his eyes up to Heaven, repeating "*Tu solus Altissimus*," and died immediately.

Santeuil wrote some excellent Hymns * for the service of the Catholic Church, which are still in use.

* The conclusion of his Hymn to Holy Women is exquisite. He thus concludes his description of the Virtuous Woman:

Non illa luxu vestium,
Non crine torto splenduit.
Culta nitens sed simplici
Puris placebat moribus.

Sc

use. He used frequently to say, that though every one was expected to go to church, he should be excepted, as he could not prevent himself from hearing his own hymns sung there, perhaps with too much satisfaction for a pious man.

Santeuil, who had never taken Priest's orders, seated himself one day in a Confessional Chair that belonged to his Convent, and leaned over the elbow of it, as if in expectation of receiving a Penitent. A handsome woman approached, knelt down, and began to enumerate her frailties. Santeuil, who was pleased with it at first, soon became tired of it, and by way of putting a stop to his Penitent, cried out, "Why, you simpleton, I am no Priest! why do you trouble me with all this detail?"—"Oh, Sir," replied the woman, "I shall go immediately and tell your Superior of your improper and scandalous conduct."—"Shall you so, my charming Penitent?" replied Santeuil: "then I shall go and tell your husband of your's."

*Se sub serenis vultibus
Austera virtus occulit.
Timet videri, ne suum
Dum prodit, amittat decus.*

*Pascenda cœlesti cibo,
Sacris studebat literis,
Templo frequens, sed sedula
Redibat ad curam domûs.*

PASCAL

Exhibits a striking instance of the earliest designation of the human mind to a particular pursuit, and the futility of an attempt to thwart and repress it. Pascal's father was a man of science, and was occasionally visited by the great mathematicians of his country. Pascal, who was then quite a child, was present at their visits, and heard their conversation, which chiefly turned upon science, and more particularly upon that which they professed. He was very attentive to what they said, and conceived such a passion for mathematics, that he pressed his father very much to permit him to study them. This the father refused, as thinking it better that his son's early years should be given to the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages; and put out of his way all the books he might happen to have that treated of mathematics. Pascal (then eleven years of age), at his leisure hours, used to retire to an upper chamber in his father's house, where he employed himself in tracing, with sand upon the floor, the figures of triangles, of parallelograms, of circles, &c. without knowing the names of them. "There he compared," says his Biographer (Madame du

du Perrier, who was his fister), " their feveral
 " relations and proportions; and by degrees,
 " without the leaft affiftance of any kind what-
 " ever, came to conclude, that the exterior
 " angle of every triangle is equal to the two
 " interior and oppofite angles, and that the
 " three interior angles of every triangle are
 " equal to two right-angles, which is the 32d
 " Proposition of the First Book of Euclid.
 " This and the feveral intermediately neceffary
 " Propositions he was able clearly to demon-
 " ftrate, making ufe of the terms rond and
 " barre, &c. inftead of circle and line (for as yet
 " he was ignorant of the common appellations
 " of thofe lines), and grounding his reasoning
 " on definitions and axioms which himfelf had
 " verified. He was thus employed when his
 " father burft in upon him, who difcovering
 " what he was about, and the progrefs and
 " refult of his exertions, remained for fome
 " time quite infenfible, equally furprized and
 " pleafed, and ran to one of his intimate friends
 " to tell him what he had feen. He after-
 " wards encouraged his fon in the purfuit of
 " his favourite ftudy with fuch fuccefs, that at
 " the age of fixteen young Pascal had com-
 " pofed his celebrated Treatife upon Conic
 " Sections."

Pascal

Pascal was perhaps one of the best men that ever lived; his time was bestowed on works of piety and utility, and his money was expended on those who had occasion for his assistance. His Provincial Letters will immortalize him as one of the finest writers that the French have ever possessed. One knows not which to admire most in them, his depth of learning, his strength of reasoning, the delicacy of his satire, or the purity of his intention. In his "*Pensées*," with an honesty perhaps only pardonable in a man of his known virtue and simplicity, he says, "I am asked, If I do not repent that I have written the *Lettres Provinciales*? I answer, that so far from repenting that I have written them, I would, if I were to write them over again, make them still stronger. I am then asked, Why I have mentioned the names of the Authors from whom I have taken all the abominable positions which I have quoted in them? I answer, That if I were in a town where there were twelve springs of water, and I was certain that one of them had been poisoned, I should think myself obliged to advise the inhabitants not to get their water at that spring; and as what I said might be taken for a matter of mere imagination, I should think myself obliged to tell the name of the person who poisoned the spring, rather

“ther than suffer the inhabitants of the town
“to be poisoned.”

In speaking of Epigrams, with what goodness of heart, and with what *bonhomie*, he says,

“The Epigram of Martial on short-sighted
“persons is good for nothing. It does not con-
“sole them, and it shews only the wit of the
“writer. All that makes only for the writer is
“good for nothing——*ambitiosa recidet ornamenta*.
“—One should endeavour to please only those
“that possess sentiments of humanity and kind-
“ness, and not persons of a cruel and barbarous
“disposition.”

Pascal, in the latter part of his life, retired to that illustrious seminary of science, learning, and piety, Port Royal. Many of the persons that composed it were men of learning and of rank, who thought it right to follow some trade or manufacture, and perform some manual operation for the good of their souls, as well as for that of their bodies; thinking with the celebrated Abbé du Rancé, the disciplinarian reformer of the famous Abbey of La Trappe, that manual labour was the first punishment inflicted upon sin, a proper exercise for the condition of a penitent, and a most powerful means of sanctification.

Pascal's employment was that of a maker of wooden shoes; this gave rise to the following witticism

witticism of Boileau: A Jesuit having one day asked Boileau with a sneer, whether his good friend Pascal was making shoes at Port Royal: "*Je ne sçais pas s'il fait à présent des souliers, mais je sçais bien qu'il vous a poussé une bonne botte,*" was the satirist's reply.

Pascal had, in common with many other learned men, some weaknesses, upon which humanity will ever drop a tear. A book has been written upon the quackery of learned men, and in the opinion of the present learned and excellent Father of Medicine in this country (a Character as superior to frailty as to vice), an entertaining book might be made of the follies of learned men. His name most assuredly would never enter into the composition of it; but the work would at least console the ignorant and the foolish.

Pascal, like many excellent and studious men, seems to have had a horror of politics. "In a Republican Government, as that of Venice, it would be a great crime," says he, "to attempt to introduce a King*, or to oppress the

* Gui du Four de Pibrac, the celebrated Author of the *Quatrains*, seems to be of the same opinion:

*Aime l'état tel que tu le vois être :
S'il est Royal, aime la Royauté ;
S'il ne l'est point, s'il est Communauté,
Aime-le aussi, quand Dieu t'y a fait naître.*

Whatever

" the liberty of any people to whom God has
 " given it. In a Monarchical Government, it
 " is not possible to violate the respect that is
 " owing to the Sovereign, without a species of
 " sacrilege. Besides," adds this great man,
 " a civil war, which is the general consequence
 " of the alteration of a form of government,
 " being one of the greatest crimes that can be
 " committed against the happiness of mankind,
 " it

Whate'er its Government, thy Country love :
 Thy lawful Monarch willingly obey ;
 And let the State thy ready homage prove,
 Should Few or Many bear the sovereign sway ;
 Convinced that God's paternal care
 Has thought it fit to place thee there.

No one can suspect this great man of servility and passive
 obedience, when the following Quatrain, written by him,
 prevented his being made Chancellor of France under
 Henry the Third :

*Je hais ces mots de puissance absolue,
 De plein pouvoir, de propre mouvement ;
 Aux saints decrets, ils ont premièrement
 Puis à nos Loix la puissance tollue.*

These words of " power supreme" and " sovereign will,"
 My mind with honest indignation fill ;
 For words like these have hurt Religion's cause,
 Destroy'd all reverence for her sacred laws ;
 Have injured Gallia's Monarch's temperate sway,
 And made his subjects as his slaves obey.

“ it is impossible to speak against it with too
 “ much indignation.” Pascal subjoins in a
 note with great simplicity, “ I have as great a
 “ dread of this crime as of murder and of rob-
 “ bing on the highway. There is nothing, I am
 “ sure, that is more contrary to my nature than
 “ this crime, and to commit which I should be
 “ less tempted.

“ Those persons,” says Segrais, “ who write
 “ books for the public, should let their friends
 “ see them who are men of judgment, and are
 “ capable of correcting them before they appear
 “ at that redoubtable tribunal. M. de Menage
 “ did so, and that accounts for the correctness of
 “ his works. M. de la Rochefoucault acted in
 “ the same way by his *Memoirs* and *Maxims*.
 “ Why are Pascal’s Provincial Letters so perfect ?
 “ It is because they were seen and reviewed by at
 “ least a dozen of the gentlemen of Port Royal,
 “ who were men of talents, and who had an
 “ exquisite taste in discovering what would please
 “ the public.”

Those persons who from folly or from carelessness tell one friend what another friend says of him, would do well to consider this observation of the acute and amiable Pascal:

“ All men naturally hate each other. I am
 “ certain, that if they were to know accurately
 “ what they occasionally had said of one another,
 “ there

“ there would not be four persons in the world
“ who could long preserve their friendship for
“ each other.”

This great man observes acutely, “ that the
“ longer we live in the world, the more dissimili-
“ tude of character we find in mankind, and are
“ convinced that no two men are precisely alike.”
This reflection should indeed render us more in-
dulgent to each other than we are, to the virtues as
well as the vices of others that are unlike our own,
and not suppose ourselves the models to which we
are to refer every thing.

“ See,” says Pascal, “ the absurdity of mankind.
“ Many men have believed in the Miracles of
“ Vespasian, who have appeared to give no credit
“ to those of Jesus Christ.”

In his Provincial Letters, he says: “ This
“ letter is longer than any of the rest; but in-
“ deed and in good truth; I had not leisure to
“ make it shorter.”

OMER TALON,

ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENT OF
PARIS.

THIS intelligent and inflexible Magistrate having, in a speech which he made in the Parliament of Paris to Anne of Austria, during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth, touched gently upon the distresses of the common people of the kingdom of France, found himself treated with slight and coolness by her Majesty at the next audience he had of her. "This," says he, "was owing to the misrepresentation of the Ministers, and some of the vermin who frequent palaces."

Talon having on some occasion taken a part which pleased the Queen and the Court, Cardinal Mazarin sent for him, and, after paying him some compliments on his behaviour, offered him an Abbey for his brother. Talon very politely refused it, adding, that as his late conduct had nothing in view but the service of the King and the satisfaction of his own conscience, he should be extremely unhappy, if there was the least suspicion afforded to the world at large that he had acted from other motives. "I love," added this honest Frenchman,

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"both

“ both the King and the Parliament, without
“ being under any apprehension that this apparent
“ contradiction should do me any prejudice with
“ mankind.”

Mazarin sent for him another time, to request him to speak in the Parliament of Paris in favour of some Edicts of the King, which were to be presented by himself in person to be registered by that Assembly. Talon replied, that he should do his duty—that the presence of the Sovereign on such occasions caused always trouble and discontent—that it was therefore the more necessary that he should exercise properly the functions of his office without fear and without partiality.

M. Talon's reasons for quitting public affairs were those which but too often have inspired men as honest and as well-intentioned as himself. “ All resistance and contradiction,” says he, “ to the Governing Powers was ineffectual and
“ useless, who carried every point they wished
“ to gain by violence and constraint. I was
“ however,” he adds, “ very much astonished
“ that many honest men, who wished well to
“ the public peace, still attended the Par-
“ liament, in which they were certain that
“ every thing must be carried as it pleased the
“ Princes; so that in the situation in which
“ matters were, it would have been more for their
“ honour,

“ honour, that what was done should have been
“ done by the voices of a few persons only, whose
“ partiality might well have been suspected, than
“ by the majority of the Parliament, who had not
“ the power either to do the good, or to prevent
“ the evil, as they wished. Nevertheless, the
“ general timidity was so great, that many per-
“ sons were afraid of being suspected, if they
“ did not attend that Assembly; and the ma-
“ jority of those who went there did not consider
“ so much what opinion they should give, as
“ how their persons should be secure, even
“ when they had betrayed their consciences,
“ and had voted on the same side with the
“ Princes.”

David Hume says, in his Essay upon Eloquence, that during the disputes of the Parliament of Paris in the time of the Fronde, there appeared many symptoms of antient eloquence. “ The Avocat-General Talon,” adds he, from De Retz, “ in an oration, invoked on his knees
“ the Spirit of St. Louis to look down with
“ compassion on his divided and unhappy people,
“ and to inspire them from Heaven with the love
“ of concord and unanimity.”

MOLE,

PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

De RETZ says, that no ancient Roman ever possessed the virtues of courage and of public spirit in a degree superior to this great Magistrate. In the time of the Fronde at Paris, a man presented a dagger to his breast, threatening him with instant death if he would not consent to some decree proposed in the Parliament, which M. Molé thought prejudicial to his country. "Know, my friend," said he, looking sternly at him, "that the distance is "infinite from the dagger of an assassin to the "heart of an honest man."

FOUCQUET,

SUBINTENDANT OF THE FINANCES OF FRANCE.

For the honour of letters, Pelisson and the good La Fontaine remained faithful to the Surintendant during his disgrace. Pelisson sent petitions to Louis XIV. in his favour, and La Fontaine wrote.

wrote verses in commiseration of his hard fate, in a style of the highest pathos; a style totally dissimilar from his usual manner. Mademoiselle Deshoulières, the celebrated Poetess, whom he had patronised, contrived to send him intelligence even into that inaccessible fortress the Bastille. The Great who had condescended to partake of his favours whilst he was in power, completely forsook him when he had no longer any thing to give them; and this after he had so far attended even to their vices, as at all the entertainments he gave to put money under their plates to enable them to pay their losses at play.

Foucquet was confined many years in the fortress of Pignerol, where he composed some devotional Treatises. It is not known whether he was ever permitted to return to Paris. St. Simon, in his Memoirs, gives a very curious account of the meeting between him and his fellow-prisoner the Duke of Laufen at Pignerol.

PELISSON.

THIS elegant Writer contrived to be sent to the Bastille, to give his patron M. Foucquet intelligence of what had been done respecting his trial.

Whilst

Whilst he was confined there, he wrote a Poem called, *Eurymedon*; "persuaded," says his Biographer, "that by a great effort of application " of mind to a particular subject, he should alone " be able to soften the rigours of confinement." He wrote the following lines on the walls of his cell:

*Doubles grilles à gros cloux,
Triples portes, forts verroux,
Aux âmes vraiment méchantes
Vous représentez l'enfer,
Mais aux âmes innocentes
Vous n'êtes que du bois, des pierres, et du fer.*

Voltaire says, there are no compositions in the French language, which in style and manner more resemble the orations of Tully, than the remonstrances of Pelisson to Louis XIV. in favour of M. Fouquet,

M. DUMOULIN.

"I LEAVE behind me," says this excellent Physician on his death-bed, "two most powerful " remedies, diet and exercise."

Dryden has said,
God never made his work for man to mend.

This

This may be true of man as he came out of the hands of his great Creator; but he has since, by his vices and his follies, debased his frame, and made it necessary for him often to apply for the assistance of those who have made the diseases of the body their particular study. Yet with what caution he should apply, the learned Frederic Hoffman will warn him, who wrote a book entitled "*Medici Morborum Cause;*" Physicians the Causes of Diseases*.

M. Dumoulin had this inscription engraved over the Fountain of the Mineral Waters of Bourbon:

*Auriferas dives jactet Pætolus arenas,
Ditior hæc voluit mortalibus unda salutem.*

Unenvied now, Pætolus, roll along
Thy golden sands, immortaliz'd in song;
Our favour'd streams in richer torrents flow,
And health's great blessing on mankind bestow.

The

* "The lives of many hysterical and hypochondriacal patients," says the ingenious Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, in his excellent Treatise on the Conversion of Diseases, "have been at once shortened and embittered by the thoughtless encouragement given by some practitioners to the use of spirituous liquors. I have seen most melancholy instances in which habits of dram-drinking have been thus acquired, under the sanction of the medical attendant, by persons not only temperate but delicate in their moral habits. In this manner hysterical diseases of no great moment are converted to schirtus of the liver and dropsy, to apoplexy, palsy, and other diseases; *sed manum de tabulâ.*"

The three Greek words lately inscribed by the learned and excellent Dr. Harrington on the Pump-room at Bath have a peculiar and specific propriety. They are simple and elegant in themselves, are taken from a great lyric Poet, and allude to the celebrated system of an ancient Philosopher, that water is the principle of all things; and they bear a specific allusion to the properties of the Bath waters, which are extremely salutary to those who have indulged in wine and fermented liquors.

REGNARD.

THE life of this celebrated French Comic Poet appears to have been a life of real romance. He was born at Paris in 1647. His great passion throughout life was that of travelling. In returning from Italy to France by an English merchant ship, he was taken prisoner by an Algerine vessel, and carried with the rest of the crew to Algiers, where he was sold for a slave to one of the principal persons of that city. Regnard, being a very good cook, was in consequence of his knowledge in that very useful art take notice of.

of by his master, and treated with great lenity. He was however detected in an intrigue * with one of the women of his master's seraglio, and was sentenced either to be impaled, or to turn Mahometan. The French Consul at Algiers, who had just received a very considerable sum of money to purchase Regnard's liberty, made use of it to procure him both that and his life. Regnard, again a free man, returned to France; having however the *gout de la vie vagabonde* (as he calls it) he travelled into Flanders and Holland, and from thence to Denmark; the Sovereign of which country advising him to visit Lapland, he and two other Frenchmen (whom he chanced to meet at Copenhagen) went together into Lapland as far as the extremity of the Gulph of Borneo, and extended their travels even to the Frozen Sea. Stopping here, as they could not possibly go any farther, Regnard had these lines engraven upon a stone on a mountain near that immense repository of ice:

*Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem
Hæsimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem.
Casibus et variis acti terræque marique
Sistimus hic tandem quæ nobis defuit orbis.*

In Gallia born, by scorching Afric view'd,
And bath'd in Ganges' consecrated flood,

We've

* The principal circumstances of this intrigue Regnard has worked up into a Novel called "*La Provençale*."

We've seen whate'er of nature and of art,
To wond'ring eyes all Europe can impart ;
By Fate's kind power enabled to withstand
The various perils of the sea and land.
Here then we stop, here fix our last retreat ;
Where the world closes on our wandering feet.

No one seems to have felt more sensibly, or to have described more forcibly, the miseries of an idle and undesignated life than M. Regnard. In some port in which he was becalmed, he thus expresses his sensations on the subject :—" The whole time in which we were becalmed," says he, " was not entirely lost to me. Every day I went to the top of some high and pointed rock, from which the view of the sea, and of the precipices that surrounded it, corresponded perfectly well with my meditations. In these conversations with myself, I laid open my own self to myself. I endeavoured to discover, in the very inmost recesses of my heart, the sentiments that had been before concealed from me; and I saw them as they were in reality, and without disguise. I threw my eyes back upon the agitations of my past life, where I saw designs without execution, and enterprizes without success. I considered my present state of life, my continual change of place, my constant though useless travels, and the continual emotions with which I was harassed. I recognized

“ nized myself but too well under every one of
“ these situations, into which mere caprice, mere
“ fickleness had directed me, without being able
“ to allow even my vanity and self-love to tell
“ me any thing in my favour. I then began to
“ make a just estimate of what I had been doing;
“ I became but too sensible how contrary all that
“ I had ever done was to the proper business of
“ life, which consists in quiet and in tranquillity;
“ and that that happy state of mind is only to
“ be found in some agreeable profession or business,
“ which arrests the human mind in the same
“ manner as an anchor stops a vessel in the midst
“ of a storm.

“ There is perhaps,” adds M. Regnard, “ nothing more difficult in human life than the
“ choice of a profession. Hence it happens,
“ that there are so many persons who live
“ without any profession, and who exist in a perpetual and disgraceful indolence, not spending
“ their time in the way in which they would
“ wish to spend it, but as they have been accustomed to spend it, whether from their apprehension of difficulty, from their love of idleness, or their dislike to labour. The life of
“ these miserable persons is a state of perpetual
“ agitation; and if, at an advanced period of
“ life, they seem to be fixed to any thing, it is
“ not the dislike to motion, but their inability to
“ move,

“ move, that is the cause of it. These persons
 “ are continually accusing Fortune of having
 “ treated them ill: they are continually com-
 “ plaining of the badness of the times, and the
 “ wickedness of the age. They are continually
 “ flying from one place to another, and are never
 “ pleased with any. In winter they are too cold,
 “ in summer they are too hot. If they make a
 “ voyage by sea, they are soon tired of the incon-
 “ veniences of being on ship-board; if they
 “ travel by land, they are incommoded by dust,
 “ by bad horses, by bad inns. If they go to any
 “ place, they are soon tired of it, and go to some
 “ other place. Thus flying ever from themselves,
 “ they always carry with them their own incon-
 “ stancy of mind, yet appear to forget that the
 “ cause of their wretchedness is within them-
 “ selves, and do not remember what Horace has
 “ long ago told them,

——— *Patriæ quis exul*
Se quaque fugit?

thus exquisitely translated by Mr. Hastings,

What vagrant from his native land
 E'er left himself behind !

One of the most striking pictures that was ever
 made of the wretchedness and misery of an idle
 and unappropriated life is to be met with in Lord
 Clarendon's

Clarendon's Dialogue on the Want of Respect due to Old Age, in the volume of his Tracts, where he gives the following melancholy account of one of his country neighbours:

" When I visited this Gentleman in the morning I always found him in his bed, and when I came in the afternoon he was asleep, and to most men besides myself was denied, but was very willing to be called when I came, and always received me with cheerfulness. Once walking with him, I doubted he was melancholy, and by spending his time so much in his bed, and so much alone, that there was something which troubled him, otherwise that it could not be that a man upon whom God had poured down so many blessings, in the comfort of so excellent a wife, who had brought him so many hopeful children, and in the possession of so ample an estate, should appear in the course of his life, and in the spending of his time, to be so little contented as he appeared to be. To which, with a countenance a little more erect and cheerful, he answered, that he thought himself the most happy man alive in a wife, who was all the comfort he could have in this world; that he was at so much ease in his fortune, that he could not wish it greater. But he said, he would deal freely with me, and tell me, if he were melancholy

“lancholy (which he suspected himself of)
“what was the true cause of it: that he had
“somewhat he knew not what to do with; his
“time he knew not how to spend, which was
“the reason he loved his bed so much, and
“slept at other times, which, he said, he found
“did already do him no good in his health.
“I told him, that I had observed in his closet
“many books finely bound, which I presumed
“he might find good divertisement in reading.”
“To which he replied, that they were all
“French romances, which he had read enough,
“and never found himself the better, for want
“of some kind of learning, which was neces-
“sary to make those observations which might
“arise even from these books useful; and he
“confessed that he could not read any book
“for half an hour together without sleeping.
“All which, he said with a deep sigh, was to
“be imputed to the ill-education he had had;
“which made him spend that time in which
“he ought to have laid up a stock of know-
“ledge, which would have made his age de-
“lectable to him, in dancing and such other
“trifles, the skill and perfection wherein men
“grow weary of as soon as they are grown per-
“fect men, and yet when it is too late to
“cultivate their minds with nobler studies,
“which they are unapt then to enter upon,
“because

“ because they see what progress much younger
“ men have made in those studies before they
“ begin, and so chuse rather to flatter them-
“ selves in their ignorance.” In the course of
the narration, it appears that the father of this
unhappy man had, from a foolish notion that
his son might learn some vices at the English
Universities, sent him to one of the French
Academies, where, as himself told Lord Clarendon,
“ Trust me, neighbour,” said he, “ all
“ that is learned in these Academies is riding,
“ fencing, and dancing, besides some wicked-
“ nesses they do not profess to teach, and yet
“ are too easily learnt, and with difficulty
“ avoided, such as I hope our Universities are
“ not infected with. It is true,” added he,
“ they have men there who teach Arithmetic,
“ which they call philosophy; and the art of
“ fortification, which they call mathematics;—
“ but what learning they have there I might
“ easily imagine, when he assured me, that in
“ three years which he spent in the Academy,
“ he never saw a Latin book, nor any Master
“ that taught any thing there, who would not
“ have taken it very ill to have been suspect-
“ ed to speak or understand Latin. Oh, neigh-
“ bour,” continued he, “ I do promise you,
“ that none of my children shall have that
“ breeding, lest when they come to my age,
“ they

“ they know not better to spend their time than
 “ I do,” Lord Clarendon adds, “ that this un-
 “ happy Gentleman’s melancholy daily increased
 “ with the agony of his thoughts, till he contracted
 “ those diseases which carried him off at the age
 “ of thirty-six years.”

SENECAL.

THIS celebrated French Epigrammatist was valet-de-chambre to Maria Theresa, the Queen of Louis XIV. In early life he had been long wavering with respect to the choice of the profession he was to follow; he however, at last, very dutifully, and very wisely, deferred to the opinion of his Father*, who chose for him the profession
 of

* On the subject of the choice of a profession, Dr. Johnson, with his usual sagacity of remark, says, “ I have ever
 “ thought those happy that have been fixed from the first
 “ dawn of thought to some state of life, by the choice of one
 “ whose authority may preclude caprice, and whose influence
 “ may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of consulting the genius is of little use, unless
 “ we can tell how that genius is to be known. If it is only
 “ to be discovered by experiment, life will be lost before the
 “ resolution

of the Law. Whilst he remained in his state of uncertainty he wrote the following lines ; to which, from the pecùliar neatness and felicity of expression contained in them, it would be difficult to do justice in a translation.

L' IRRESOLU.

*Pendant que LUC delibere
Sur ce qu'il doit devenir,
Et s'il est bon de se faire,
Homme d'église ou d'affaire,
Avocat ou mousquetaire,
Plus vite qu'un souvenir,
Le temps a l'aile legere
Part, pour ne plus revenir,
Ses beaux jours vont s'embrunir,
Et la vieillesse s'avance.
Auparavant qu'il commence
Il seroit temps de finir.
Flottant dans l'incertitude,
LUC reste insensiblement,
Inutile également*

“ resolution can be fixed. If any other indications are to be
“ found, they may, perhaps, be easily discerned. At least, if
“ to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the
“ direction of the genius, men appear not less frequently
“ mistaken with regard to themselves than to others; and there-
“ fore no one has much reason to complain, that his life was
“ planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he should
“ have had either more honour or more happiness, by being
“ abandoned to the choice of his own fancy.”

*Pour la guerre, pour l'étude,
Le monde & la solitude.
Quant à moi, je prévois bien
Que cherchant trop à se connaître,
Ce qu'il peut ce qu'il veut être,
Enfin LUC ne fera rien.*

Seneçai use to call cheerfulness of temper "*la beaume de la vie.*" He wrote some Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz, which are now procured with difficulty, and which differ in some respects from those published by his Eminence.

LAINÉZ

Was an excellent Scholar and an elegant Poet. He divided his time between the pleasures of the table and his studies. Some one having expressed his surprize at seeing him in the King's Library at Paris early one morning, after he had spent the preceding night jovially with him, he replied, in imitation of two well-known lines of Martial.

*Regnat nocte calix, voluntur biblia mane.
Cum Phæbo Bacchus dividit imperium.*

All night I drink, and study hard all day,
Bacchus with Phœbus holds divided sway.

He

He said of those elegant little French volumes called the "*Anas*," that they were the *blanc manger* of Literature.

RACINE:

VOLTAIRE used to say, that nothing could be so easy as to make a commentary upon the writings of this elegant writer, for that the author would have nothing to do but to put under every passage, "fine, admirable, excellent, charming, &c." The French scholars universally prefer his verses to those of any Poet in their unmusical language. Racine was by no means a man of good temper, and was extremely rough and impetuous in conversation. He had once a long and violent dispute with his friend Boileau;—when it was over, Boileau, with great *sang froid*, said to him, "Had you any real intention just now of making me uneasy?"—"God forbid, my good old friend," replied Racine.—

* A selection has been lately made from these little volumes by a Fellow of New College, Oxford, whose taste in making it shews him to be the worthy *élève* of Dr. Joseph Warton. See "Selections from the French *Anas*, 2 vols. 12mo."

“ Well then,” said Boileau, “ you have done what you did not intend to do, for indeed you have made me uneasy.”

Yet Racine had so great an attachment to Boileau, that when the satyrift visited him on his death-bed, he said, throwing his arms around him, “ I look upon it as a great happiness that I die before you.”

Racine read extremely well. Louis the Fourteenth sent to him one day when he was indisposed to read something to him. Racine proposed the celebrated Translation of Plutarch's Lives by Amyot. “ The language is antiquated,” said the King.—“ Well, then, Sir,” replied Racine, “ I can correct that defect; I will put him into modern French.” This Racine did, and pleased his Sovereign extremely.

Racine, soon after his appointment to the place of Historiographer to Louis the Fourteenth, requested an audience—“ Sire,” said he, “ an Historian ought not to flatter; he is bound to represent his hero exactly as he is. He ought indeed to pass over nothing. In what way does your Majesty choose that I should speak of your gallantries?”—“ Pass them over,” replied the King, coolly. “ But, alas! Sire,” replied Racine, with great manliness, “ what I omit, the reader will supply.” Louis replied, “ Pass them over, I tell you.”—Racine added,

added, "As there are many incredible things,
 "Sire, in the life of your Majesty, the sincerity
 "with which I should avow the weaknesses of
 "my Hero to my reader, will persuade him
 "that I regard the truth, and this regard to
 "truth will, in his mind, be a passport for my
 "history." Louis replied, "I am not yet de-
 "cided in my opinion what you ought to do: All
 "that I can tell you at present is, to pass over my
 "intrigues."

Racine used to say of Lucan, that he was Vir-
 gil drunk, "*Virgile ivre*." There are still,
 however, much fire and spirit in his inebriety—
 particular passages are exquisite. Corneille pre-
 ferred Lucan to Virgil.

Racine wrote several notes on the margin of his
 editions of the Greek Dramatic Poets. They are
 preserved in the King's Library at Paris.

CHARPENTIER.

THE *Charpentieriana* seems to have very good
 reasons for supposing the author of that formerly
 much read book "*The Turkish Spy*," to have
 been an Italian of the name of Marana, who re-
 sided at Paris.

FATHER BOUSSIÈRES.

ONE of the most singular dedications, perhaps, in the world, is that of this learned Monk's "*Parterre Historique*" to the Virgin Mary, whom he thus addresses :

" MATRI DEI REGINÆ MUNDI,"

" To the Mother of God and the Queen of
" the World.

" After such august titles, O great Queen,
" I am almost ashamed to offer to you such a
" trifle as this book is; but I have so strong a
" desire to let mankind know that I owe you
" every thing, that I am tempted to do it,
" without paying that respect which I ought
" to do to your greatness; though indeed, to
" speak truly, I diminish not a tittle of your
" greatness, when I have recourse to your
" kindness. Permit me then, O great Queen,
" again to renew the offering which I make to
" you in consecrating to you the first-fruits of
" my studies, hoping that this work of mine
" (however inconsiderable in itself) will be in
" some degree esteemed by the world on account of your adorable name, which it bears
" inscribed

“ inscribed on the first page of it, and that the
“ Author chose expressly to procure for it safety
“ and protection.”

“ *La Parterre Historique*,” Lyon, 1672.

SEGRAIS,

The Author of the celebrated Romance of
“ Zaide,” who lived in the reign of Louis the
Thirteenth of France, and in the early part of
that of Louis the Fourteenth, says, “ I find
“ myself much more happy in France under its
“ present Government, than a Dutchman is
“ with all his pretended liberty. He pays so
“ many taxes, that supposing he had six thou-
“ sand livres a-year, he must pay two thousand
“ out of them; whilst I, by paying sometimes
“ for the register of my coat of arms, and occa-
“ sionally some other small sum for the neces-
“ sities of the State, live in peace and security.
“ A Dutchman has no idea how any man can
“ bear a Government so despotic as that of France.
“ But with us, at present, individuals are more
“ happy than they were before, when the least bit
“ of a Gentleman would play the petty tyrant upon
“ his

“ his estate. In our whole Province of Normandy
“ we had only two or three Noblemen who be-
“ haved themselves like brave and honest Gen-
“ tlemen. The rest of them, who used to tyrannize over their Farmers and beat them, are all
“ gone to the Devil. Was it not a shameful
“ and a scandalous thing, that a miserable Coun-
“ sellor of Parliament had it in his power to
“ make every-body within twelve miles afraid
“ of him!”

“ Cardinal de Retz,” says Segrais, “ told us
“ a truth something of which I knew positively
“ the contrary. To avoid mentioning that his
“ Eminence had told a lie, I observed to him,
“ that he ought to do as the late Madame de
“ Montpensier did, who used to say, that she
“ never told an untruth, but that she made use
“ of her imagination to supply the defect of her
“ memory.”

“ When I was young,” says Segrais in his
Memoirs, “ I was fond of making verses, and
“ of reading them indifferently to all sorts of
“ persons. But I perceived, that when M.
“ Scarron, who was however my intimate friend,
“ took out his portefeuille, and read me some
“ of his verses, he bored me excessively, al-
“ though his verses were very good. I then
“ began to reflect, that as my verses were not
“ near so good as his, I must in a greater degree
“ bore

" bore my friends (who most probably did not
 " like poetry as well as I did); and I then laid
 " myself down a resolution, never to read my verses
 " except to those who asked me, and even then to
 " take care that I did not give them too many of
 " them,"

Segrais, speaking of the disturbances at Paris in
 his time called La Fronde, says, " The party that
 " opposed the Court had no real reason for doing
 " so. It was to them an agreeable amusement,
 " in which there was a good deal of laughing,
 " and in which every thing was made fun of in
 " doggerel verses." Would to Heaven that the
 late Frondeurs in that Country had been as harm-
 less and as pleasant !

LULLI.

THIS great Musician was one day reproached
 with setting nothing to music but the languid
 verses of Quinault. He ran immediately to
 his harpsichord, and after having for a few mi-
 nutes run over the keys in a most violent man-
 ner, and with great violence of gesture, sang from
 Racine's

Racine's tragedy of "Iphigenie" the following terrific lines:

*Un Prêtre environné d'une foule cruelle
Portera sur ma fille, une main criminelle
Dechirera son sein, et d'un ail curieux
Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les Dieux.*

What, shall a Priest with sacred fury wild
Extend his ruthless hands upon my child!
And whilst with stupid cruelty profound
The lovely victim the vile herd surround,
Pierce her soft bosom, and with curious eye
The future in her quivering heart descry?

Lulli, thinking himself dying, sent for his Confessor, who would not give him absolution unless he burnt the last Opera he had composed, and which was in manuscript. Lulli disputed for some time, but all in vain; at last he threw it into the fire before the Priest's face, and received absolution. On his getting better, the Prince of Condé came to see him, and told him what a simpleton he had been to destroy one of his finest compositions. "Do not condemn me, Sir, unheard," replied the Musician to the Prince, "I knew very well what I was about: I have another copy." Lulli died at last of a wound which he had given himself in his foot, by beating time with too much violence with his cane. Agitated by the extreme remorse

for the free life which he had led, he ordered himself to be placed upon ashes, and a rope to be put about his neck, and with tears in his eyes expired, chanting from the "*Prosa Ecclesiastica*" of the Romish Church, "Oh wretched sinner, you must die!"

When Cardinal d'Estrées was at Rome, he praised Corelli's Sonatas very much before that exquisite Author. "Sir," replied Corelli, "if they have any merit, it is because I have studied Lulli." Handel himself has imitated Lulli in many of his Overtures,

M. ARNAULD D'ANDILLY.

THIS learned and pious head of the illustrious family that bears his name, was intended by Anne of Austria for a very considerable employment at her Court, which he refused, and retired to the celebrated seminary of learning and of piety near Paris, so well known by the name of Port Royal des Champs. As by the rules of that venerable Society every member of it was obliged to have some manual employment, Arnauld pursued that of gardening. He
sent

sent every year a present of fruits which he had cultivated himself to Anne of Austria: Cardinal Mazarin used to call them "*les fruits bénits*." He died at Port Royal at the age of eighty-four years. He is thus described by a person who knew him at the latter part of his life:

" His sparkling eyes, his firm and quick
 " step, his voice of thunder, his body upright
 " and vigorous, his gray hairs that so well con-
 " trasted with the ruddiness of his cheeks, his
 " grace in mounting and in sitting his horse,
 " his strength of memory, the readiness of his
 " wit, the force of his hand both to hold his
 " pen and to prune his trees, insure him a kind
 " of immortality amongst the Society to which
 " he belongs."

M. Arnauld translated the History of the Jews from the Greek of Josephus; the Lives of the Saints and Fathers of the Desert, compiled from the Fathers of the Church; some books upon Gardening; and some sacred Poems, which he calls "*Œuvres Chrétiennes*." These Poems were lately presented to a Lady, between whom and this virtuous Nobleman a parallel might be very fairly drawn. The following lines accompanied them:

What!

What! "*Œuvres Chrétiennes*" to B—— send?

What, teach ev'n pious excellence to mend?

No; but to shew her how in Arnauld's lines

Her faint-like life in his reflected shines. S.

"M. Arnauld D'Andilly is a man," says Balzac, "who, possessing the moral as well as the Christian virtues, was neither vain of the first, nor ashamed of the last."

It was one day observed to M. Arnauld, how wonderful it was that his brother's book, the celebrated "*Livre de la Frequent Communion*," though written by a young man who had just finished his studies, and who had not lived in the great world, should have been written with such elegance and politeness. He replied, "that there was no ground for astonishment, for that his brother merely spoke the language of his family."

M. D'Arnauld went to Versailles to return Louis XIV. his thanks for appointing his son M. de Pomponne Secretary of State. Louis very obligingly told him, "that he was well rewarded for what he had done for M. de Pomponne, by the applauses that were universally given to the choice he had made of him for that employment;" and after having paid M. Arnauld some compliments upon his virtues and his learning, he said to him with a smile, "Yet,
" Sir,

" Sir, I cannot help thinking but that you have a
" sin upon your conscience of which you have not
" repented."

" Your Majesty," replied M. Arnauld, " will,
" I hope, tell me what it is, that I may attempt
" to divest myself of it, either by correcting it
" or by doing penance for it."—" That, Sir,"
added the polite Monarch, " is to have told
" the world in your fine Preface to Josephus,
" that you translated that author at the age of
" eighty. For surely you must be a little proud
" to see yourself at that age still capable of pro-
" ducing a work so excellent and so highly
" esteemed."

M. Arnauld wrote likewise the Memoirs of his
own Life, which are excellent.

ARNAULD, BISHOP OF ANGERS.

It seems as if all who bore this illustrious
name were designed to be eminent for some
excellent quality or other; for learning, for
bravery, for virtue, or for piety. The Bishop
of Angers, as his Nephew tells us in his Memoirs,

was

was never once out of his diocese* after the care of it was committed to his charge. His delicacy about his episcopal duties was so great, that being one day at Saumur within his diocese, where Louis the Fourteenth was with his Court, and as he was walking with some other Bishops, hearing a foldier say, "What, shall we never see any thing but Bishops here?" he felt himself much mortified, as if it could possibly have regarded himself. The Bishop was so unnecessarily scrupulous, that passing a river in a boat, where one of the boatmen fell into the water through drunkenness, and was drowned, after having sent some money to the widow, he often made a pilgrimage on foot to an hermitage at some distance from his place of residence to pray for the soul of the boatman.

* This may be very commendable in a Catholic Bishop. In England, our Prelates being Peers as well as Bishops, their attendance in Parliament becomes a part of their duty.

ABBÉ ARNAULD

Was the son of M. Arnauld D'Andilly, and wrote some very entertaining Memoirs of his Life. " My mother," says he, in one part of them, " was brought up in England, whilst her father, M. de la Boderie, was Ambassador from the Court of France to James the First. She has often told me, that at one of the combats between bull-dogs and lions, in London (a fight very common at that time in England) at which the King and his Court were present, one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen was attended by a young man of fashion who was much attached to her, and to whom she shewed very kindness. The Lady, either to prove the strength of his passion, or perhaps, as the Abbé says, to get rid of him, dropped one of her gloves upon the stage, and turning to the Gentleman, affected to appear extremely concerned at her loss. He well knew what this meant, and coming down very coolly from his seat, walked upon the stage with his sword drawn, and his left arm wrapped up in his cloak. He then picked up the glove, which had exposed him to such

“ such imminent danger. By good luck the
 “ lion was too much engaged on the opposite side
 “ of the stage with the bull-dogs to take notice
 “ of him. He next retired to his seat with the
 “ same coolness with which he had quitted it,
 “ when turning to the Lady, and giving her a
 “ very gentle tap on the cheek with the glove,
 “ Here, Madam, is your glove! Indeed you do
 “ not deserve to have a man like myself attached
 “ to you. From that time he took no further
 “ notice of her: His behaviour was the admira-
 “ tion of the whole Court; her’s was the shame
 “ and the contempt.”

ANTHONY ARNAULD,

DOCTOR OF THE SORBONNE.

BOILEAU calls him

Les plus sçavant mortel que ait jamais écrit,

the most learned man that ever wrote; and, indeed,
 when one considers the number and quality of his
 writings, we shall have less scruple to admit the
 Satirist’s eulogy upon him*.

* His works consist of upwards of one hundred volumes,
 on Logic, Grammar, Metaphysics, and Controversial Divinity.

VOL IV.

Y

Madame

Madame de Guimené had written to him on the education of her only son with great maternal solicitude. After answering her letter with some detail, he adds, " Permit me to assure you, Madam, that it is merely from the suggestion of the Devil that you affect to fear, that in the attempt to render your son a man of piety, his mind may become confined and prejudiced, and that being well with God he may be ill with the world. On the contrary, I can assure you, that if he is placed under the direction of proper masters, his understanding and his courage will be considerably enlarged by his piety, because there is nothing in the world so truly grand as the Christian philosophy, nor any person so noble-minded as a true Christian*. Particular care will be taken to render him polished, civil, and well-bred, at the same time that he is taught the proper use of all these qualities, and to employ them rather for the service of God than for the vanity of the world †."

* " A Christian is the noblest style of man."

DR. YOUNG.

† " Every virtue enjoined by Christianity as a virtue, is recommended by politeness as an accomplishment. Gentleness, humility, deference, affability, and a readiness to assist and serve on all occasions, are as necessary in the composition of a true Christian, as in that of a well-bred man. Patience,

MARSHAL DE NAVAILLES.

At the battle of Senef the Prince of Condé sent word to M. de Navailles to be ready to engage the enemy. The messenger found him hearing mass: at which the Prince, being enraged, muttered something in abuse of over-pious persons. But M. de Navailles, having performed wonders during the engagement, said after it to the Prince, "Your Highness, I fancy, sees now that those who pray to God behave as well in a battle as their neighbours."

ST. EVREMOND

Was Captain of the Guards to the great Prince of Condé. That Prince had the malignant humour of amusing himself with the foibles of persons of his acquaintance. St. Evremond

"sion, moroseness, peevishness, and supercilious self-sufficiency, are equally repugnant to the characters of both, who differ in this only,—that the true Christian really is what the well-bred man pretends to be, and would still be better bred if he was."—Mr. Soame Jenyns's Works, vol. iv. p. 198.

wrote a Comedy, in which there was a character so much like that of the Prince, that he saw his own foible depicted in it, and was so much displeased with the author, that he took his regiment from him. A model of perfect narration is to be found in the History of La Bussiere in the St. Evremoniana.

CARDINAL D'ESTE.

“ IN the dispute between this magnificent
 “ Prince of the Roman Church and the Amirante
 “ of Castile, Viceroy of Naples, on the latter’s re-
 “ fusing to pay a certain mark of respect to the
 “ Cardinal in the streets of Rome; the Italians said
 “ of the bravery which the French that were at
 “ Rome exhibited in a skirmish between them and
 “ the Spaniards upon this trifling occasion, Do we
 “ not see that the French go to death as if they
 “ were certain of rising again the next day?”

Memoires D'ARNAULD.

DOM' NOEL D'ARGONNE.

THIS Carthusian Monk, of Gallion in Normandy, seems the only one of his venerable fraternity who has ever written upon subjects of Belles Lettres. The first two volumes of that learned and agreeable Miscellany "*Les Melanges de la Literature*," which go under the name of Vigneuil de Merville, were compiled by him. The third volume was put together by the Abbé Banier, perhaps from the papers of the elegant Carthusian, who appears to have lived very much in the world. He occasionally speaks of his travels to Rome; and his observations seem replete with that knowledge and discrimination of character which a secluded life can never afford.

"The Painters," says he, in the second volume of his *Melanges*, "who are enraptured with their art, take every opportunity of sketching any fine heads they happen to meet with, particularly when they have something extraordinary about them. An humble imitator of those Artists, I make pictures of those persons in whom I perceive any thing remarkable. Mr. M. N. is now under my pencil. He is a man of quality, sensible, handsome, and genteel. He is extremely pleasant in society, but
" knows

“ knows not what it is to love, or to have a real
“ regard for any one. He is of opinion, that
“ the heart is given us merely to purify the blood,
“ to set it in motion, and to render it perfect, and
“ not to receive any impressions of tenderness or
“ of attachment to mankind. He looks upon
“ this principal part of ourselves as a simple
“ machine, and nearly as the principal pump of
“ Paris, which serves merely to raise the water
“ of the Seine, and to distribute it through the
“ city. Mr. M. N. pays visits, and is visited
“ in his turn: he is polite to every one. Every
“ person who meets him is always glad to see
“ him, and when he quits him, it is always with
“ some degree of regret. His understanding
“ turns itself as he pleases, and he accommodates
“ himself to the talents, and the turn of mind,
“ and the capacity of every one who comes near
“ him. He is a Divine with Divines, a Philo-
“ sopher with Philosophers, a Politician with
“ Politicians, a man of frolick with those who
“ have that turn of mind. In short, prepared
“ for any thing, he is the man of every person,
“ and still the man of no one. He forgets you
“ as soon as your back is turned, and never
“ thinks but of pleasing those who are imme-
“ diately before him. He passes imperceptibly
“ from one scene to another, and from one cha-
“ racter to another. He is always himself, and
“ yet

“ yet he is never himself. He takes time as it comes. The day of yesterday remains not in his memory, and he never by care and by foresight anticipates that of to-morrow.”

Dom' Noel wrote upon “ Education,” or, the “ History of M. de Moncade,” accompanied with some Maxims and Reflections. Rousseau appears to have read this work, and to have made some use of it in his “ *Emile*.” Dom' Noel's Treatise “ *Sur la Lecture des Peres de l'Eglise*,” or on the manner in which the Fathers should be read, was a book much esteemed in the Catholic Church of France.

SORBIERE

Translated Hobbes's famous political Work “ Leviathan ” into French. In his Preface he draws a parallel between his Author and Machiavel. “ The reasonings of Machiavel,” says he, “ proceed from a cruel and a savage mind; those of Hobbes flow from a disposition good, tender, and benevolent. Yet after all,” adds he, “ who will become a skilful politician by reading Hobbes? All that he says, to speak after the Italians, is merely an impossible
“ chimera,

" chimera, a wild invention, a chaos of confu-
 " sion. Business and not declamation, and still
 " less the empty imaginations of a learned man
 " in his study, make politicians. *Più vale, says*
 " *Boccalini, un' oncia da fatto che mille di ragione.*
 " *Lasciamo discorsi, poniamo il negozio in pratica.*"

BAYLE.

THIS learned and acute writer was no Mathe-
 matician. According to Le Clerc, he said, that
 he never could be brought to understand the de-
 monstration of the first proposition of Euclid*.
 The same defect of mind seems to have followed
 him in every thing which he did. He doubts and
 does not prove any thing, and deserves well what
 was once said of him, that he was the Attorney-
 General of the Philosophers, that he merely stated
 their different arguments, but gave no opinion on
 them.

He

* Dr. Free used to say, that the proper definition of a man was, a being who could prove the three angles of a triangle to be equal to two right ones.

Quintilian says of Geometry, "*Cum Geometria divisa sit in*
 "*numeros & formas numerorum quidem. Notitia non oratori*
 "*modo sed cuicunque primis saltem literis erudito necessaria est.*"

He said once to Father Tournemine, " I am
 " only ' cloud-compelling Jove.' My talent con-
 " sists in forming doubts; but to myself they are
 " only doubts." It is unfortunate for the gene-
 rality of his readers that they are really doubts to
 them; they do not see so clear as himself, who

Sub pedibus vidit nubes et fidera.

Bayle died, as he lived, in obscurity, and with
 great tranquillity of mind. His will was disputed
 in France (from which country he had fled to
 avoid persecution), and the Parliament of Thou-
 louse determined it to be valid; giving as a reason,
 that a man who had enlightened mankind as Bayle
 had done, should be considered as belonging to
 no particular country, but as a Citizen of the
 Universe*.

* In the *ancien regime* of France, the state of a man of let-
 ters was more considered than in any other country. The
 Parliament of Paris decreed, in the case of the profits arising
 from *Catiline*, a Tragedy of Crebillon, that in no case what-
 ever the manuscripts of an author were seizable, nor the pro-
 fits accruing to him from any of his literary performances
 liable to be taken in execution for any debts that he might
 have contracted,

JEAN D'ALBA.

THIS servant of the Jesuits College at Paris, called that of Clermont, having stolen some pewter plates belonging to that Society, was taken up for the robbery, and examined by the Parliament of Paris. He said in his defence, that he most assuredly had taken the plates from the College, but that he had not *stolen* them, having acted merely in conformity to a maxim of a Father of their Order, Father Bauny, and who, in his "Cases of Conscience," article "Servants," says, "That servants who are not contented with their wages, may augment them by getting into their hands as much property belonging to their masters, as they in their consciences think adequate to proportion their wages to their services; and that it is even permitted them to act in this manner, if they are so distressed in their circumstances, when they offer themselves to a master, that they are obliged to accept of the wages offered to them by him, whilst other servants, not more capable than themselves, gain greater wages *."

The

* This account is taken from the Provincial Letters of Pascal; a work in which this great and good man shews himself

The Parliament of Paris very wisely and very justly paid no regard to this wretched sophistry, and condemned Jean d'Alba to be whipped before the door of the College of Clermont by the common hangman, who was at the same time to burn the book in which this detestable and pernicious maxim was contained.

The Jesuits were at this time in great favour at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. The matter was hushed up, and Jean d'Alba was no more heard of.

It has been observed, that the teachers of mischievous and destructive doctrines appear in general to expect that their fatal consequences will never reach themselves. The "poisoned chalice, however, sometimes returns to their own lips."

Those who inflame the people to tumult and to sedition, are often the first to perish in the conflagration which they have occasioned; and the propagators of immoral and irreligious opinions have many times, in their own families and connections, suffered from their too successful efforts

himself as much superior to ordinary mortals, as in some parts of his "*Pensées*" he shews himself inferior to them. A selection from the "*Pensées*," made with care, and translated into English, would prove a valuable acquisition to the literature of this country.

efforts to shake off the salutary restraints imposed upon mankind*.

ABBÉ DE RANCÉ,

The Reformer of the Convent of La Trappe in Normandy, had in early life been a man of elegance and of pleasure. At the age of fourteen, he published an edition of Anacreon; and at a very early age was appointed coadjutor to his uncle the Archbishop of Tours. Having narrowly escaped being shot by the bursting of a gun on his shoulder, he became a penitent, bade adieu to the world and its votaries, gave up his pretensions to succeed his uncle, and retired to the Convent of La Trappe: there he planned that very strict reform in its discipline, to which it has rigidly adhered for above a century, and which has rendered it so deservedly famous throughout

* A servant of a Gentleman but too apt to blazon his infidel opinions robbed his master, who reproached him very severely with the crime which he had committed. The servant replied, that as his master had in his conversations taken away the superior consideration of a life to come to restrain his conduct, he ought not to be surprized if his frequent auditor risked the inferior consideration of punishment in this life.

out Europe. It was said of him, as of an ancient Philosopher,

“ *Esariri docet, et invenit discipulos.* ”

Some of his regulations are as follow :

“ A perpetual silence is to be observed in the
“ Cloysters. If a stranger has occasion for any
“ thing in the Convent, he must address himself to
“ the Porter, or to him that receives the strangers;
“ because the Monks, being obliged to keep a most
“ strict silence, never give any answer to those
“ who speak to them.

“ For the diet of the Monks, vegetables,
“ roots, herbs, bread, and milk, alone shall be
“ served up in the Refectory. They shall
“ never be permitted to taste there either fish or
“ eggs.

“ The first Monks of the Order (that of St.
“ Benedict) ever looked upon working with
“ their hands as one of their principal obliga-
“ tions. The Monks shall proceed to the
“ different labours that are assigned to them in
“ a manner that has nothing light, nor hasty,
“ nor indolent in it. They shall not permit
“ their senses to be interested in the most indis-
“ ferent objects, nor shall they use any violent
“ exertion even in the very works about which
“ they are employed; considering that manual
“ labour

“ labour is the first punishment annexed to sin,
 “ and an exercise extremely well suited to the state
 “ of the poor and of the penitent, and that it is a
 “ very powerful means to sanctify them in their
 “ profession.

“ They shall never mention any story re-
 “ lating to common life, under pretence of
 “ drawing instruction from it; and they shall
 “ banish from their conversation any news from
 “ the public papers, as well as those of the times,
 “ and of the world, and of the Court, and of the
 “ College: those having a tendency to indispose
 “ the minds of the Monks to their present situa-
 “ tion, and lead them into dissipation, and into the
 “ remembrance of things that they ought to have
 “ forgotten.”

The Monks, except at bed-time, are generally together. The Reformer, like that acute observer of human life, Dr. Johnson, knew but too well how much more dangerous solitary vices are than social ones; and that many persons are restrained from vice by the eyes of their fellow-creatures, who would not pay the same respect to the vigilant eye of Omnipotence and Omniscience itself.

The remains of this venerable Community are, by the pious kindness of Mr. WELD, of LULWORTH CASTLE, settled in his extensive and beautiful domain, where every thing is furnished to them for

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which

which their abstinence and self-denial can possibly have occasion.

During the late prophanation of all things human and divine in France, these illustrious Ascetics made a vow, that if they ever found a permanent asylum in Europe, they would drink nothing but water in future. To this they have conformed with the same scrupulosity that has ever distinguished the Monks of La Trappe.

Their Convent in Normandy is, as if in derision of its ancient designation, converted by the present ruling powers of France into a foundry for cannon; in which the former solitude and silence that prevailed there, the whispered prayers of the afflicted, and the suppressed sighs of the penitent, are ill exchanged for the horrid din of those

———mortal engines, whose rude throats

Th' immortal Jove's dread thunders counterfeit.

FRANCOIS CASSANDRE,

Who translated Aristotle's "Poetics" into French with great fidelity, was a man of very violent temper and of very imprudent conduct, and lived in great want. He is thus described by Boileau:

"Je suis rustique & fier, & j'ai l'ame grossiere."

His discontented turn of mind followed him to the grave; for as he was dying, extended on a miserable pallet bed, his Confessor exhorted him to return his thanks to the Deity for all the blessings he had received from him. "Yes, to be sure," exclaimed Cassandre; "he has suffered me to play a very pitiful part here indeed. You know how he has permitted me to live, and you now see how he lets me die."

From the present imperfection of things, every state of life is obnoxious to discontent and complaint. They however should indulge them with great caution whose misery is procured by folly and by vice, and who have no reason to expect the interference of Omnipotence in those distresses of which themselves are the authors.

GUI PATIN.

THIS learned physician was a great hater of the English nation on two accounts: the first, for having put their King, Charles the First, to death; the second, for giving antimony in fevers. In one of his letters to M. Spon, of Lyons, he says,

" Paris, 6 Mars, 1654.

" Notre accord est fait avec Cromwell. Nous reconnoissons la nouvelle Republic d'Angleterre, et nous aurons pour cet effet un Embassadeur à Londres. Celui qui y est, fera contínué; c'est M. Bordaue, Maître des Requêtes. J'ai ouï dire quatre vers Latins à un honnête homme, qui l'on dit avoir été envoyez d'Angleterre. Les voici:

" *Cromwello surgente, jacet domus alta Stuarti*

" *Et domus Auriaci Martia fracta jacet.*

" *Quod jacet haud miror, miror quod Gallus Iberque*

" *Et Danus, et regum quicquid ubique jacet.*

" At Cromwell's rising sun, in glory bright,

" Nassau and Stuart's stars set deep in night.

" This is no wonder—but I much admire

" That Europe's Sovereigns do not all conspire

" To crush th' Usurper's ill-acquired state,

" And injur'd Royalty to vindicate."

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Patin's

Patin's Sovereign Louis XIV. having recovered from a fever after having taken antimony, he mentions with raptures the Latin lines that were made upon the occasion:

*Vivis ab epoto, cur Rex Lodovice veneno
Quid mirum? sibi plus valere preces.
Id celi, non artis opus, sine lege medentum
Nec datus ante Deo, sic potes inde mori.
Civibus illa quidem fuerit medicina feralis,
Nil laudunt unclos viva venena Deos.*

Great Louis, after poison you survive!
No wonder, for our prayers have made you live!
More powerful than the metal's pointed sting,
Up to the throne of grace their way they wing.
This is the work of Heav'n and not of art,
Sacred to God, his care thou ever art!
The drug, thy subjects sure and deadly bane,
The Lord's anointed's life affails in vain.

PAVILLON.

THIS Frenchman was assuredly no great Poet. He was fond of books, yet could not afford to buy them. He therefore made use of this expedient: He addressed a sonnet to every author of
note

note who published at Paris. This procured him a copy of the book *ex dono auctoris*.

Public Libraries should contain (if it were possible) every book that has been printed upon every subject. Their funds are in general not very large. This defect was very well supplied under the *ancien regime* of France. Every author who had acquired permission to print his book at Paris, forfeited that permission unless he printed it on good paper and excellent type, and deposited a copy in the Royal Library at Paris. By these means the King's Library was supplied with every new book at no expence. This regulation might, in some degree, take place in this kingdom. By an Act of the Legislature, every author might be obliged to send a copy of his book to the Library of the British Museum in London, and to the Public Libraries of the two Universities of England. This would occasion little or no defalcation of the profits of the work to the author, and would eminently promote the diffusion of learning and of knowledge.

PRINCE EUGENE.

THIS great General was a man of letters: he was intended for the Church, and was known at the Court of France by the name of the Abbé de la Savoie. Having made too free in a letter with some of Louis the Fourteenth's gallantries, he fled out of France, and served as a volunteer in the Emperor's service in Hungary against the Turks, where he soon distinguished himself by his talents for the military art. He was presented by the Emperor with a regiment, and a few years afterwards made Commander in Chief of his armies. Louvois, the insolent War Minister of the insolent Louis XIV. had written to him to tell him that he must never think of returning to his country: his reply was, "*Eugene entrera un jour en France en dépit de Louvois et de Louis.*" In all his military expeditions he carried with him *Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione*. He seemed to be of the opinion of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, "that a good Christian always "made a good soldier."* Being constantly busy, he held the passion of love very cheap, as a mere amusement, that served only to enlarge the power of women, and abridge that of men. He used to
say,

say, "*Les amoureux sont dans la société ce que les fanatiques sont en religion.*"

The Prince was observed to be one day very pensive, and on being asked by his favourite Aide-Camp on what he was meditating so deeply, "My good friend," replied he, "I am thinking, if Alexander the Great had been obliged to wait for the approbation of the Deputies of Holland before he attacked the enemy, how impossible it would have been for him to have made half the conquests that he did."

This great General lived to a good old age, and being *tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, "as much a Scholar as a Soldier," amused himself with making a fine collection of books, pictures, and prints, which are now in the Emperor's collection at Vienna. The celebrated Cardinal Passionei, then Nuncio at Vienna, preached his funeral sermon, from this grand and well-appropriated text of Scripture:

"Alexander, son of Philip the Macedonian, made many wars, took many strong holds, went through the ends of the earth, took spoils of many nations: the earth was quiet before him. After these things he fell sick, and perceived that he should die."—*Maccabees*.

MARSHAL TURENNE.

OTHO VENIUS, Rubens' master, published a book on the resemblance of the countenances of men to those of animals. Turenne's was ever likened to that of a Lion; the bravery, the magnanimity, and the humanity of which animal he possessed in an eminent degree. The ETCHING of TURENNE prefixed to this Article, is taken from a Drawing of Mr. Richardson, after a Terra Cotta made by the celebrated Puget.

Who will exculpate Turenne from the ravages and horrors which the troops under his command committed in the Palatinate? His admirer and pupil, M. de St. Hilaire, says, "The violence of
 " the soldiers at no time whatever knew less
 " bounds *. They set fire to every thing, and
 " pretended to authorize their violences by those
 " which had been practised upon their comrades
 " in the same country by the peasants, who came
 " down from the hills upon them, to which they
 " afterwards betook themselves, after they had
 " cut their throats. But," adds St. Hilaire, "as
 " if to refine upon the cruelty of our soldiers,
 " they cut off the hands of those poor wretches
 " whom

* "*La fureur des soldats ne connût jamais moins des bornes.*"

Memoires de St. HILAIRE.



TURENNE.

Richardson del.

Fiesinger inc.

Published Feb: 1st 1796, by Cadell and Davies, Strand.

“whom they met with, and killed them afterwards.”

The Elector Palatine was so indignant at the cruelties committed in his country by our soldiers, that his first emotion was to make it a private matter between himself and the General, and to send to him a trumpet, with a cartel of defiance.

In his letter he reproached him with his change of religion, and with the asylum which his (the Elector's) father had given in his Electorate to the Duke of Bouillon, Turenne's father. He taxed him with ingratitude in having destroyed and burnt that very country. It finished by desiring satisfaction of him in single combat, either on foot or on horseback, as he pleased.

Turenne made no reply to the first two articles. With respect to the third, he took great pains to persuade the Elector, that his own subjects were the aggressors, and that they provoked these excesses by the unheard-of cruelties they had exercised against the French army; and that he could not be surprised that such conduct had excited his soldiers to that degree of fury, of which himself was the first to lament the excess. That with respect to the single combat to which he defied him, he was not at liberty to accept of it, as he was not in a situation to dispose of his own person as he pleased; but that he should present himself

himself at the head of the army which he commanded, against any that his Electoral Highness should think fit to oppose to him.

Turenne never forgave himself for disclosing a secret of state to the beautiful Madame Coetquen. He used to say ever afterwards with some spleen, "that it was never worth while for a man of honour to lose any of his time with a pretty woman." Many years after his disclosing the secret with which Louis the Fourteenth had entrusted him, he said, "We will talk of this matter by and by, if you please, but let us first put out the candles."

The following account of the death of this great General is taken from the Memoirs of M. de St. Hilaire, a Brigadier-General in the service of Louis XIV. and who served under Marshal Turenne in Germany.

"M. de Boze had twice sent to Marshal Turenne to desire him to come to a particular post. Turenne replied to his second message, as if he had foreseen what was to happen, that he was determined to stay where he was, unless something very extraordinary should take place. Le Boze sent a third time by Count Hamilton, to represent to him the absolute necessity there was that he should come in person to give his orders. Turenne directly mounted his horse, and in a gentle gallop reached a small valley, through

" through which they took him, that he might
 " be out of the reach of two small cannons that
 " were continually firing. In his way, he per-
 " ceived my father upon a height, to whom, as
 " he had the honour of his confidence, he made
 " up. The Marshal, when he had joined him,
 " stopped short, and asked where was that co-
 " lumn of the enemy's troops, for which they
 " had made him come thither. My father was
 " shewing it to him, when unfortunately both
 " these small cannons fired. The ball of one of
 " them passing over the croupier of my father's
 " horse, shot off his left arm, took off part of the
 " neck of my father's horse, and struck M. de
 " Turenne in his right side, who rode on a few
 " paces, and then fell dead from his horse.

" Thus died that great man, who never had
 " his equal, and I am confident that all the par-
 " ticulars relating to his death are strictly true:
 " All those who have written about it had not
 " the opportunity of being acquainted with all
 " the circumstances which I had. So shocking a
 " fight affected me with such violent grief, that
 " even at this day I find it more easy to renew
 " my sensations than to describe them. I knew
 " not to which to fly first, whether to my Gene-
 " ral or my Father. Nature, however, decided
 " me. I threw myself on the neck of my father:
 " on whom as I was anxiously looking after those
 " remains

“ remains of life which I nearly despaired to find,
“ he said these words to me, words which the
“ whole French Nation thought so noble, that it
“ compared the heart which had dictated them,
“ to any heart that had ever animated the breasts
“ of the old and of the true Romans, and I think
“ they will not soon be forgotten: ‘ Alas! my
“ son!’ exclaimed he, ‘ it is not for me that you
“ should weep, it is for the death of that great
“ man,’ pointing to the dead body of M. de Tu-
“ renne. ‘ In all probability you are about to
“ lose a father, but your Country and yourself
“ will never again find a General like to him
“ whom you have just lost.’ Having said these
“ words, the tears fell from his eyes: he then
“ added, ‘ Alas! poor army! what will become
“ of you?’ Then recovering himself, he said to
“ me, ‘ Go, my dear, leave me, God will dispose
“ of me as he pleases. Mount your horse again,
“ I insist on your doing so. Go, do your duty,
“ and I desire to live only long enough to be as-
“ sured that you have done it well.’

“ My father resisted all the entreaties I made
“ to him to permit me to stay with him till a sur-
“ geon came, and he could be taken off the
“ ground. I was under the necessity of obeying
“ him, and of leaving him in the arms of my
“ brother. I galloped away to our batteries, to
“ make

“ make them fire, in hope of avenging the loss
“ which my Country and myself had sustained.

“ Some Officers of the army whom I saw afterwards, assured me, that the person who had
“ fired that cannon so fatal to our army, had been
“ killed the same day by one of our field-pieces.
“ We indeed, soon after the death of M. de Turenne, heard a great cry on the height where
“ was the left wing of the enemy, and we saw an
“ Officer fall, apparently struck by one of our
“ field-pieces. He was immediately surrounded
“ by a number of persons who took him up; but
“ he was not hurt, the head of his horse only was
“ taken off. We were informed that it was M.
“ de Montecuculi himself (the General of the army of the enemy) who had escaped such imminent danger,

“ It is impossible to imagine the alarm and the
“ consternation with which an army is affected,
“ who loses in the very sight of the enemy a General on whom it has the most reliance, and
“ whom it has as much reason to love as to respect. The first emotion which every soldier
“ in our army felt on hearing of the death of M.
“ de Turenne, was an impetuous desire to avenge
“ it by immediately attacking the enemy. Whatever danger there might be in doing this, it
“ ceased to be dreaded: whatever difficulties
“ might

" might arise, they were immediately surmounted.
" In the midst of all this ardour, which animated
" every heart, terror and indignation were still
" impressed upon every countenance; and that
" grief which weighed down the soul, unnerved
" every arm, and rendered the body motionless.
" I could not pass near six or seven soldiers or
" officers together without seeing that they were
" shedding tears. The two Lieutenant-Generals,
" not agreeing well together, were in a state of
" uncertainty and perplexity. One of them
" wished to give the enemy battle; the other,
" more prudent, kept him back; and it was not
" till after a very violent dispute, that they agreed
" to attempt nothing that day at least. The ene-
" my were informed of the death of M. de Tu-
" renne by one of our dragoons, who deserted to
" them on purpose to acquaint them with it. It
" is well known that M. de Montecuculi could
" not conceal the joy he felt at being delivered
" from so formidable an enemy; and that he
" could not help giving on the spot too public
" and too visible signs of that joy, at which he
" afterwards was obliged to blush, when he wrote
" to his Sovereign the Emperor on the death of
" this great Commander: for, after having con-
" gratulated him on that event, he added, that he
" was still obliged to regret a man like M. de
" Turenne,

“Turenne, who had done so much honour to
“human nature*.”

Mémoires de St. HILAIRE, 1766.

No greater testimony was ever given of the military merit of Turenne than that afforded by the great Condé himself. Previous to some battle in which he was about to be engaged, a difficulty occurred not easily settled even by his great powers of resource and of combination. “What
“now,” said he to his favourite Aid-du-Camp, who was waiting for orders, “what now would I
“give for a quarter of an hour’s conversation with
“the Ghost of Turenne!”

Louis the Fourteenth, on hearing of Turenne’s death, said, “We have lost every thing. M. de
“Turenne is dead!” He soon afterwards promoted many General Officers to the rank of Marshals of France. Madame de Cornuel, the famous *disfense de bons mots* of her time, said, “*Que
“o’était la monnaie de M. Turenne—*“That they
“were change for M. de Turenne.”

When Louis made him Commander in Chief of his camps and armies, he said, “I wish that
“you had permitted me to have done something
“more

* “*Etant serviteur de l’Empereur, je ne peux m’empêcher de
“me en rejouir; mais je regrette, & je ne saurois assez regretter,
“un homme au dessus l’homme, & qui faisoit l’honneur à l’hu-
“manité.*”

“ more for you;” giving him to understand, that if he had not remained a Protestant, he would have given him the sword of Constable of France.

“ Conviction alone,” says Brotier, “ effected the change of religion in M. de Turenne. His frequent conversations upon the controverted points of religion with his nephew, the Cardinal de Bouillon, whom he loved very much, and who had great influence over his mind, staggered and satisfied him. His conversion was finished by reading the works of Bossuet, and by personal discussions with him. He spent three years in considering the subject; and when in 1668 he had taken his final resolution, and had told his Sovereign of it, the King said to him, I look upon your conversion, Sir, as one of the most honourable things that can happen to the Church, and as one of the most useful to my kingdom.”

By a letter in MS. in the Hôtel de Bouillon at Paris, it appears that the Pope offered Turenne a Cardinal's Hat on this occasion, which he refused.

It is said, that this great General was originally intended by his parents for the church, in spite of his very early disposition to a military life. The reason that was assigned for thus thwarting his natural genius, was the supposed feebleness of his constitution. Turenne, to shew them

them how completely they were mistaken in that respect, at the age of fourteen stole away one night from his tutor, and was found the next morning asleep upon a cannon, on the ramparts of Sedan, the seat of the Court of his father the Duke of Bouillon. He was then permitted to follow his inclination, and served as a volunteer under his uncle the Prince of Orange, with great distinction; and by the usual gradations rose to the honour of being a Marshal of France, and a Commander of the Armies of that Nation. To the greatest prudence and courage, Turenne added the most perfect integrity and simplicity of character; so that Madame de Sevigné, in one of her letters, does not hyperbolically describe him as one of those men who are to be met with only in Plutarch's Lives.

Turenne was easily distinguished from the rest of his army by a pyped horse, of which he was very fond, and on which he constantly rode. One of the Officers in the army of the enemy, knowing this, procured a Swiss Officer in their service, a celebrated Engineer, to level a cannon particularly at Turenne.

Turenne's soldiers, on seeing their General dead, surrounded his body, which they covered with a cloak, and watched over it the whole night. It was afterwards carried in great pomp to the Royal Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, and interred

interred with those of the Kings of France. In the late general wreck and ravage in that country, of every thing that has hitherto been deemed distinguished and sacred among mankind, it was torn from its peaceful and honourable sepulture, and was found entire and perfect.

MONTECUCULI.

THIS celebrated Commander used to say, that a great number of Generals is as pernicious to an army, as a great number of Physicians is to a sick man. He entertained no very high opinion of the efforts of allied armies in general. "They come together," said he, "without properly understanding what each other means; they have different interests to pursue, which they will not sufficiently explain to each other; their language is different, their manners not the same, and their discipline dissimilar. Defensive war," adds he, in his Commentaries, "requires more knowledge and precaution than offensive war. The least failure is mortal, and the want of success is exaggerated by fear, which acts always as a microscope to calamities."

Montecuculi

Montecuculi was called by some of his rash and unexperienced officers, the Temporizer; for, knowing but too well the uncertainty and the misery of war, he was never in a hurry to risk a battle, unless he was well assured of its success. He however told those who were dissatisfied with his conduct, "I glory in a name which was that given to the Roman General who saved his country,

"Qui cunctando restituet rem."

Montecuculi wrote "Commentaries on the Art of War," in Italian. They have been translated into French.

DUC DE MONTAUSIER.

THIS excellent Nobleman was the original of the celebrated Misanthrope of Moliere. He was a man of learning, of honour, and of virtue. His disposition was a little caustic and severe, which made Madame de Choisy compare him to a bundle of nettles, which, in whatever way it is turned, always stings.

Montausier was the only one of the Courtiers of Louis the Fourteenth, who had the honesty

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and the spirit to remonstrate with him on the subject of his ruinous and oppressive wars. Louis, on these occasions, used merely to say to those about him, "I cannot be displeased at any thing the Duc de Montausier says to me, for I know he always wishes me well."

Louis, however, still persisted in his fatal system; yet such attractions does integrity possess, even for the mind of a despotic and a flattered Sovereign, that Louis entrusted the care of the education of his only son (*le Grand Dauphin*, as he was called) to M. de Montausier, and appointed him his Governor. The Duke discharged the high trust confided to him with equal ability and honesty; and in this situation his memory will ever be held dear by scholars, as he procured the celebrated Delphin Editions of the Latin Classics to be made for the use of his Royal Pupil; in which design he was ably seconded by the learned Huet, who was one of the Preceptors to the Dauphin.

Montausier very often gave practical lessons of virtue to his pupil. He took him one day into the miserable cottage of a peasant near the superb palace of Versailles. "See, Sir," said he, "it is under this straw roof, and in this wretched hovel, that a father, a mother, and their children exist, who are incessantly labouring to procure that gold with which your palace is decorated,

"decorated, and who are nearly perishing with
"hunger to supply your table with dainties."

On the day in which M. de Montausier resigned his situation of Governor to the Dauphin, on his coming of age, he said to him, "If your
"Royal Highness is a man of honour, you will
"esteem me: if you are not, you will hate me;
"and I shall but too well know the reason of your
"dislike."

Louis the Fourteenth told M. de Montausier one day, that he had at last given up to public justice a man of rank who had killed nineteen persons. "Sire," replied he, "he only killed
"one person, your Majesty killed the other eighteen. My ancestors, Sire," added he, "were always faithful servants to their Sovereigns your
"predecessors, but they never were their flatterers. Your Majesty sees, therefore, that the
"honest liberty of sentiment which I possess is a
"right inherent in my family, a kind of entailed
"estate, and that truth descends from father to
"son, as a part of my inheritance."

Montausier was Governor of the extensive Province of Normandy, and was setting out for the capital of it, when he was informed that the plague had begun to make its appearance in it. His family endeavouring to prevail upon him to desist from his intention, as his health might be endangered by his residence in an infected city,

he nobly replied, "I have always been firmly
"convinced in my mind, that Governors of Pro-
"vinces, like Bishops, are obliged to residence.
"If, however, the obligation is not quite so strict
"on all occasions, it is at least equal in all times
"of public calamity."

Montausier represented one day to his Sovereign Louis the Fourteenth, the poverty of the learned Madame Dacier, and requested a pension for her. Louis told him that she was a Protestant, and that on that account he did not like to distinguish her. "Well then, Sire," replied the Duke, "I will myself give her three hundred louis d'ors in your Majesty's name, and when
"you think fit you shall return me the money."

Louis, who was not fond of books, asked Montausier why he was always reading, and what good it did him. "Sire," replied he, "books have
"the same effect upon my mind, that the par-
"tridges your Majesty is so good as occasionally
"to send me, have upon my body, they support
"and nourish it."

"M. de Montausier," says his Biographer,
"died in 1691, at the age of fourscore, regretted
"by his virtuous countrymen, to whom he was
"the model; and by the men of letters, of whom
"he was the protector."

CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC.

THIS celebrated scholar and negotiator is thus described by Madame de Sevigné :—" Cardinal de Polignac is a man of the most agreeable understanding that I have ever known. He knows every thing, he talks upon every thing ; and he has all the softness, all the vivacity, and all the politeness, that one can wish to find in the conversation of any man."

Louis the Fourteenth said of M. de Polignac when he was very young, " I have just been talking with a man, and a very young one too, who has never once been of the same opinion with myself, yet he has never once offended me by his difference of opinion."

" I do not know how it is," said Pope Alexander the Eighth to Polignac, " you always appear to be of my way of thinking, and yet your opinion at last gets the better."

At the Conferences of Gertuydenberg, so mortifying to the pride of Louis the Fourteenth, Buys, the head of the Dutch Deputation, interrupted the reading of the preliminaries that were to be settled between his nation and that of France, by saying in barbarous Latin (alluding to the towns taken by Louis in Flanders), "*Nō dimittetur pec-*
" *catum*

"catum nisi tolletur ablatum." Polignac with great indignation replied, "Gentlemen, you talk too much like persons who have not been accustomed to be victorious." However, at the negotiations previous to the Treaty of Utrecht, when the Dutch, at the instance of their Allies, were obliged to consent to a peace, Polignac took ample revenge on them, and told them, "Gentlemen, we shall not stir from this place; we shall negotiate in the very heart of your Provinces: we shall negotiate respecting you; and we shall negotiate without you." The success of this negotiation procured Polignac a Cardinal's hat. Soon afterwards, being concerned in some intrigues against the Regent Duke of Orleans, he was banished to one of his Abbeyes, where, verifying the sentiment of Aristotle, "that a good education enables a man well to employ his leisure," he composed his celebrated Latin Poem against the system of Epicurus, called "Anti-Lucretius." The natural philosophy it contains is that of Descartes, which was at that time in vogue in France, that of Newton not being then sufficiently known in that kingdom *.

Cardinal de Polignac remained at Rome many years, Ambassador from the King of France to the

* Benedict Stay, a German, has since put the system of Sir Isaac Newton into Latin verse.

the Pope. While he was in that city, the capital of the fine arts, he had a project for turning the course of the Tiber for a short time, and to dig in the bed of that river for the remains of antiquity which he supposed had been thrown into it. "In all the civil wars of the Roman Republic," said he, "the party that prevailed threw into the Tiber the statues of the opposite party. They must still remain there," added he: "I have never heard that any of them have been taken out, and they are too heavy materials to have been carried away by the stream of the river." Polignac used to complain, that he was not rich enough to put his project in execution, even if the Pope, by whom he was much beloved, would have given him all the necessary powers.

The Cardinal was no less a man of dignity of mind than of wit; he was the protector of the English at Rome; and when one day, at his table, an English Gentleman was very witty at the expence of the House of Stuart, the Cardinal put an end to his improper and ill-timed conversation by telling him, "Sir, I have orders to protect your person, but not your discourse."

The Cardinal used to say, that as he passed through Rotterdam in his way to Poland, he paid a visit to the celebrated Bayle, and on asking him of what religion he then was (Bayle having changed his

his religion three times before he was five-and-twenty), that ingenious and celebrated writer told him, that he was a Protestant. "You know," Sir added he, "that I protest against every thing that is said, and every thing that is done."

ANTONIO PRIOLO,

A NOBLE Venetian, followed the fortunes of the great Duke of Rohan, and became afterwards Secretary to the Duke of Longueville at the Treaty of Munster. He wrote a little volume, "*de Rebus Gallicis*," relating to what passed in France in his own Times, in which he represents himself as a man persecuted by fortune, and writing that history to drive away the melancholy that hung over him, without any reference to the honour that was to be acquired by such an undertaking. "*Non fama sed requies mihi quæsitæ, sal-
lendis innumeris tædiis, ipse me damnavi in banc
arenam.*" He thus describes the French Wits of his time: "They haunt great men's tables, frequent their own academies, and trick and trim their native tongue without end. They run about this way and that way to make visits,

"but do not delight in secret solitude, the only
"ferment of studies *."

DUC DE LONGUEVILLE.

WHEN this high-minded Nobleman was one day teized by some of his sycophants, to prosecute some neighbouring Gentlemen who had shot upon his manor, he replied, "I shall not follow your advice: I had much rather have friends than hares, I assure you."

The Duke, from friendship to the Prince of Condé, engaged with him in the intrigues against Mazarin, and prevented him from calling in the assistance of England against his country and his Sovereign.

MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE

Seems completely to have answered the description given of the French Ladies of his time by Antonio Priolo, in his "History of the Troubles of France during the Minority of Louis the Fourteenth."—"The Ladies," says he, "following

* From the Translation of Christopher Wake, London 1671, octavo.

"lowing scholars, would make use of detraction,
 "in their ruelles, and in their circles, curiously
 "unravelling the mysteries of Government, and
 "catching at the words and actions of the Car-
 "dinal (Mazarin). Some of them prostituting
 "themselves to get at the secrets of the State, and
 "making rebels of their husbands (thus doing
 "more hurt by their lives than good by their
 "exertions), set all France in a combustion.
 "Afterwards, when their designs failed, they pre-
 "condemned themselves, and became nuns by a
 "false semblance of religion, and a gross supersti-
 "tion, the door being shut to their vices, now
 "grown out of season, and when sickly old age,
 "condemned by the looking-glass, and by its
 "peremptory sentence, death, doth dread itself."

Madame de Longueville took a very decided
 part in the troubles of the Fronde against Car-
 dinal Mazarin, and by the power of her charms
 brought over the celebrated Duc de Roche-
 foucault to take part with the Princes, and had
 even prevailed upon the god-like Turenne to
 make the army revolt which he commanded.
 La Rochefoucault said indeed in the words of
 Racine,

*Pour satisfaire son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
 J'ai fait la guerre aux Rois, je l'aurois faite aux Dieux.*

After the death of the Duke of Longueville,
 and

and when the troubles of France ceased, she retired to a Convent, where she ended her days in penitence and austerity.

In the zenith of her charms and of her consequence, Madame de Longueville was taken to pass some days at a nobleman's house in the country: She was asked, as usual, how she intended to entertain herself there, whether in walking, in reading, or in any of the amusements of the field. She put the negative on these, and frankly answered, "*Je n'aime point les amusemens bonnêtes.*" Her brother the Prince of Condé was one day reading to her part of an epic Poem, and asked her what she thought of it. "*Il est très beaux, en verité, mais très ennuyeux*—It is "very fine, to be sure, but it is very tiresome."

Madame de Longueville became quite another personage when she became religious. For her first advances to that disposition of mind she was indebted to her aunt the Duchess of Montmorency (widow of the Duke of that name who was beheaded by the sanguinary Richelieu), who had taken the veil, and was made the Abbess of a Convent at Moulins*, to consecrate the remainder of her life to lament the loss and to pray for the soul of her accomplished and beloved husband.

Madame

* At the Convent of the Ursulins of that Town, in the Church of which Convent she erected a most magnificent Mausoleum to the memory of this illustrious Nobleman.

Madame de Longueville was observed one day, at the Convent of Port Royal, sitting and conversing with a gentleman who belonged to that celebrated seminary of learning and of piety, and who was the gardener of the place. The gentleman said to her, "What would the world say of your Highness, if they saw a gardener conversing familiarly with you, and seated in your presence?"—"The world," replied Madame de Longueville, "would say that I am much altered."

At the conference between Cardinal Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, which took place previous to the celebrated Treaty of the Pyrenées, whilst the latter negotiator was telling the Cardinal that one woman, meaning Madame de Longueville, could not possibly disturb the tranquillity of a great kingdom like that of France: "Alas, Sir," replied Mazarin, "your Excellence talks much at your ease upon these matters. Your women in Spain meddle with no intrigues but those of gallantry, but it is not so in France; we have there three women that are capable either of governing or of destroying three great kingdoms—Madame de Longueville, the Princessa Palatine, and the Duchess of Chevreuse."

NICOLO POUSSIN.

"DURING my residence at Rome," says the ingenious Author of "*Les Mélanges de Literature*," which go under the name of Vigneuil Merveille, "I often saw Poussin, both at his own house, and at that of the Chevalier del Pofo, one of the most accomplished Gentlemen of Italy of his time.

"I have often beheld with astonishment the great zeal that this excellent painter had to become perfect in his art. I have often met him, at a very advanced age, amongst the ruins of antient Rome, and often in the Campagna, and often on the banks of the Tiber, observing and drawing what he found there most to his taste. I have often seen him bringing home in his handkerchief flints, moss, flowers, and such like substances, which he was anxious to paint after the objects themselves.

"I remember to have asked him one day, by what means he had arrived to that great degree of eminence in his art, which had placed him so very high amongst the great Italian painters. He modestly replied, "*Je n'ai rien négligé*," I have neglected nothing that in any way related
"to

“to my Art. And, indeed,” adds the Chevalier del Pofo, “it appears by his pictures that he neglected nothing that could enable him to become one of the best painters in the world.”

According to Felibien, who was an intimate friend of Poussin, his pictures did not very much please the Romans; so that for a picture painted by him, representing a Prophet, he was paid only eight livres, whilst a copy of it, made by a young artist, was sold for four crowns. He was, however, no complainer of his want of patronage, and used occasionally to return money to those persons who, in his opinion, had paid him too much for his labours.

Poussin was a man of great simplicity in his manner of living and in his conversation. His whole mind was occupied with his art, and rendered him insensible to those gratifications of luxury of which some refined minds are but too fond. He was an Athenian in his taste, yet a Spartan in his habits of life, and united the elegance of the one with the austerity of the other.

Poussin, when his dissolution was approaching very fast, had received from M. de Chambray his Treatise on Painting. He wrote with difficulty, on account of his bodily infirmities, and thus addressed him :

“I must, Sir, endeavour to rouse myself after
“so long a silence. I must make myself under-
“stood

" stood by you whilst my pulse has still power
 " to beat a little. I have read and examined at
 " my leisure your book On the perfect Idea of
 " Painting, which has served as a kind of nou-
 " rishment to my disordered mind; and I am re-
 " joiced that you are the first person of our nation
 " who has opened the eyes of those, who, seeing
 " only by the eyes of other persons, permitted
 " themselves to be deceived by public opinion.
 " Indeed, you have so well explained and enlight-
 " ened a subject very harsh and difficult to ma-
 " nage, that, perhaps, by-and-by some one may be
 " found who will be able to improve the art of
 " painting *."

" There

* This person, indeed, we have the honour to possess at
 present in this country: "an ingenious Critic," as Dr.
 Johnson, in his Life of Milton, with great justice designates
 him; a Gentleman whose ardour for art is exceeded only by
 his intelligence in it; whose extreme delicacy of taste is re-
 strained by his candour; whose great power of judging cri-
 tically is suspended by his earnest desire to find out beauties,
 and whose liberality toward the professors of art is bounded
 only by his faculty of extending it: in whom the love of the
 beautiful yields only to the love of the good; in whose intel-
 lectual character sagacity is combined with investigation, and
 knowledge with ingenuity; and whose moral character the
 union of the Graces with the Virtues renders no less amiable
 than exemplary. The sketch of this character must have
 been delineated with more than the usual infelicity of the
 pen

“There are nine things in painting,” adds Poussin, in this Letter to M. de Chambray, “which can never be taught, and which are essential to that art. To begin with the subject of it, it should be noble, and receive no quality from the person who treats it: and, to give opportunity to the painter to shew his talents and his industry, it must be taken as capable of receiving the most excellent form. A painter should begin with disposition, then ornament should follow, then agreement of the parts, beauty, grace, spirit, costume, regard to nature and probability; and judgment above all. These last must be in the painter himself, and cannot be taught. It is the golden bough of Virgil, that no one can either find or pluck unless his happy star conducts him to it. These nine points contain many things worthy to be described by good and by intelligent pens.”

A person of quality having one day shewn this great Painter a picture done by himself, he said, “*Signore, non vi manca ch’un poco di necessita*—You only want a little poverty, Sir, to make you a good Painter.”

Cardinal

pen that attempts it, if it should be necessary to append to it the name of WILLIAM LOCK, Esq. of Norbury Park, Surrey.

Cardinal Massimi, who was a great admirer of Poussin, visited him often when he was at Rome, and one evening staid with him till it was dark. On his taking leave of him, Poussin followed him to the door with a lamp, and conducted him to his carriage. "How I pity you, M. Poussin," said the Cardinal, "for not having a servant!"—"And I, Sir," replied Poussin, "pity you much more for having such a number."

Poussin's great work is his suite of the Seven Sacraments, which are wonderfully well composed, and most exquisitely executed; that of Marriage is said to be represented in a more feeble manner than the rest. This gave rise to the French Epigram, "*Qu'un bon mariage est difficile à faire même en peinture.*"

This great Master did not meet with that patronage and applause in his own country, to which he was so eminently entitled. His simplicity of style and his chastity of colouring did not, perhaps, please his countrymen; so that he twice took refuge in Rome, where his talents met with minds congenial to them. At that city he died in 1665, at the age of seventy-one. His life is written by M. Bellori, who likewise honoured his memory with these lines:

Parce piis lachrymis, vivit PUSSINUS in urnâ.

Vivere qui dederat, nescius ipse mori.

VOL. IV.

b b

Hic

*Hic tamē ipse flet; si vis audire Toquentē,
Mirum est! in tabulis vivit et eloquitur.*

Weep not for Poussin; he lives in the grave!
How can he die, who life to others gave!
Yet there he is silent. Would you hear him speak?
His voice in his impressive pictures seek.

As Poussin was one day attending a stranger to shew him the ruins of Rome, the traveller expressed a desire to take with him into his own country some piece of antiquity. Poussin told him that he would gratify his wish, and stooping down to the ground, brought up a handful of earth, mixed with some small pieces of porphyry and marble nearly reduced to powder. "Take them for your Cabinet," said Poussin, "and say boldly, *Questa è Roma Antica.*"

The Crucifixion is a subject on which the art of Painting has been long employed, and has been in general treated in the same uninteresting manner. Poussin has treated it like a Poet, and has added circumstances of horror which have escaped other Painters. He has chosen the moment at which the Son of God and the Saviour of Mankind has just expired on the Cross, under a black and a lurid sky, rendered still more *sombre* and horrid by some glimpses of the Moon, which appears to have hid its head, in execration of the dreadful act just committed. On a line with the Cross,

Cross, is the Centurion with his guard, and some women; and underneath it are some soldiers, who are casting lots for the vesture of Him who is on the Cross. Three or four figures of the Dead rise out of the ground (a circumstance mentioned by the Evangelists to have taken place at the time), and are seen by one of the soldiers; who, in an attitude of the extremest terror, draws his sword.

Poussin studied the Antique with the greatest diligence, and engrafted its various beauties and excellencies into his works. Raphael was his favourite among the Moderns, of whom he used to say, "that the Moderns were asses in comparison of Raphael, yet that he was an ass when compared with the Antients."

The great Prince of Condé was desirous to have a picture painted by this master. Poussin thus wrote to his friend upon that occasion:

"I thank you very much for your remembrance of me, and the kindness you have done me in not reminding his Highness of his intention to have one of my pictures. He applied too late to have justice done to his application. I am become too infirm, and the palsy prevents me from working. It is now some time since I have left off painting, and I think of nothing but of preparing myself for death.

b b 2

" My

“ My body is already gone. There are no hopes
“ of life: it is all over with me!”

The inscription put upon Poussin's monument
by his friend M. Nicaise begins thus, and well
describes the successful diligence of this great
Artist :

D. O. M.
Nic. Poussino Gallico
Pictori suæ ætatis Primario
Qui Artem
Dum pertinaci studio prosequitur,
Brevi affectus, postea vicit.

RUBENS,

No less a Scholar than a Painter, animated the
efforts of his pencil by enriching his imagination
with passages from Homer and from Virgil.
These he occasionally repeated as he was working
at his easel, and called in the assistance of the
sister Art to aid the poetry of the pencil by the
painting of words. With what success he thus
conjoined the Sister Arts, his celebrated Gallery
of the Luxemburgh will evince, which has long
3 been

been the admiration of mankind, for magic of colouring, fertility of invention, and grandeur of composition. Guido used to say, that no one put figures together so well as Rubens; and indeed, whoever attends to the last picture in the Gallery of the Luxembourg, that of the Coronation of the Queen at St. Denis, must allow that it has never been exceeded in justness, or in splendor and magnificence of composition :

Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say, that the most grand as well as the most perfect piece of composition in the world, was that of Ruben's picture of the Fall of the Damned, in the Gallery of Dusseldorf. The subject is dreadful; and the skill and artifice of design which are displayed in combining together so varied, so heterogeneous, and so horrid a mass is wonderful, and exhibits the great invention no less than the composition of the master.

Rubens is a striking instance, how much easier it is to give precepts than to practise them. In his "Treatise on Painting," he advises the student to study with the utmost diligence the works of the Antients, in the remains of their statues and bas reliefs: yet in his Luxemburg Gallery, when he introduces the Apollo Belvidere, he makes rather an Apollo of Flanders than of Greece.

The

The Crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downwards, was the last of Rubens' Works, and that which he admired the most: he gave it to a Church in his native town of Cologne. The composition of his celebrated Taking Down from the Cross is said to have been borrowed exactly from an old Print: the original is indeed excellent; and Rubens, in a moment of idleness, might perhaps think that he could not go beyond it.

To the talents of a Painter, Rubens added all the virtues of a Christian, and the graces of a Gentleman. He seems to have been extremely liberal, and to have painted many pictures for Churches and Convents from motives of piety and charity. These appear to have been some of the happiest efforts of his pencil, no less with respect to their execution, than the motives which inspired them.

LE SUEUR.

THIS excellent Painter was pupil to Simon Vouet. He soon surpassed his master, and, though

though he had never quitted France, became, in some points of the art, one of the first painters of his time. His contemporary Le Brun appears to have been very jealous of his superior talents; for, on hearing of his death, he malignantly said, "I feel now as if I had a thorn just taken out of my foot."

Le Sueur died young, and left behind him many works; such as The Cloister of the Char-treux at Paris, Alexander and his Physician, &c. that might rival the works of the greatest painters for elegance of design, beauty of form, and truth of expression. In colouring he was defective, that meretricious and ambitious appendage of the art where it is exercised upon great subjects, and embraces extensive compositions, the appropriated effects of which can be as well produced in *chiaro oscuro*,

BOUCHARDON,

A MORE unbiassed and more unequivocal testimony was never afforded to the merit of the Iliad of Homer, than that given by this sculptor. By some accident he stumbled on the old miserable translation of Homer into French verse, and the images

images which it supplied to a man of his ardent imagination struck him so forcibly, that he told one of his friends soon afterwards, "I met the other day with an old French book that I had never seen before. It is called Homer's Iliad, I think. I do not know how it is, but since I have read it, men appear to me to be fifteen feet high, and I cannot get a wink of sleep at night." D'Alembert, who mentions this Anecdote, says, that he once heard an artist talk nearly the same language to him, "and who," adds he, "in speaking like Bouchardon, did not speak after him."

The speech of Bouchardon to his friend respecting Homer induced the celebrated Count Caylus to set about a little work, of great use to painters and to sculptors, entitled, "*Tableaux tirés d'Homere*," octavo.—"Subjects for Artists, taken from the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer."

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

DUKE OF LORRAINE.

[1675—1690.]

THIS great and unfortunate Prince, according to Henault, succeeded to his uncle Charles the Fourth, not so much in his Duchy as in the hopes of recovering it, it having been wrested from him by Louis the Fourteenth. He took as the motto to his standards, "*Aut nunc, aut nunquam;*" but was not the more successful, the Marshal Créqui continually preventing his entrance into his dominions. He was more fortunate, however, when he fought for others, and gained for his relation Leopold Emperor of Germany (whose cause he had espoused) many victories, both over his rebellious subjects and over the Turks. He was a Prince of great honour and piety, and, according to Marshal Berwick, so disinterested, that when the Emperor was disposed to go to war with France (which was the only chance the Duke had of recovering his Duchy), he wrote to him to tell him, that he ought to prefer the general good of Christianity to his private animosities, and that if at that particular pe-
riod

riod he would employ all his forces in Hungary against the Turks, he could nearly promise him to drive those Infidels out of Europe.

The Emperor agreed to this magnanimous proposal of the Duke of Lorraine, and sent to him to come to him at Vienna, to take the command of his armies. On his journey he was taken ill of a fever, and, a few hours before he died, wrote the following letter to the Emperor, which breathes the spirit of a Man, a Hero, and a Christian:

"Sire,

"Aussitôt que j'ai reçu vos ordres, je
 "suis parti d'Inspruk pour me rendre à Vienne,
 "mais je me trouve arrêté ici par les ordres
 "d'un plus grand Maître. Je pars, et je vais
 "lui rendre compte d'une vie que j'aurois con-
 "sacrée à votre service. Souvenez-vous, Sire,
 "que je quitte une femme qui vous touche,
 "des enfans auxquels je ne laisse que mon
 "épée, et mes sujets dans l'oppression.

"CHARLES *."

Louis

"Sire,

"As soon as I received your commands, I set out for Inspruck, on my way to Vienna; but I find myself stopped in that city by the orders of a greater Master. I depart,
 "and

Louis the Fourteenth, on hearing of the death of the Duke of Lorraine, nobly exclaimed, "I have then lost the bravest and the most generous enemy I ever had! His least excellence was that of being a Prince."

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH,

SURNAMED THE WELL-BELOVED.

[1715—1774.]

THIS Monarch, on seeing the tombs of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and of Margaret of Austria, exclaimed, "Behold the cradle of all our wars!"

When he was before the walls of Menin, in Flanders, he was told, that if he chose to risk an attack, that place would be taken four days sooner than it otherwise would be. "Let us take it then," replied he, "four days later."
"I had

"and am going to give him an account of a life, that I would otherwise have consecrated to your service. Remember, Sire, that I leave behind me a wife who is your relation, children to whom I have nothing to give but my sword, and my subjects who are in a state of oppression.

"CHARLES."

"I had rather lose these four days, than one of my subjects."

He was a man of good sense, but of no great reading: he used, however, to astonish the Noblemen who made up his party in the evening, by the apparent knowledge he had of what was going on in the literary world at Paris. He received every week a *precis* of every new book that was published in that Capital, made for him by one of his attendants.

"On hearing of his death," says Brotier, "a great Monarch exclaimed, "Louis was a man of uprightness and integrity. I have known him by a long epistolary correspondence which we kept up together."

Louis had, however, the weakness of giving to his Ministers only a part of his confidence: he set spies upon them; and the Count de Broglio, brother of the Marshal of that name, was at the head of his secret and private Cabinet, which not unfrequently counteracted the plans of his public and acknowledged Administration.

LOUIS, DAUPHIN,

SON TO LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

THIS French Germanicus was educated by the virtuous and intelligent Marshal de Muy, and did complete justice to the pains that his excellent Governor took for his education. "A Dauphin," said this Prince, "should be a mere cypher in the Government of France, whilst a King of that Country should endeavour to do every thing."

When Louis the Fifteenth presented the Dauphin, then a very young man, to the Prince of Conti, he said, "Well, cousin, what do you think of my son?"—"Sire," replied he, "*Il lui manque seulement un air du College* :—All that he wants, Sire, is to have been brought up at a public seminary; he wants that freedom and openness of manner, that possession of himself, which an association with young men of his own age alone can give him *."

He

* The French Writer who tells this anecdote observes, "That all the French Princes who have distinguished themselves were educated at a public seminary, as the great Prince of Condé and his Brother at the College Royal, and the late Prince of Conti at that of Harcourt."

He used to say, "That a Sovereign should
 "avoid war, without appearing to be afraid of
 "it; carry it on with spirit, without loving it;
 "be the first to brave that danger that other
 "persons were incurring; shed his own blood
 "with courage, and spare that of his subjects."

To induce the Dauphin to ask for a greater allowance than his father granted him, some of the persons about his Court told him, that the Dauphin, the only son of Louis the Fourteenth, had a larger income than himself. "Indeed," said he, "I should be very happy to have my pension increased, were it not raised upon my father's subjects."

"Ignorance," said he, "is the greatest misfortune that can happen to a Prince. It is but seldom that a King forms, in cool blood, a design to enslave his people. Humanity opposes it, and his own interest deters him from it. Ignorance alone prevails upon him to attempt it. Ignorance then is the source of all his miseries."

"A Prince," he observed, "holds his existence in the political world by his authority only. Not to be perfectly acquainted with its origin, its extent, and its bounds, or to know them but superficially, is neither to know the nature nor the properties of his existence."

The names of the children of the Royal Family of France were used to be inscribed in the parish register of Versailles; the Dauphin took his children one day with him to the Church of that Town, and, opening the register before them, thus addressed them: "Observe, my good children, your names following, in regular order, the names of the poorest and of the lowest of my father's subjects. Religion and Nature know no distinction: Virtue alone makes the difference between one person and another; and perhaps he whose name you precede in this book may appear greater in the eyes of God, than you may appear in those of mankind."

The Dauphin, with his usual paternal solicitude, caused a book to be written for the use of his eldest son, the late unfortunate King of France (a book now become useless) *sur le droit public de France.*

DUKE OF ORLEANS,

REGENT OF FRANCE.

Duclos says of this Prince, "He was by nature humane, compassionate, liberal, and brave. He would have been a virtuous man, could any one be virtuous without principles." His uncle (Louis the Fourteenth) said of him, "that he was *un fanfaron des crimes*," and," added this Monarch, "I really believe, that if the Duke of Orleans were to be seriously ill, he would have recourse to relics and to holy water."

Mr. Pope, speaking of him, says,

"A Godless Regent tremble at a Star!"

Duclos, in confirmation of his sarcasm upon the Duke's foolish fears and idle superstition, says, "that the Duke used to run after every fortune-teller and astrologer that came to Paris, and exhibited in his character all the credulous curiosity of a chamber-maid."

The Duke was a man of talents, a Musician, a Chemist, and a Painter; and he was more pleased with the compliments paid to him on his supposed excellence in any of these arts, than

than on any attention or flattery bestowed upon his rank or his courage.

The Regent one day gave his drawing-master the choice of two pictures from his Gallery. He solicited two that were painted by his Royal Highness. They were of course presented to him, with a thousand louis d'ors, as a reward for the justness of his taste.

The Duke distinguished himself extremely as a General in Spain, and was a man of great sense and great eloquence; yet, from the want of the proper direction of this assemblage of talents, his life was passed in a manner neither happy nor honourable to himself, nor useful to others. His mother used to say of him, that at his birth all the fairies in the neighbourhood were invited to bestow their favours upon him, except one who was left out by accident. She in revenge said, that she would make all their gifts inefficacious, by rendering the child incapable of making a good use of them.

Many of the Regent's *bons mots* remain: His definition of the persons who frequent the Courts of Sovereigns, and are in place with every Administration, is excellent: "*Ce sont des parfaits courtisans; ils ont ni bonheur ni bumeur.*" To some Ecclesiastic of distinction whose character was indifferent, and who on soliciting the Regent for a Bishopric told him that he should be dis-

honoured if he was not placed in that situation, he replied, " Sir, I had much rather that you " should be dishonoured than myself."

The good Stanislaus King of Poland, driven from his dominions by the ferocious Charles the Twelfth, took refuge in Paris, where he was supported at the expence of the Court of France. Some one complained to the Regent of the great sum of money which this exiled Monarch's support cost, and wished him to leave France. " Sir," replied the Duke of Orleans nobly, " France has " been, and I trust ever will be, the refuge of " unfortunate Princes: and I shall most certainly " not permit it to be violated, when so excellent a Prince as the King of Poland comes to " claim it."

England has done itself immortal honour, by the protection it has afforded to the Emigrant Nobility and Priesthood of France during the late unparalleled Revolution in that country.

The liberality and generosity which the British Nation in general shewed to the unfortunate French who have resided among them gave occasion to the following lines in 1791, to introduce a Lady of birth, of elegance, and of talents, to the notice of the Public as a singer.

TO

TO MADAME DE S——.

FROM Gallic horrors, and Sedition's roar,
 Welcome, sweet Syren, to the British shore!
 From his fam'd lyre such notes Amphion drew,
 And straight Boeotia's stones to order flew,
 Leap'd into form, obedient to command,
 And own'd the magic of the master's hand.

Hadst thou attun'd thy sweetly-sounding string,
 Thine and thy injur'd Country's wrongs to sing;
 Hadst thou bewail'd, in thy all-powerful strain,
 Thy King a captive, and his Nobles slain;
 Whilst law and right, the sanctuary and the throne,
 One equal wreck, one monstrous ruin own;
 Nor age nor sex whilst Hell-born Rapine spares,
 The hoary prelate from the altar tears,
 The sacred cloyster's reverend gloom invades,
 Drags into day the Heaven-devoted maids!
 And (shame! oh shame!) pollutes their pious ears
 With taunts profane, and with indecent jeers;—
 The furious rabble sure had learnt to feel,
 Rebellion's self had sheath'd its murd'rous steel;
 Discord for once had bade her horrors cease,
 And thou hadst sooth'd the madd'ning herd to Peace!

How vain the thought! for Gallia's modern race
 The antient fathers of their soil disgrace.
 No more with zeal their Monarch they obey;
 No more they bend to Beauty's softer sway;
 Traitors to every power they once ador'd,
 And true to Licence only and the Sword!
 'A Bourbon now, robb'd of his vast domain,
 His subjects loyalty implores in vain;

c c 2

Proud

Proud Austria's daughter, Gallia's beauteous Queen,
 Blest with each grace of Pallas' lofty mien,
 Displays her mournful majesty of charms
 Unheeded 'midst the din of civil arms
 Their Royal child, with sad affright oppress'd
 In vain seeks refuge in a parent's breast;
 In vain his helpless suppliant arms extends,
 No pity soothes, no pious care befriends,
 Whilst with a trembling voice and streaming eyes,
 "O spare my mother—spare your Queen," he cries.
 (Patron of wretched Gaul's distracted land,
 Oh fainted Monarch*, arm thy vengeful hand;
 Grasp the red bolt, avert this foul disgrace,
 And save the glories of thy sacred race!)

Then, lovely Syren, welcome to this Isle,
 Where temper'd Liberty has deign'd to smile!
 Where laws in Freedom's happiest hour design'd,
 The wonder and the envy of mankind,
 With equal force the Peer and Peasant bind;
 Where scale of rank but fans the mind's bright fire,
 And bids it to each dignity aspire;
 Where Kings, but echoing the public voice,
 Reign by true right divine, their people's choice;
 No lawless sway, no baleful power confess,
 Contented only with the power to bless;
 Favour'd Vicegerents of th' Eternal Throne
 In mercy, its lov'd attribute, alone;
 Where every Muse has fix'd her willing seat,
 Where every talent finds a sure retreat;
 Where soft Humanity (the country's boast)
 Beckons each wand'ring sufferer to the coast.

Here

* St. Louis, the Tutelar Saint of France, from whom the present Royal Family is descended.

Here whilst thy trembling fingers strike the lyre
 To notes of horror or of soft desire,
 Thy lips in sweet vibration pour around
 Each mingled melody of vocal sound ;
 And whilst, responsive to the well-struck strings,
 The little Loves expand their purple wings,
 O'er every charm of thy fair form preside,
 And each compos'd and decent motion guide ;
 Whilst sad remembrance of a happier fate
 (A husband's love, a father's honour'd state *)
 For one short pause arrests the liquid note,
 And the sigh lingers in thy tuneful throat ;
 Whilst warm with extacy our bosoms glow,
 For thy sad ills the generous tears shall flow,
 Pity with transport in each breast unite,
 And sympathy give virtue to delight.

S.

In the frankness and openness of his character,
 and in some degree in his person, the Regent
 resembled Henry the Fourth ; and he was much
 pleased when any one noticed the resemblance to
 him.

The Regent was a good judge of painting.
 The collection of pictures which he made at the
 Palais Royal was a very fine one, and united in
 itself the collections of Christina Queen of Sweden
 and

* Madame de S——'s father was Under-Intendant to M.
 Bertier, the Intendant of Paris, who was butchered by the
 mob of that city a few years ago.

and Cardinal de Richelieu, with the additions made to it by himself. Spence in his "Anecdotes" says, that the most costly picture in the collection was the *Belle Raphael* (as it is called), and that it cost thirteen hundred pounds. Ten thousand guineas were offered lately, by a Sovereign, for the three Marias at the Sepulchre by Annibal Caracci. A French banker bought the Italian part of the collection; and the Flemish part was on sale in London in the year 1793.

The Regent's son, on succeeding his father, ordered Coypel to cut to pieces all the indecent pictures in the Palais Royal. This order was not rigidly complied with, as several of these pictures have made their way into other collections, as those of Dresden, Berlin, &c.

La Grange had written a most abusive libel upon the Duke of Orleans in verse: it was entitled "*Les Philippiques*," and accused him of every thing that was base and scandalous. The Regent sent for him, and asked him coolly, "Whether in his heart he believed him to be so bad a man as he had represented him." La Grange replied, "that he had not written a syllable in his book, that he did not believe to be true.—" Sir," replied the Regent, "it is well for you that you are of that opinion; otherwise
" I should

" I should have ordered you to have been hung
" up immediately *."

On his being appointed Regent, he insisted on being allowed the power of pardoning. " I have
" no objection," said he, " to have my hands tied
" from doing harm; but I will have them free to
" do good."

To his infant Sovereign he behaved with the utmost respect, and took great pains to instruct him. " I will conceal nothing from your
" Majesty," said he to him; " not even your
" faults."

" The Regent died," says Duclos, " of the
" indulgence of gross pleasures (*de sa chere crapule*, as he terms it) in spite of the advice of
" his Physicians and of his friends. A man," adds Duclos, " quits his vices in general, when he
" is quitted by them: the indulgence, however,
" of gross pleasures is too apt to remain with
" him, till it makes him at last fall a victim to its
" pernicious effects."

* " Nothing" says Montefquieu, " so much lessens the
" character of great men, as the attention they pay to their
" personal injuries. I know two men who were entirely insensible to them, Julius Cæsar and the Regent Duke of
" Orléans."

MADAME DE BAVIERE,

MOTHER OF THE REGENT OF FRANCE,

Is thus described by Duclos: " She was extremely
 " fond of her son, though she was much dissatis-
 " fied with his conduct. This Princess had great
 " good sense, was a woman of virtue and of
 " honour, much attached to the decorum of her
 " situation, and to the etiquette of her rank. An
 " excellent state of health which nothing could
 " affect, and which prevented her from requiring
 " any delicacy with respect to herself, made her
 " appear harsh and unfeeling to others, whom she
 " could not possibly suppose to stand in need of
 " any kind of management or attention to their
 " feelings. She was a German, and was extremely
 " fond of persons of that Nation: indeed it was
 " sufficient only to be of that Nation to have a
 " claim to her attention;"

Some extracts from the letters of this Princess to Caroline Queen of George the Second, were printed a few years ago; they are curious, but very gross. Mrs. S——, who was Bed-chamber-woman to Queen Caroline, used to say, that she remembered perfectly well the Queen's receiving many of them, and that she occasionally said, " These are letters not fit for every one to
 " read."

On

On the death of this Princess, some one, in allusion to the extremely vicious character of her son, and to the Proverb that has had its sanction in the experience of all ages and of all countries to its truth, "Idleness is the mother of Vice," wrote upon her coffin, "*C'y gyst l'Osiveté*; Here lies Idleness."

CARDINAL DUBOIS.

THE speech which this profligate Minister delivered to the Assembly of the Clergy, was made by Fontenelle, who wrote likewise the Epitaph for his Eminence, which he managed extremely well. Having nothing to say of the good qualities of the deceased Cardinal, he merely adverted in it to the height of his situation, and the uncertainty of power and of dignity. After the enumeration of all his titles and employments, he adds from Scripture, "What are all these titles and honours but the
"changing bow of Heaven, and the vapour that
"melts into air! Passenger, intreat of Heaven for
"the deceased more solid and more substantial
"blessings."

The

The Monument represents the Cardinal on his knees with a book open before him, in which there is inscribed "*Miserere*:" his eyes are turned towards the body of the church, as if to entreat continually the prayers of the congregation for him. The idea of it was suggested by a relation of his, an Ecclesiastic of great merit.

Dubois, soon after the Peace of Ryswick, was in England, where he became acquainted with a celebrated Countess of that Nation, whom he used to call "*la plus belle Irregularité du Monde*." One of her friends, supposing (no doubt) that Dubois would become one day Prime Minister of France, gave him this advice: "Take care never to serve any person too much; you will always suffer for it; and I suppose that you are hardly enough of a Don Quixote to pique yourself on the glory of making a man ungrateful."

The Cardinal, who had been exalted from a very mean situation to the rank of Prime Minister of a great Country, and a Prince of the Church, used occasionally to exclaim, in the midst of all his consequence and splendor (so much envied by the rest of mankind), "Alas! how happy should I be, were I to return to my old situation and lodging in
" a good

" a good second floor, with an old Gouvernante, and with a hundred and fifty pounds a-year!" The observant Fontenelle used to say, " What always made me satisfied with my low condition of life, was to see Cardinal Dubois come to me to be soothed and comforted, and that I had never occasion to apply to him for a similar purpose."

Soon after the Regent had made Dubois a Councillor of State, he sent for him, and taking him by the hand said, " My good friend, we must now have a little honesty; I must beg it of you as a favour."

The Cardinal was a man of very precise and accurate conversation, and had a great deal of general knowledge. This he took care to increase, by always leading, with great dexterity, the persons with whom he was conversing to subjects on which they had most knowledge*.

Mr. Crawford, in one of his dispatches from the Court of France, after giving an account of the last hours of the Cardinal, embittered by the most horrid tortures of mind and of body, thus delineates his character:

" His

* " M. de Varillas," says Menage, " told me one day, that nine parts out of ten of what he knew, he had picked up in conversation. On reflecting a little," adds Menage, " I told him that I was precisely in the same situation."

“ His Eminence had no great order in private affairs, nor even in the conduct of the great detail of public business which he took upon him; so that there is a good deal of confusion in his family, and amongst his Clerks in their different offices. He could never bring himself to distribute his time of doing business into appropriated hours and days, for the different affairs of which he undertook the detail; and by this means seldom had time to finish any thing but what was immediately pressing, and remained almost in a continual hurry by the great multiplicity of affairs that necessarily crowded upon him in such a country as this; whilst he let every one know, that it was to him alone they must address themselves, if they expected to succeed in any demand they had to make.”

The Cardinal, whose papers were never put in any order, used frequently, in searching after any thing he wanted, to swear excessively. One of his Clerks told him, “ Your Eminence had better hire a man to swear for you, and then you will gain so much time.”

MR. LAW:

THIS celebrated Projector, soon after his arrival at Paris, boasted, " that he would make
 " France so powerful, that every other Nation
 " in Europe should send Ambassador to it, but
 " that the King of France should merely send Mes-
 " sengers to the other Nations*."

A friend of Law's asked him one day, whether it were true that he was going to war with England. " I should think," added he, " that
 " a Minister like yourself, whose interest it is
 " to make the state flourish by commerce, and
 " by establishments that require peace, would
 " never think of going to war." Law calmly replied, " Sir, I do not desire war, but I am not
 " afraid of it."

Law had promised his master, the Regent, mountains of gold; and when his promises failed, the Regent sent for him, called him by all the opprobrious epithets that he could think of—" Knave, Madman!" and said, that he did not know what hindered him from sending him to the Bastile, for that there never was any person sent there who deserved it so well as himself.

* " *Je rendrai la France si grande, que toutes les Nations
 " de l'Europe enverront des Ambassadeurs à Paris, et le Roi
 " n'enverra que des Couriers."*

M. BOUDOU.

THIS eminent Surgeon was one day sent for by the Cardinal Dubois, Prime Minister of France; to perform a very serious operation upon him. The Cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, Sir, to treat me " in the same rough manner as you treat your " poor miserable wretches at your Hospital of " the Hôtel Dieu."—"My Lord," replied M. Boudou with great dignity, "every one of those " miserable wretches, as your Eminence is pleased " to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes."

M. DE BELSUNCE,

BISHOP OF MARSEILLES.

"MARSEILLES' good Bishop" was of the family of Belsunce in the province of Guienne in France. He had taken the vows as a Jesuit, and became afterwards Bishop of Marseilles. In consideration of the eminent services he rendered to that city during the plague that

that visited it in 1720, the Regent offered him the richer and more honourable see of Laon in Picardy. He refused that bishopric, giving as a reason, his unwillingness to leave a flock that had been endeared to him by their sufferings: he was, however, prevailed upon to accept of a peculiar distinction with respect to the Court in which any lawsuits he might have the unhappiness to be engaged in should be tried. His pious and intrepid labours are commemorated in a picture in the town-hall of Marseilles, in which he is represented in his episcopal habit, attended by his almoners, giving his benediction to the dying and the dead that are at his feet. Father Vanniere, in his "*Prædium Rusticum*," alludes to M. de Belsunce in these lines :

———*vita qui Præsul et auri
Prodigus, assiduus animos et corpora curis
Sustinuit, mortem visus calcare metumque
Intrepido vadens per strata cadavera passu.*

Profuse of life, and prodigal of gold,
The sacred Pastor tends his sick'ning fold;
Repose of body and of mind disdains,
To calm their woes, and mitigate their pains;
Bravely despises death, and ev'ry fear,
With holy rites their drooping hearts to cheer;
Vast heaps of dead without dismay he views,
And with firm step his gen'rous way pursues.

Some

Some others of the Bishops of Provence are mentioned with respect by Father Vanniere for their humanity and exertions on this occasion, as M. de Ventimille, Archbishop of Aix, &c.

M. de Belsunce was an author. He wrote the Lives of his Predecessors in the See of Marçilles, and some religious tracts.

CARDINAL FLEURY.

WHEN the Abbé de St. Pierre presented his project of a perpetual peace* to this wiley and experienced Minister, the Cardinal said, " Sir, " I am much afraid that you have forgotten " the preliminary article. You have forgotten " to send a troop of missionaries, to dispose " the hearts and the minds of the different " Sovereigns of Europe towards your excellent " project."

The Cardinal, like our excellent Minister Sir Robert Walpole, was forced into an expensive and

* Soon after St. Pierre published his book, a Dutch Inn-keeper set up a sign, inscribed, "*a la Paix perpetuelle.*" It represented a Church-yard; as if the mischievous passions and the follies of mankind were to cease only with the total extinction of the human race.

and ruinous war by the clamour of faction and the folly of the people. On the Cardinal's part indeed, he had taken the most effectual method of keeping the two great Nations of France and England in perfect harmony with one another: He used to remit to Sir Robert a certain sum of money occasionally, to be distributed amongst those, who, from disappointment and a love of revenge, were likely in this country to counteract his pacific intentions*.

Fleury being one day told, that he was responsible to his Sovereign for his conduct, replied, " Say, rather to God and to my conscience."

* The Afs loaded with gold by Philip of Macedon took more Towns, perhaps, than his well disciplined and experienced armies. The French have ever known how to apply that universal agent with great success. Most wars end as most revolutions begin, from the want of money: it would therefore seem to be good policy, and even a great saving of the precious metal, no less than of the lives and the happiness of mankind (which are not often sufficiently considered in the accounts of Statesmen) if the most dreadful of human calamities was attempted to be prevented by the same means which eventually put a stop to its progress.

MARSHAL SAXE.

To the honour of the humanity of this great General, the following story, told of him by M. de Senac, his Physician, should be mentioned. The night before the battle of Raucour, M. de Senac observed his illustrious patient very thoughtful, and asked him the reason of it; when he replied in a passage from the "Andromaque" of Racine,

*Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle.
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourans,
Dans la flamme étouffés sous le fer expirans :*

Think, think, my friend, what horrid woes
To-morrow's morning must disclose
To thousands, by Fate's hard decree,
The last morn they shall ever see,
Think how the dying and the dead
O'er yon extensive plain shall spread :
What horrid spectacles afford,
Scorched by the flames, pierced by the sword:

" and added, *Et tous les soldats n'en savoient rien encore*—And all these Soldiers knew nothing at all of what was to happen."

The

The following Letters were written by Marshal Saxe to M. D'Eon de Tiffé, Censor Royal, and Secretary to the Regent Duke of Orleans. They are permitted to embellish this Collection, by the kindness of the CHEVALIERE D'EON, niece to the person to whom they were addressed.

“ Monsieur,

“ Je vous prie *instantement* de prêter une *attention* favorable à *ce* que Mlle. Sommerville* vous
 “ dira, il m'a paru *qu'on* la vexa & *fait* une bonne
 “ fille, à qui je serais charmé de *rendre service*,
 “ soiez persuadés que l'on *saure* *être* plus par-
 “ faitement,

“ Monsieur,

“ Votre très humble & très *obéissant* serviteur,

“ MAURICE DE SAXE.”

“ A Paris le *Mardi*

“ *derniers* de Juillet,

“ 1749.”

“ A ————,

“ Je vous prie *d'être persuadé*, Monsieur, que
 “ l'on ne *saure* *être* plus sensible que je le suis à
 “ marques de votre souvenir & de votre *amitié*,
 “ elle me *sera* toujours chère, & mais *succèdes* *acqui-*
 “ *eront* de nouveaux agrémens pour moi. *Cant* je

* An Actress of the French Opera.

p d 2

“ *saures*

" *Sauvez que vous vous y intéressez, l'on saurait autre*
 " *plus parfaitement,*

" *Monsieur,*

" *Votre très humble & très obéissant serviteur,*

" *MAURICE DE SAXE."*

Marshal Saxe was a Lutheran, and his body could not therefore be buried in any of the Catholic churches in France with the usual ceremonies attendant on the funerals of great men. This made the Queen of Louis the Fifteenth say, with some archness, "What a pity it is that we cannot sing one *De Profundis* to a man who has made us sing so many *Te Deums*."

Of the greatness of Marshal Saxe's courage who can doubt? yet his friends said of him, that he would never * fight a duel; that he always
 looked

* A greater degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling than by the following story, which Dr. Sandilands told to Mr. Richardson, jun.

"Colonel Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw Officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him, that he would take care of him and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going, which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told, by some arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and
 " he

looked under his bed every night; and every night locked his chamber door.

M. DUCLOS.

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH said of Duclos, "*C'est un homme droit et adroit*," a man of virtue and a man of the world. He was the historiographer of France, and the only person to whom Rousseau ever

"he had received great obligations from him. It is all one for that, they said, in these cases. The Colonel was the fittest man in the world, every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young Officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down in the Coffee-house, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him, how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. Sir, replied Colonel Guise, I have done my duty by you, and no more. But Colonel, added the young Officer, faltering, I am told that I must fight some Gentleman of known resolution, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody—Oh! Sir, replied the Colonel, your friends do me too much honour; but there is a Gentleman (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black fellow that was sitting at one of the tables) who has killed half the regiment. So up goes the Officer to him, and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and that, for that reason, he must fight him. Who! Sir? replied the Gentleman: why I am Peale the Apothecary."—*Richardsoniana*.

ever dedicated any of his works. When he was at Rome he was asked by Clement XIII. whether he intended to publish the Memoirs of his own Times. He replied, "Holy Father, I neither wish to debase myself by flattery, nor to incur any unnecessary danger by telling the truth."

Speaking of Politeness in his "*Considerations sur les Mœurs*," he says,

"Mankind are so much indebted to each other, that they owe mutual attention; they owe each other a politeness worthy of themselves, worthy of thinking beings, and varied according to the different sentiments that should dictate it.

"The politeness of the great therefore should be that of humanity; and that of inferiors gratitude, if the great deserve it; that of equals esteem and mutual services; far from endeavouring to encourage incivility, it is much to be wished, that the politeness arising from softness of manners should be added to that which proceeds from goodness of heart.

"The most pernicious effect of the common politeness of the world is, that it teaches us to do without those virtues which it imitates. Were we but taught by our education to be humane and benevolent, we should either possess

" possess politeness, or could do very well without it.

" We should not perhaps have that politeness which announces itself by the Graces, but we should have that which announces the honest man and the man of honour. We should then have no occasion to have recourse to mere appearances.

" Instead of being artificial to please, it would then be sufficient that we were good men; instead of being dissemblers to flatter the weaknesses of others, it would be enough for us only to be indulgent to them.

" Those to whom we behaved in this manner would neither be rendered insolent nor corrupted by it; they would only be grateful and become better."

It was an observation of Duclos, " That rogues always leagued together, whilst honest men kept themselves isolated.

" Impious and profligate writings," said he, " are read once for their novelty, and, except on account of the bad principles they contain, they would never have been taken the least notice of; like those obscure criminals whose names are known only by their crimes and their punishments."

These observations of Duclos are taken from his Life in the "*Necrologe des Hommes celebres de France*;"

"*Année*," a work formerly published every year at Paris in 12mo. It contained the Lives of the distinguished Persons in Arms, in Arts, and in Learning, who had died within the year. It gave an account of their actions, their writings, their labours, and their discoveries, and contained as well the history of the progress of the human mind, as the lives of the persons mentioned in it. Each article was furnished by a person conversant with the profession of the particular person described in it. A book conducted on the same plan would be a great addition to the literature of this country.

FONTENELLE.

FONTENELLE was of a good-humoured and apathistical disposition. He was once asked how he had managed to be so generally liked as he was. He replied, "By observing these two maxims: One cannot tell what may happen; and every body may be right at last."

On seeing the bust of Boileau, the Satirist, he exclaimed, "I say now of Boileau what I have always said." "always

“ always said, crown him with laurels, and hang him afterwards upon the next gibbet *.”

Of a company consisting of men of no great understanding and of Ladies who were of a certain age, he said, “ *Les hommes sont passable, et les femmes passées.*”

Some one asking him how old he was, he said, “ *Hush! Pray don't speak so loud; death seems to have forgotten me, and you may perhaps put him in mind of me.*”

A few hours before he died, being asked what he felt, he said, “ *rien qu'une difficulté d'être.*”

Fontenelle's Dramas are very elegant in their style and in their thinking. His *Eloges* are excellent. His other works are of no great value. The “History of Oracles” was taken from Vandale, a heavy Dutch writer, and dressed up with Fontenelle's usual elegance.

* Boileau himself says,

~~~~~ *Quittons la satire,*

*C'est un méchant métier que celui de médire.*

The Saurist but too often avenges his own miseries upon the feelings of others.—Regnier used to tell his friends, that he never became discontented with the world, till he had long been discontented with himself.

## MONTESQUIEU

Said to Madame d'Aiguillon on his death-bed,  
 " I have always respected religion; the morality  
 " of the Gospel is the most valuable present that  
 " God could have bestowed upon mankind."

EXTRACTS FROM SOME DETACHED THOUGHTS  
 OF MONTESQUIEU, PUBLISHED A FEW  
 YEARS SINCE BY M. DE LA PLACE, OF  
 BRUSSELS.

" I am attached to my country, because I like  
 " the Government under which I was born, with-  
 " out being afraid of it, or expecting any emolu-  
 " ment from it. I share equally with my fellow-  
 " citizens in the protection which it affords to  
 " us, and I thank God that he has given to me a  
 " degree of moderation.

" If I knew any thing that would be useful  
 " to myself, and at the same time prejudicial to  
 " my family, I would erase it from my mind; if  
 " I knew any thing that would be useful to my  
 " family, but prejudicial to my country, I would  
 " strive to forget it; if I knew any thing that  
 " would be useful to my country, but preju-  
 " dicial to mankind, I should look upon it as a  
 " crime.

" We are allowed to aspire to the highest situa-  
 " tions in our country, because it is permitted to  
 " every

“ every citizen to wish to be useful to his coun-  
“ try. Besides, a noble ambition (when properly  
“ directed) is a sentiment very useful to society;  
“ for, as the physical world subsists only because  
“ every particle of matter tends to fly off from the  
“ centre, so the political world sustains itself by  
“ the inward and restless desire that every one  
“ has to remove from the situation in which he is  
“ placed.

“ The heroism that found morality avows has  
“ very few charms for most men; the heroism  
“ that destroys morality strikes us and forces our  
“ admiration.

“ There are no persons that I have ever more  
“ completely despised, than wits and persons  
“ of rank devoid of probity.

“ My principle has always been, never to do that  
“ by another person which I could do by myself.  
“ This has enabled me to make my fortune by  
“ the means which I had in my own power,  
“ moderation and frugality; and never by means  
“ external to myself, which are but too often base  
“ or unjust.

“ I love to frequent those houses where I  
“ can come off well with my every-day under-  
“ standing.

“ I doat upon friendship. I never remember  
“ in my life to have given away four louis d'ors

“ from ostentation, or to have paid four visits  
 “ from views of interest.

“ It was my intention to have made my  
 “ *Esprit des Loix*” a work of greater extent, and  
 “ to have considered many parts of it more fully.  
 “ I am now become unable to do as I intended.  
 “ My studies have weakened my eyes, and what  
 “ light remains within, is merely that of twilight,  
 “ in which they will soon set for ever.

“ I am not so humble as the atheists are. I  
 “ I would not change my hopes of immortality  
 “ for all their Quietism.

“ Religion is peculiarly necessary to the Eng-  
 “ lish; as those persons who are not afraid to de-  
 “ stroy themselves, should at least be taught the  
 “ fatal and eternal consequences that attend the  
 “ rash and wicked action of a moment.

“ In the course of my life I have been very  
 “ foolish, but have never been malignant. When  
 “ I see a man of worth, I never attempt to take  
 “ him to pieces.

“ Idleness \* should really be ranked amongst  
 “ the tortures of Hell. Yet people are foolish  
 “ enough

“ “ Idleness,” says Lavater, strongly, “ is the original sin  
 “ of our first parents. Do you not think it then disobedience  
 “ or rebellion? Nothing like it! their leading vice was idle-  
 “ ness. He that can subdue that one vice, can never fail to  
 “ accomplish whatever he purposes to do.”

“ Idleness,”

" enough to class it with the beatitudes of  
" Heaven.

" Those

" Idleness," says the learned Lord Monboddo, " is the  
" source of almost every vice and folly. For a man who  
" does not know what to do, will do any thing rather than  
" nothing; and I maintain, that the richest man who  
" is haunted by that foul fiend (as it may be called), is a  
" much more unhappy man than the day-labourer, who earns  
" his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, and who there-  
" fore only submits to the sentence pronounced upon our  
" first parents after their fall, and which, if it be understood,  
" (as I think it ought to be), of the labour of the mind, as  
" well as of the body, we must all submit to, or be miser-  
" able if we do not. And accordingly those, who have  
" nothing to do, endeavour to fly from themselves, and  
" many fly from the country and go abroad for no other  
" reason.

*Frustra, nam comes atra petit sequiturque fugacem.*

'Gainst the foul fiend what can relief afford?  
Our bed he climbs, participates our board;  
Fly as we may o'er earth's extensive round  
He follows still, and at our heels is found.  
From his fell look each joy a blank acquires,  
And life itself beneath his grasp expires.

" And some go out of life for no other reason (and I think  
" there may be a worse reason), than because they have no  
" thing to do in it."

Metaphys. vol. iv. p. 92.

" Weariness of life," says Dr. Darwin, " in its moderate  
" degree has been esteemed a motive to action by some phi-  
" losophers;

“ Those persons who have little to do are  
 “ great talkers. A man talks, in general, in  
 “ proportion to the small degree of thought which  
 “ he possesses.

“ In the whole course of my life I have never  
 “ known any persons completely despised, ex-  
 “ cept those who keep bad company.

“ Our modern orators appear to give in length  
 “ what they want in depth \*.

“ If

“ philosophers; but those men who have run through the  
 “ usual amusements of life early, in respect of their age, and  
 “ who have not industry or ability to cultivate those sciences  
 “ which afford a perpetual fund of novelty and of conse-  
 “ quent entertainment, are liable to become tired of life, as  
 “ they suppose there is nothing new to be found in it that  
 “ can afford them pleasure; like Alexander, who is said to  
 “ have shed tears, because he had not another world to con-  
 “ quer.”

The remedies recommended by this ingenious philoso-  
 pher against the *tædium vite* are, “ some restraint in ex-  
 “ hausting the usual pleasures of the world early in life;  
 “ the agreeable cares of a matrimonial life; the cultivation  
 “ of science, as of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Natural  
 “ History, &c. which supply an inexhaustible source of  
 “ pleasurable novelty, and relieve *ennui* by the exertion they  
 “ occasion.”

Zœonomia, vol. ii.

• Tully himself calls this defect “ *calumniæ dicendi*,” the  
 scandal of public speaking. This abuse of a noble faculty  
 has ultimately destroyed every State in which it has been  
 practised. Athens and Rome fell when the tinsel of rhetoric

was



" If you ask me, my son, what in general are  
 " the prejudices of the English nation, and what  
 " they esteem most, I should answer your ques-  
 " tion with some difficulty. They do not appear  
 " to affect either war or ambition, neither those  
 " persons who are well with the Ladies, nor  
 " those who have the ears of the Minister.  
 " They appear desirous that men should be  
 " men. They esteem only two things, wealth  
 " and merit."

" It is not," says this acute writer, in  
 his *Spirit of Laws*, " it is not my business to  
 " enquire, whether the English really possess  
 " that freedom which they are supposed to  
 " have. It is enough for my purpose that it is  
 " established by their Laws. I do not however  
 " pity those nations who do not enjoy that blessing.  
 " I know but too well that excess of reason itself  
 " is not a desirable thing, and that in general  
 " mankind adapt themselves better to a medium  
 " than to the extremes."

was preferred to the pure gold of knowledge, when men  
 affected to appear wise rather than be really so, and found  
 the nation foolish enough to be satisfied with the shadow  
 instead of the substance. " Is it not surprizing," says Dom  
 Noel d'Argonne, " that, since eloquence has begun to be  
 " sufficiently known, mankind should still continue to be  
 " duped by it?"

# ABBÉ DE MARSY.

Du FRESNOY's Latin Poem on Painting is well known. It was written by an artist; but, though it contains many excellent precepts and observations relative to art, it is, like most other Latin didactic poems, dry and uninteresting. Abbé Marfy's Latin Poem on the same subject is written with greater elegance of style, and with superior harmony of versification. Many of the descriptions it contains are beautiful. It would appear to advantage in an English dress, were notes appended to it by an eminent Artist or a good Connoisseur, in the same manner as Sir Joshua Reynolds's Comments illustrate the text of the translation of Du Fresnoy by Mr. Mason.

Marfy was the son of the celebrated sculptor of the Baths of Diana in the gardens of Versailles, and seems to have had a kind of hereditary right to taste and knowledge in art.

He thus describes Le Sueur and Nicolo Pouffin:

*Suerii quid claustra loquar doctique Sabinas :  
Pouffini.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Picturam Ausoniis ex quo deduxit ab oris  
Et Româ ereptas tibi Gallia tradidit artes.*

Le

Le Seducer's fam'd Cloister all our wonder claims;  
Why speak of learned Poussin's Sabine dames?

\* \* \* \* \*

Poussin to whom indebted Gallia boasts  
Painting restored from the Italian coasts,  
Proud from his powers of pencil to assume  
Each various grace of art despoil'd from Rome.

He thus commemorates Titian, the painter  
of Nature :

———— *Agnosco tuos Titiane colores  
Docte tot illicibus succis decorare tabellas  
Arte colorandi naturam ut vincere posses.*

Titian, thy magic colours I descry,  
Skill'd by the blended tints that charm the eye,  
That Art with Nature's self appears to vie,  
And the dull canvas animates to life.

M. de la Mierre and M. Watelet have written Poems on Painting in French verse; taking many of their sentiments and observations from the Latin Poems of Du Fresnoy and de Marfy. They have not, I fear, found many admirers.

Abbé de Marfy, speaking of the art of Painting\*, when exercised by such men as Michael Angelo and Julio Romano, describes its sublime effects, in some lines which may be well applied to the Gallery of Milton, now painting by Mr. Fuseli.

\* The title of Marfy's Poem is "*Pittura*," 1736. 12mo.  
He wrote also a Latin Poem on Tragedy,

*Nunc etiam impavidis surgens ad sidera pennis  
Terrenæ nil facis habens, flammentia mundi  
Mania transgreditur.*

Painting, on fearless pinions borne, ascends  
The stars exalted region, and, set free  
From every feculance of this vile earth,  
Bursts through the flaming barriers of the world.

### RAMEAU.

THIS great Musician possessed that enthusiasm, without which nothing great is ever effected. He had one day some men of letters at his house, who laughed at him very much on his making an anachronism. Rameau flew with great emotion to his harpsichord, and, running rapidly over the keys of it, played a most exquisite piece of harmony. "Now," said he, "Gentlemen, it surely shews more talent to be able to compose such a piece of music as that which you have just heard, than to be able to tell in what year Charlemagne or Clovis died. You only remember; I invent; and pray which is the most admirable, genius or erudition?"

On a quarrel he had with the elegant Quinault, whose Operas he set to music, he said, "You will see how well I can do without my

“Poet. I will in future set the Dutch Gazette  
“to music.”

The Collar of the Order of St. Michael was intended for Rameau by Louis the Fifteenth. He died, however, before he received it; and, at a public funeral, which the Royal Academy of Music made for him in one of the churches of Paris, the office for the dead was set to music, taken from his own Operas of *Castor and Dardanus*.

His enemies complained, without reason, that his music pleased merely from its difficulty of execution \*. It was indeed grand and elaborate, and excelled in its power of harmony, and in the just combination of sounds apparently discordant. This, however, evinced the genius and the knowledge of the master.

\* Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend of his, to be extremely inattentive at a Concert, whilst a celebrated solo player was running up the divisions and subdivisions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him how extremely difficult it was. “Difficult do you call it, Sir?” replied the Doctor; “I wish it were impossible.”

## M. D'ACQUIN.

THIS great Musician was a competitor for the exquisite organ of St. Paul's at Paris, with Rameau. They had each of them played a fugue, on the merit of which the judges were divided; and, as it was supposed that their compositions were premeditated, they were desired to execute a voluntary.

D'Acquin first ascends the organ-loft, throws his sword with some emotion at his feet, and exclaims, looking down upon his audience with an air of triumph, inspired by the consciousness of his own talents, "*C'est moi qui vais toucher !*" and in this transport of enthusiasm, which the indecision of his judges had occasioned, made such spirited efforts, that the suffrages were no longer divided, and he triumphed, in point of execution at least, over the greatest musician that France ever produced.

Rameau, however successful his competitor had been, used to say of him, "There is no good music now: our taste for it is continually changing: M. d'Acquin alone has had the courage to stem the torrent; he has always maintained to the Organ the majesty and the graces that are peculiarly appropriated to  
" that

“that wonderful instrument: he might, however, have given into all the tricks of execution if he had pleased; I admire him for not having done so.”

J. J. Rousseau, in his *Musical Dictionary*, observes, article *Preluder*, “It is in this great art, that our good Organists in France excel, such as M. d’Acquin and M. Clayere.”

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#### DU CERCEAU,

In his *Life of the modern Roman Demagogue Rienzi*, observes, “that popular talents, in general, are combined with a certain degree of “infanity.” The mass of mankind appear rather to be pleased with what dazzles than with that which convinces them; and are more impressed by the ardour of enterprize than by the sobriety of practicability. It is the exercised eye alone which prefers the impasto of Titian to the glaize of Barocci,—solid and substantial colour to airy and diaphanous tints,

## MARIVAUX.

THIS ingenious man, however metaphysical and alembicated he may be in his writings, was of great simplicity and *bon hommie* in his character and conversation. Having one day met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity of him, he replied, "My good friend, strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work."—"Ah Master," said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am."—"Well," replied Marivaux, "I see thou art an honest fellow, here is half a crown for you."

Being one day in company with Lord Bolingbroke, who had professed himself an infidel on many points of the Christian Religion, though he had mentioned as true many dubious historical facts, "Well, my Lord," said he, "if you are an infidel, I see that it is not for want of faith."



## LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

[1774—1793.]

THE situation of this excellent Prince is thus emphatically described by that great Politician; Frederic, the last King of Prussia, in one of his letters to Voltaire :

“ June 18, 1776.”

“ I have lately learned that the King of France has displaced some of his Ministers, I am not astonished at it. I look upon Louis the Sixteenth as a young lamb in the midst of wolves. He will be in great luck if he gets out of their claws. A person who should chance to have been in the habits of Government, would be at present much puzzled in France;—watched and surrounded with artifices of every kind, he would be forced to be guilty of mistakes. How much more likely then is it, that a young Prince, without experience, should be hurried along by the torrent of intrigue and cabal.

“ Those persons who have talked of the French Government to you, have doubtless, my dear Voltaire, exaggerated many things, I have had an opportunity of getting at the true state of the revenues and of the debts  
“ of

"of that kingdom. Its debts are enormous,  
 "its resources exhausted, and its taxes mul-  
 "tiplied beyond bounds. The only method  
 "to diminish in time the load of these debts,  
 "would be to put its expences within certain  
 "limits, and to retrench every superfluity.  
 "But, alas! this I fear will never be done;  
 "for, instead of saying, I have such an income,  
 "and I can afford to spend so much of it, we  
 "are but too apt to say, I must have so much  
 "money, find out expedients to procure it  
 "for me.

"Those rogues of Monks should be made  
 "to bleed pretty freely. This, however, would  
 "not be sufficient (though it would undoubt-  
 "edly afford some resources) to pay off the  
 "debts in a short time, and to procure for the  
 "people of France all that assistance for which  
 "they have at present so great an occasion.  
 "This distressful situation took its rise in the  
 "preceding reigns, which contracted debts for  
 "the payment of which they had made no  
 "provision.

"It is this derangement of its finances which  
 "so materially influences every part of its Go-  
 "vernment. It has put a stop to the wise  
 "projects of M. de St. Germain. It has pre-  
 "vented its Administration from having that  
 "ascendancy in the affairs of Europe, which

" France has been ever used to take since the  
 " reign of Henry the Fourth. With respect to  
 " your Parliaments, as a thinking man, I have  
 " constantly condemned the revocation of that of  
 " Paris, as contrary to every principle of logic  
 " and of good sense."

Is it then any wonder, that when M. de  
 Malherbes came to request his dismissal from  
 Administration, the King exclaimed, " I can,  
 " indeed, grant you your dismissal. I wish I  
 " were able to procure my own !"

His short-sighted Ministers, in these dis-  
 tressful circumstances, engaged him to assist the  
 Colonies of a great Nation that were at war with  
 the parent Country \* : and not only to add to  
 the immense debt already incurred in France, but  
 to effect the propagation of that spirit of revolt  
 which has ended so fatally for that kingdom.

On an application made to him by Tippoo  
 Saib, not long before he suffered, to assist him  
 in

\* That Minister of routine M. de Vergennes, grown old  
 in intrigue and cabal, used to exclaim with rapture after  
 the American War, " I have cut off one arm from the  
 " proud Islanders, I will soon cut off the other." The  
 direction of that arm, however, like the teeth of the serpent  
 of Cadmus, has produced armed legions, which have not  
 only destroyed each other and the Country by whose folly  
 and treachery they were produced, but threaten the destruc-  
 tion of Europe itself, and all that has been held sacred for  
 ages by the inhabitants of it.

in taking possession of some Provinces in India from the English, and annexing them to the Crown of France, Louis nobly refused his assent, and said, "In the American War, my Ministers took advantage of my youth and inexperience. Every calamity that we have suffered in France took its rise from that event."

During his infamous mock trial, this Prince was asked, What he had done with a certain sum of money—a few thousand pounds. His voice failed him, and the tears came into his eyes at this question; at last he replied, "*J'aimais à faire des heureux.*—I had a pleasure in making other people happy". He had given the money away in charity.

On the night preceding his execution he said to M. Edgeworth, "I do not know what I have done to my cousin the Duke of Orleans, to induce him to behave to me in the way in which he has done; but he is to be pitied; he is still more wretched than I am; I would not change situations with him."

A few hours before he died, he said to the same Gentleman, "How happy I am to have retained my faith in religion. In what a terrible state of mind should I have been at this moment, had not the grace of God preserved this blessing to me. Yes, I shall now be able to shew my enemies that I do not fear them."

As

As this monarch, the most benevolent, the best intentioned Prince, and the most affectionate lover of his people \*that Time has ever produced, was ascending the scaffold to suffer the sentence inflicted upon him by his unprincipled and infamous Judges, his virtuous and intrepid Confessor exclaimed, with all the energy of Corneille himself, "*Digne enfant de Saint Louis, monte au Ciel.*"

O true descendant of a Sainted King,  
Let this sad scene to thee no terrors bring ;  
Ascend the scaffold then with dauntless pace,  
It leads to join in Heaven thy sacred race.

---

### VOLTAIRE

Was one of those few Poets who sacrifice no less at the shrine of Plutus than at that of Apollo. In one of his letters to a friend, respecting economy, he has these excellent observations :

" A small patrimony becomes every day smaller ; for the price of every thing is continually

\* "*Il n'y a que moi & M. Turgot qui aimons le peuple,*" said this unfortunate Prince; who, during the Revolution, was continually saying, " I cannot bear to have a drop of my people's blood shed on my account."

"tinually increasing \*. A prudent man will  
 "be ever attentive to all the different opera-  
 "tions that Government, constantly harassed  
 "for money, and continually shifting its plans  
 "of finance, is making in the funds of the  
 "country. There always are some operations  
 "going on, by which a private man may get  
 "a good deal of money, without having the  
 "least obligations to any one; and nothing  
 "surely can be so satisfactory to him, as to be  
 "indebted to himself only for his own fortune.  
 "The first step towards it is always painful; the  
 "rest follow as of course.

"A prudent man will be always economical  
 "in his youth; and at a certain age, he will  
 "find himself much richer than he ever ex-  
 "pected to have been. That is the time in  
 "which a good fortune is the most essential  
 "to a man's happiness. I am in that situa-  
 "tion myself at present; and, after having lived  
 "a great deal with Kings, I am at last become  
 "a King myself. In France, you know, a man  
 "must

\* "He who exercises no trade or profession," says Mr.  
 Soame Jenyns archly, "is imposed upon by every one,  
 "without any power of making reprisals. He is like a  
 "man in the pillory, pelted by all without being able to  
 "return it. He has but one chance, which few men's  
 "situation or abilities will admit of, which is, that of ret-  
 "aliating upon the public."

"must be either a hammer or an anvil; I have  
"chosen to be the first."

Voltaire had written a Tragedy called Brutus, and had a share in a ship of that name; his Tragedy was damnd, and his ship made a successful voyage: "Well," said the Wit, "one  
"of my Brutus's has made amends for the other."

When the Emperor Joseph travelled through Switzerland, he did not pay a visit to Voltaire. He was asked by the learned Baron Haller, why he had not called upon that celebrated Writer? The Emperor replied, "Had I travelled, Sir, merely as an Emperor, I should  
"most assuredly have paid my respects to so  
"distinguished a character; but I travel as a  
"Gentleman, and am therefore anxious to  
"preserve all the punctilios that are annexed  
"to that character: a Gentleman cannot go  
"to see a man that has been caned, and who  
"has been disgraced by some decisions of the  
"Courts of Justice against him."

The Secretary of M. Daguesseau, Great Chancellor of France, was asked by his Master one day, what he thought of a production of Voltaire that had just appeared?—" *L'Épître à L' Uranie*." — "Why, Sir," replied he, "the person who wrote it ought to be shut  
"up in a place where he could not get at pen,  
"ink, and paper. The writer of it is a man  
"that,

“ that by the general turn of his mind, is capable of ruining a Kingdom and oversetting any Government whatever.”

Madame de Talmond once said to M. Voltaire, “ I think, Sir, that a Philosopher \* should  
“ never

\* “ An ancient Philosopher,” says Duclos, “ was one day accusing a celebrated Courtesan of seducing the youth of Athens: ‘ Alas!’ replied she, ‘ Would to Heaven that we were the only persons who corrupt them? Do not you Philosophers come in for your share of the imputation?’—“ Then,” subjoins Duclos, “ it is now the fashion to declaim against prejudices; perhaps we have destroyed too many of them: prejudice is the law of the generality of mankind. In speaking on this subject, I am under the necessity of finding fault with those writers, who, under the pretence of combating superstition (which would be a very laudable motive, if it were restrained within the bounds of virtue and of prudence), endeavour to sap the foundations of morality, and loosen the bands of society; the more senseless, as they themselves would be in the most danger if they were to succeed in making profelytes. The pernicious effects which they produce upon their converts, is to render them in their youth useless and dangerous citizens and scandalous criminals, and in an advanced age wretched and miserable men; for there can be but few of them, who, at that time of life, can possess the cursed advantage over their fellows, of becoming so completely abandoned as to be careless about the future consequences of their past lives: for

“ *Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud sapientia dixit.*

“ Nature



“ never write but to endeavour to render man-  
 “ kind less wicked and less unhappy than they  
 “ are. Now you do quite the contrary. You  
 “ are always writing against that Religion which  
 “ alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to  
 “ afford us consolation under misfortunes.” Vol-  
 taire, according to Brotier, was much struck  
 with what M. de Talmond had said to him,  
 and excused himself by saying, “ that he wrote  
 “ only for those who were of the same opinion  
 “ with himself.”

Voltaire's pen was fertile and very elegant;  
 his observations are occasionally acute, yet he  
 often betrays great ignorance when he treats  
 on subjects of ancient learning. Dr. Johnson  
 told

“ Nature and Wisdom differ but in name,  
 “ Their ends and objects ever are the same;  
 “ In spite of Sophistry's seductive art,  
 “ They force their truths eternal on the heart.

“ And, as Juvenal has finely observed,

“ *Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipse*  
 “ *Displicet auctori, Prima est hæc ultio, quod se*  
 “ *Judice nemo nocens absolvitur.*

“ Whoe'er commits a crime is sure to feel  
 “ Displeasure at himself; nor can he steel  
 “ His mind 'gainst those compunctions which are sent  
 “ By guilt itself; as its own punishment:  
 “ Whilst, to increase the anguish of his heart,  
 “ Accusing Conscience acts the Judge's part.”

told his antagonist Freron, "that *Vir erat acerrimi ingenii ac paucarum literarum*;" and Bishop Warburton says of him, with no less pleasantry than truth, "that he writes indifferently well upon every thing."

According to the Author of the "*Galerie de l'Ancienne Cour*," Tronchin assured his friends, that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. "*Je meurs abandonné des Dieux et des Hommes!*" exclaimed he, in those awful moments when truth will force its way. "I wished," added Tronchin, "that those who had been perverted by his writings had been present at his death; it was a sight too horrid to support. *On ne pouvoit pas se tenir contre un pareil spectacle.*"

"Voltaire," said Montesquieu, "can never write a good history. He is like the Monks, who always write for the honour of their Convent, and never of the subject on which they treat; Voltaire will always write for his Convent\*."

### The

\* This Convent was a Priory composed of a few pretended Philosophers, and a great Monarch at the head of them, who, however, better acquainted with the nature of men, and of human affairs than themselves, did not proceed to the violent extremes into which they gave. Voltaire's infidel writings possess this pernicious quality, that they render infidelity easy to the meanest capacity,  
and

The late Bishop Warburton had intended to have written against Voltaire: and it is a pity that he was dissuaded from doing that which he would have done eminently well, as he had wit and talents equal to those of Voltaire, and was considerably his superior in learning. The loss, however, of the antidote of the Bishop to the poison of this lively though dangerous Writer, is in some degree supplied by "*Les Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. de Voltaire.*"

By the kindness of Mr. WYNDHAM, an English Letter of M. de Voltaire to Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, is subjoined.

" *A Monvion près de Lausanne,*  
" 4 Fevrier 1756.

Sir,

" I was very sick in the month of January,  
" at the foot of the Alps, when a handsome  
" youth did appear in my cabin, next to

and convince those persons by a joke or a sneer, to whom argumentation would be incomprehensible. They raise a laugh in young minds against certain serious objects, when the impressions are strong and vivid, and scatter those fire-brands in sport, which, under the beauty and playfulness of the flame, conceal their powers of combustion.

F f

" Lausanne,

“ Lausanne, and favoured me with your kind  
 “ letter, written in September; the date from  
 “ Eastbury.

“ The country about Geneva, which you have  
 “ seen, is now much improved; noble houses are  
 “ built, large gardens are planted. Those who say  
 “ the world impairs every day are quite in the  
 “ wrong—are quite in the wrong as to the natural  
 “ world; ’tis not the like in the moral and the  
 “ political one.

“ Be what it will, I have pitched upon two re-  
 “ treats on the banks of that lake you are pleased  
 “ to mention in your letter. I pass the winter by  
 “ Lausanne, and the other seasons by Geneva,  
 “ without care and without Kings\*.

“ That country would not perhaps agree  
 “ with a Frenchman of twenty-five; but it is  
 “ most convenient to old age; when one is  
 “ past sixty, the place of reason is a private  
 “ station.

\* Voltaire was one of the greatest flatterers to Kings  
 and the Great, to their faces and in his letters to them,  
 that ever existed. He had written some verses in favour of  
 M. de Choiseul when he was in place; he afterwards wrote  
 complimentary verses on M. de Maupeou, who succeeded  
 him. M. de Choiseul, to shew his contempt at this  
 behaviour, put a representation of the head of Voltaire  
 upon a weather-cock on one of the wings of his Chateau at  
 Chanteloup.

" station. Yet, though I am mightily pleased  
 " with these lands of peace and freedom, I  
 " would gladly see another land of liberty  
 " again before I die; I would have the honour  
 " to see you again, and renew to you my sin-  
 " cere and everlasting gratitude for all the tokens  
 " of kindness I received from you when I was in  
 " London.

" My good Countrymen have sometimes  
 " upbraided me for having too much of the  
 " English spirit in my way of thinking; it  
 " should be but just I should pay a visit to  
 " those who have drawn that reproach upon me;  
 " be sure, dear Sir, none was more guilty than  
 " you. I hope I should find you in good health,  
 " for you are born as sound and strong as Nature  
 " made me weak and unhealthy. I hope the even-  
 " ing of your day is serene and calm; 'tis the  
 " best lot of that hour: you have enjoyed all the  
 " rest.

" I am, with the tenderest respect,

" Sir,

" Your most humble and obedient servant,

" VOLTAIRE."

Sir William Chambers presented his book  
 on Oriental Gardening\* to Voltaire. The two  
 following

\* That great Architect was much ridiculed on the sub-  
 ject of this book. He, however, assured his friends, that

following Letters passed between them on the occasion:

“ London, July 8, 1772.

“ Sir,

“ I take the liberty of sending you a little  
“ book lately published by me; it contains,  
“ besides a great deal of nonsense, two very  
“ pretty prints engraved by the celebrated Bar-  
“ tolozzi; which prints, and the view with which  
“ the book was published, are its only recommen-  
“ dations.

“ The taste of Gardening, as it seems to me,  
“ is very indifferent all over Europe. A wish  
“ to see it mended has induced me to throw  
“ out a few hints upon that subject; they may  
“ excite others to labour in the same field;  
“ so ample, so rich, so well deserving the at-  
“ tention of genius. It is much to be re-  
“ gretted that Monsieur de Voltaire (amidst the  
“ great variety of subjects he has so successfully  
“ treated) has never employed his thoughts  
“ upon this.

“ I have the honour to be, with great respect,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient humble Servant,

“ WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

“ *To Monsieur de Voltaire.*”

“ Monsieur,

all the ideas of Oriental Gardening mentioned in it were taken from a Treatise of Father Attiret, an European Missionary in China, who had written on the Gardens of that Country.

" Août 7, 1772.

" Au Chateau de Ferney.

" Monsieur,

" C'est n'est pas assez d'aimer les jardins, ni  
 " d'en avoir. Il faut des yeux pour les regarder,  
 " et des jambes pour s'y promener. Je perds  
 " bientôt les uns et les autres, grace à ma vicil-  
 " lesse et à mes maladies. Un des derniers  
 " usages de ma vue a été de lire votre tres  
 " agréable ouvrage. Je m'aperçois que j'ai suivi  
 " vos preceptes autant que mon ignorance et  
 " ma fortune l'ont permis. J'ai de tout dans mes  
 " jardins, parterres, petite piece d'eau, prome-  
 " nades regulieres, bois tres irreguliers, valons,  
 " prés, vignes, potagers, avec des murs de partage  
 " couverts d'arbres fruitiers, du peigné et du sau-  
 " vage, le tout en petit, et fort éloigné de votre  
 " magnificence. Un Prince d'Allemagne se ruin-  
 " croit en voulant être votre ecolier.

" J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec toute l'estime

" que vous méritez,

" Monsieur,

" Votre tres obeissant Serviteur,

" VOLTAIRE,

" *Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi.*"

An impertinent person had teased Voltaire  
 with continual letters, to which no answer had  
 been

been given; at last Voltaire wrote to him thus :

“ My Dear Sir,

“ I am dead, and cannot therefore in future  
“ have the honour to write to you.”

### J. J. ROUSSEAU.

THIS eloquent Writer was very much chagrined, when he was not permitted by Voltaire's friends to add his Louis-d'or to those that had been collected for raising a statue to him, whilst living at the Comedie Francaise at Paris. When his friends represented to him as a Philosopher their surprise at this, he replied, “ *Mais, Messieurs, je meurs de gloire.*” This passion for glory and distinction seems to have been the leading principle of his conduct. His literary career began in paradox; he took the wrong side of a question long since settled, and, flattered by the success of his efforts, he proceeded to his too famous “ *Contrat Social*,” the political creed of a neighbouring Nation, who wish, like Mahomet, to propagate it with arms in their hands throughout Europe. Yet, as if conscious



scious that what was merely a display of pernicious ingenuity in him, might be taken as a serious truth by others, he says, in another place, "In the misery attendant upon human affairs, what thing is valuable enough to be purchased at the expence of the blood of our brethren? Liberty itself costs too dear at that price. It is vain," continues he, "to attempt to confound liberty and independence: they are things so different in themselves, that it is impossible to unite them. When every one acts as he pleases, he must often do what is unpleasant to others; and who can call that situation a state of freedom? Liberty consists less in having our own way, than in not being subject to the will of others. It consists, likewise, in being unable to submit the will of another person to that of one's own. Who ever has continually his own way cannot be free; and, in reality, to command is to obey."

He says, in his *Lettres écrites de la Montagne*,— "After having; during the whole course of my life, been the panegyrist of a Republican form of Government, must I, towards the end of it, be obliged to confess that of all the Governments that exist, Monarchy is that in which there is the greatest regard paid to the true liberty of man."

Had Rousseau, who was rather capricious than malignant, rather a man of no fixed principles than

than of bad principles, lived to have seen the pernicious effects of his paradoxes upon the happiness of mankind in our time, he would have been the first to have execrated his own seductive talents, and to have broken that magical wand, which, though like that of Prospero, it could "set the waters in a wild roar," yet did not, like his, possess its more salutary power of allaying them \*.

---

### CARDINAL DE BRIENNE,

ARCHBISHOP OF SENS †.

THIS Prelate was of a Ministerial family, had some talents, was an elegant writer, and, like Vespasian,

\* The venerable and respectable Bishop of Leon de St. Pol, now in London, was once present when Rousseau was accused of being occasionally in his writings contradictory and inconsequent. "I tell mankind," answered he, "what I really think true at the time, and so I perform my engagements with them."

† M. de Brienne's great grandfather was Secretary of State to Anne of Austria. He published his Memoirs in three volumes 12mo. for the use of his son. They are very entertaining. The elder brother of the Cardinal de Brienne, the Marquis, had his arm shot off in the fatal attack of Fort L'Affiette, in Savoy, in 1746. He was requested to retire to his tent. "No, no," replied he, "I have another arm left for the service of my King." He persisted, and was soon afterwards killed by a cannon-ball.

passion, would have ever appeared *dignus regnandi* *si non regnasset*—capable of the office of Prime Minister of a great kingdom, had he never been placed in that arduous situation.

When Archbishop of Thoulouse, he distinguished himself by his polished manners and elegant hospitality. His pastoral Letter Against Burying in Churches is well written, and forcibly exposes that abuse, which, like the torment of Mezentius, conjoins the living with the dead, and is productive of many mischievous effects on the healths of mankind.

“ O ye,” says he in his Pastoral Letter, “ my  
 “ dear Brethren, who continue to think our regu-  
 “ lations too severe (although we have been as  
 “ little rigorous as possible), what complaints can  
 “ you make, what objections can you oppose to  
 “ them? Churches, in the early times of our  
 “ holy religion, were never made use of as the  
 “ sepultures of Christians. They seem to have  
 “ been so little intended for that purpose, that in  
 “ the office for the consecration of them, accord-  
 “ ing to a learned Canon Lawyer, there is not a  
 “ single prayer that relates to it, though there are  
 “ some expressly destined for the consecration of  
 “ church-yards; and can you suppose that pre-  
 “ tensions, against which their abuse will ever pro-  
 “ test, can prevail against the dignity of our sacred  
 “ fabrics, the holiness of our altars, and the con-  
 “ servation of the human race?

“ Will

" Will you then have recourse to your situation, your consequence, the rank which you hold in society ?

" Our grounds of confidence are so great, that we are inclined to think those persons who have the greatest claims to distinction, will be the least to exert those claims. Exceptions cause always jealousy and multiply pretensions. Who will dare to complain when the prohibition becomes a general law ? and surely in the grave at least there ought to be no exception made for any one."

M. Hecquet says, in his " Collection of Tracts relative to the Exhumation of the great Church of Dunkirk," that the town " became more healthy after the bodies of those who had been buried in it had been taken up. The house of the God of Mercy," says he, " then ceased to be the cavern of Pestilence, and the Sanctuary of Religion was no longer the grave of Pollution." Similar effects produce similar causes ; and when the exhalations from putrid animal matter are added to the smoke, the filth, and the closeness of great towns, the philosopher will behold them no less as the destroyers than the corrupters of the human race \*.

\* See " *Placets concernant les Exhumations faites dans l'Eglise de St. Eloy en Dunkerque, imprimées et publiées par l'Ordre du Gouvernement, Paris, 1783.*" The ancien regime of France was in general very careful of the lives and healths of its subjects,

## M. TURGOT.

It was said of Turgot, and of his predecessor in the finances, Abbé Terrai, "*que le premier fit*  
"*mal*

jects, within the kingdom at least. Were they threatened with any epidemical disease, or did any particular complaint appear, the best Physicians were appointed by the Government to examine into the nature and causes of them; and their reports were printed at the expence of the King. It did not wait for the slow and uncertain exertions of benevolence in the individual; it considered itself as the "nursing father and the nursing mother of its people." The same remarks may be extended to any improvement in Agriculture, Manufactures, Navigation, &c. The ablest Chemists, the best Mechanics, &c. were employed and paid by Government to make experiments, to furnish models, &c. a paternal care well worthy the notice of other Governments, who, though blessed with more freedom, are but too apt to have less attention and use a less degree of exertion respecting these objects. The merit indeed of a chemical process to arrest the baleful power of contagion, discovered by a learned, polished, and benevolent Physician, has lately attracted the notice of our Board of Admiralty, and induced it to make use of a method so simple and so certain to preserve the healths and the lives of those persons committed to their care. No remuneration nor no distinctions have as yet attended the discoverer, who in this, as in some other benevolent exertions, has merely been gratified with the applauses of his own virtuous mind; those applauses which the whole course of his liberal and intelligent practice has ever secured to him.—See "A Letter addressed by James Carmichael Smyth, M. D. F. R. S. to Lord Spencer."

*"mal le bien, et que le second fit bien le mal."*  
 There might be some truth in this; for Turgot, with the best intentions in the world, was perhaps rather too precipitate in some of his measures. He supposed the rest of mankind to be as honest, as virtuous, and as intelligent as himself, but was most fatally deceived. Turgot innovated many things in the French Government:—the things were very probably in themselves right, but the Nation was not perhaps in a proper state to receive them. The ill success of this upright but imprudent Minister gave rise to the following verses, which were written in 1777, and which were called "*La Prophetie Turgotins*;" a prophecy, alas! too cruelly verified by the rapine, the massacres, the regicides and the sacrilege which have succeeded,

### PROPHETIE TURGOTINE,

FAITE EN L'ANNEE 1777.

SUR L'AIR, "SI LE ROI M'AVOIT DONNÉ PARIS,  
 &c. &c."

VIVENT tous nos beaux esprits

Encyclopedistes!

Du bonheur François épris,

Grands Economistes.

Par leurs soins au temps d'Adam

Nous reviendrons, c'est leur plan:

Montus

Momus les assiste,

O gué,

Momus les assiste!

Ce n'est pas de nos bouquins

Que vient leur science;

En eux ces fiers Palladins

Ont la sapience;

Les Colbert et les Sully

Nous paroissent grands; mais si?

Ce n'est qu'ignorance,

O gué,

Ce n'est qu'ignorance!

On verra tous les états

Entre eux se confondre,

Les pauvres sur leurs grabats

Ne plus se morfondre;

Des biens on fera des lots,

Qui rendront les gens égaux

Le bel œuf à pondre,

O gué,

Le bel œuf à pondre!

Du même pas marcheront

Noblesse et roture;

Les François retourneront

Au droit de nature.

Adieu Parlement et Loix,

Et Ducs et Princes et Rois!

La bonne aventure,

O gué,

La bonne aventure!

Puis

Puis devenus vertueux  
 Par philosophie,  
 Les François auront des Dieux  
 A leur fantaisie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alors l'amour et sureté  
 Entre sœurs et frères,  
 Sacrements et parenté  
 Seront des chimères;  
 Chaque père imitera  
 Noé quand il s'enivra.  
 Liberté plénier,  
 O gué,  
 Liberté plénier!

Plus de Moines langoureux,  
 De plantives Nonnes,  
 Au lieu d'adresser aux Cieux  
 Matines et Nones,  
 On verra ces malheureux  
 Danser, abjurant leur vœux,  
 Galante chaconne,  
 O gué,  
 Galante chaconne!

Partisans des novations,  
 La fine sequelle  
 La France des nations  
 Sera le modele.  
 Et cet honneur nous devons  
 Au TURGOT et compagnons,

Befonge



Besogne immortelle,

O gué,

Besogne immortelle!

A qui devons nous le plus!

C'est à notre maître,

Qui se croyant un abus,

Ne voudra plus l'être \*.

Ah! qu'il faut aimer le bien

Pour de Roi, n'être plus rien,

J'enverrois tout paître,

O gué,

J'enverrois tout paître!

This "Prophetic" was written by M. de Lisle, a Captain in the French service at the time in which that virtuous and learned Minister made his reforms in the Government of France; reforms which, however dictated by the greatest purity of intention, and emanating from a mind most highly cultivated and informed, were but ill calculated for the comfort and happiness of a People who push every thing to extremes, and seem to have been dazzled

\* This relates to what the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth said to M. de Malsherbe, when that Minister of State desired his Sovereign to permit him to resign; "*Que vous êtes heureux, Monsieur! que je puis pas m'en aller aussi*—How happy you are, Sir! Why cannot I resign too?" Louis said one day of M. Turgot, "He and I are the only persons in the country who have a regard for the people."

zled and to have become wild at the mere dawn of that liberty, to the splendor of which they had been so little accustomed\*.

M. Turgot always gave his testimony in favour of the virtue and good intentions of the late unfortunate Monarch of his country : "*Nous avons un Roi bonne homme*," he used always to say—"We have a King who is an honest man." Poor Turgot should have looked into that oracle of human wisdom, Lord Bacon, who would have told him, "It is not good to try experiments on bodies politic, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident ; and to take good care that it be the desire of  
" reform-

\* *Corruptio optime est pessima*, say the schools,—the abuse of any thing is more dangerous in proportion to its intrinsic excellence. A Poet has feigned that Milton became blind, in consequence of the actual appearance of the Goddess of Liberty to him. The mere shadow of that august and venerable Divinity has effuscated the mental eye of the French nation, and excited it to the indulgence of those rude and turbulent passions by which the most detestable tyrants themselves have been distinguished, avarice, revenge, and cruelty, the violation of every principle of justice, and the profanation of every sacred rite. Happy would it have been for themselves and their neighbours, if, like the ancient Cappadocians, they had refused that freedom which was offered them by the humane and virtuous Turgot ; as by their abuse of that inestimable blessing, the source of every exalted energy of the human mind, they have converted it into a curse, as well to themselves as to the other nations of Europe.

" reformation that draws on the change, and  
 " not the desire of change that projects on the  
 " reformation. Further," adds his Lordship,  
 " all novelty, though perhaps it must not be re-  
 " jected, yet ought ever to be held suspected;  
 " and lastly, as the Scripture directs, *State super*  
 " *vias antiquas*—Let us make a stand upon the  
 " antient ways, and then look about us, and dis-  
 " cover what is the straightest and right way, and  
 " so walk in it."

---

## M. CHAMFORT

Says in his "Maxims,"

" The laws that respect a secret, and a sum of  
 " money entrusted to a man, should stand upon  
 " the same foundation.

" One of my friends, a man of very deli-  
 " cate health, but of great strength of character,  
 " used to say of himself, " I am as well the reed  
 " that bends and never breaks, as the oak that  
 " breaks and never bends, *homo interior totus*.  
 " *nervus*.

" A man without character is a thing, not a  
 " man.

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G g

" A man

“ A man without principles is commonly a  
“ man without character. Had he been born  
“ with a character, he must have seen the neces-  
“ sity of forming to himself principles consistent  
“ with it.

“ Philosophy, like the art of Medicine, con-  
“ tains a great deal of trash, very few remedies,  
“ and hardly any specifics.

“ Vanity causes a man to exert his talents  
“ more forcibly than he otherwise would have  
“ done. Put a stick to a piece of pointed iron it  
“ becomes a dart, add a few feathers to it and it  
“ becomes an arrow.

“ Weak men are to rogues and designing per-  
“ sons what light troops are to an army; who do  
“ more mischief than the army itself by scouring  
“ and ravaging the country.

“ If a man really wishes to avoid being a  
“ quack, he should never get upon a stage; but  
“ if once he has played his tricks upon it, he  
“ must continue them, or submit to have stones  
“ thrown at him by the populace.

“ Most men are slaves, because they cannot  
“ pronounce the monosyllable ‘No,’ and are un-  
“ able to live alone.

“ General maxims are, in the conduct of life,  
“ what routine is in certain arts. Situations in  
“ each occasionally arise, which require some-  
“ thing beyond them.”

ABBE BROTIER,

The Editor and Translator of Tacitus, was a Jesuit. "No one," says his Biographer, "ever more rigidly practised the maxim of the ancient Philosopher, 'live concealed.'" Many of his own excellent maxims still remain in the memory of his friends."

He used to say, "That as a man could not always do what he wished to do, to ensure the peace and the tranquillity of his life, he ought to be contented with doing that which he ought to do."

"The great sources of happiness are understanding and cheerfulness. Nothing in the world can be set against them; and they can stand in the stead of every thing."

He used to say, "That in proportion as the Government was in the hands of more persons, it was always more unjust. Observe," said he, "in the Roman Provinces governed by the Senate, to what an excess tyranny and rapine were carried by the avarice of the Pro-Consuls, and by the power of impunity which they possessed; being masters themselves of the Senate, and friends and relations

G g 2

" of

“ of the Senators, the only Judges of their ill-behaviour.”

“ There are three things in the world,” said he, “ that know no kind of restraint, and are governed by no laws, but merely by passion and brutality :—civil wars, family quarrels, and religious disputes.”

He agreed with Tacitus, that hereditary power depended entirely upon chance and upon birth, and that elective power was supposed to depend upon an enlightened and well-considered choice.

“ But,” added he, “ the opinions of mankind are so little founded in truth, that the long experience of past ages has taught us, that we owe more of our greatest and most excellent Princes to birth than to choice.”

A little elegant and entertaining work of Abbé Brotier was published after his death, intitled, “ *Paroles Memorables*,” 12mo. of which much use has been made in THIS COLLECTION.

THE END.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

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*NAMES.*

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